THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 52.

You Are Coming to the FAIR.

Drop in and see FRED. T. WARD.

We are not quite through with remodelling our store but expect to get settled in a week or so. We will try and show you some very nice

NEW FALL SUITINGS,

both in Home and Imported Productions. We are putting ourselves in a better position to serve our customers. Our stock will be larger than at any previous season.

We have added a READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT to our stock and will be in a position to give you just what you want in Men's and Boys' Clothing. We have a large assortment on hand of OUR OWN MANUFACTURE at $7.50 to $12.00, and would ask you to give this new department a visit before purchasing elsewhere.

New Fall Neckwear, Hats, Caps and Shirts at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

Some More Opportunities.

In Ladies' Blouses we have about 50 at a great reduction, and fast colors at $1.00, now we are selling them at 50c. to clear out. Sound as a dollar.

In Ladies' Underskirts we have only 5 left of which you can have your choice for 37½c. Don't miss the chance.

LADIES' WRAPPERS at a great reduction.

SATEEN PRINT, 15c., now for 11c. a yard.

BED SPREADS, size 11-4, only 75c.

FLANNELETTE SHEETS, 75c. a pair.

HOSIERY—Cotton, all at a great reduction.

LADIES' FALL SUITINGS IN CHEVIOTS.—All the newest shades in Blue, Grey and Brown. If you are buying a Fall Suit, please call and give our suitings inspection.

GROCERIES.

This week we have Clear Tea Siftings, 10c. per pound.

Our Japan Tea at 25c. is a stunner. Ask for Favorite Brand Tea.

9 lbs. Oatmeal for	25c.	4 boxes Starch	.25
25 lbs. Brown Sugar for	$1.00	2 bottles Pickles	.25
20 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	$1.00	3 Canned Goods,	.25
4 lbs. Tapioca,	.25	3½ lbs. California Prunes	.25
3 lbs. Cakes	.25	2 lbs. Lard	.25

Don't forget we are paying 11c. for fresh Eggs now. Fresh Butter, 25c.

C. F. STICKLE.

Do You Need

A CLOCK, WATCH, RING, WATCH CHAIN, CHARM, Set SILVER FORKS, KNIVES or SPOONS, or an ALARM CLOCK, or anything in the Jewelry line? Come to me and I will give you the Best of Goods and Prices.

☛ Repairing a specialty.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

PROTECTION

by way of Insurance is considered necessary for buildings, which may never burn. Life is sure to terminate; look after your temporal interest and responsibilities by making a contract with THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA. This is laying up money in a practical way.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

J. G. DAVISON, Special Agent.

TREES! TREES!

—AT THE—

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name, and there has never been any San Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Note Heads, Envelopes, Billheads, Circulars, Cards, Posters,

—AND—

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

OPPOSITION

—IS THE—

Life of Trade

—:o:—

COME AND SEE THE

NEW DRUG STORE

CRAIGE BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP

for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

Village Council.

Minutes of a special meeting of the Village Council held Sept. 9th. Members present, G. G. Thrasher, Reeve; C. E. Parker, J. Earl Halliwell and W. J. Spry.

A by-law was passed fixing the rate of taxation for the current year at twenty mills on the dollar, as follows: For Schools 10 mills; for County rate 2 9-10 mills; for High School Debenture Sinking Fund 1 1-10 mills; for Local Purposes 6 mills.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

E. F. Parker, supplies to McGowan 6 months to June 30	$26.00
F. B. Parker, stone and lumber to corporation	2.60
Jesse Barlow, paid for attendance on the Acker family	18.25
Telephone account	.25
J. W. Cummings, ½ days' work on sidewalks	.63
Jesse Charles, fixing cemetery fence	.25
Brown & McCutcheon, 1 pair of Boots to Mrs. P. Smith	1.35
Dr. Sprague, expenses in sending sample of water to Toronto	.37

The account of Dr. Bissonnette for attendance on McGowans was not entertained, and on motion of Mr. Halliwell, seconded by Mr. Parker, the clerk was instructed to notify Dr. Bissonnette that he must look to the relatives of McGowan for payment of his account.

A petition was received from Elizabeth Weese praying that a license to keep a billard and pool room be granted to her.

Moved by Mr. Halliwell, seconded by Mr. Parker, that the petition of Mrs. Weese be laid over for consideration by the whole council.

Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Halliwell, that the tender of Geo. Crowe to lay the proposed cement concrete walk for the sum of $850, be accepted. Carried.

On motion Mr. Halliwell was appointed the engineer to have charge and oversight in the construction of the cement walk.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Obituary.

The death of Francis George Bygott, on the 5th inst., though not unexpected, came as a sudden shock to many friends. He had been suffering for some time from that dreaded disease, consumption, but had been up and around till within a short time of his death. He was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bygott, and his parents and relatives have the sympathy of their many friends in their affliction.

We regret very much to announce the death of Norris H. Brown, youngest son of John and Eleanor Brown, of Rockdale, which took place on Monday last, the 9th inst. The deceased was a highly respected young man, and made friends of all. Through life he had always evinced a marked respect for the right, and his last hours were brightened by an assured hope of heaven. He was suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis, with which he had been afflicted for some time, and on medical aid being called in an operation was ordered. He was taken to the General Hospital and the operation undertaken by the ablest of specialists, but the disease had progressed beyond the control of surgery, and he steadily failed until his death a day later. He was married scarcely three months, and leaves a widow to mourn his departure. We offer our heartiest and sincerest sympathy to the family in their great bereavement.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

Woman's Missionary Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the W. M. S. of the Stirling Methodist congregation was held on Tuesday afternoon Sept. 10. There was a good attendance of members and friends. The reports for the year showed the auxiliary to be in a prosperous condition and making steady advancement. The number of members is 30. The amount raised during the year for the funds of the society, by contributions and offerings is $62.51. This is apart from the congregation's contributions to the general missionary fund of the church, which this year amounted to $170.

The officers for the coming year were elected as follows:—

President—Mrs. (Rev.) Wm. Johnston.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Wm. Montgomery
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. E. Kennedy.
Secretary—Miss Ethel Johnston.
Cor.-Sec.—Mrs. J. V. Blackley.
Treasurer—Mrs. G. G. Thrasher.
Organist—Miss Hattie Arthurs.

Delegate to branch meeting to be held at Belleville Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Miss Flora Martin.

You Have Catarrh.

You have had it a long time. Probably it is getting worse, but still you neglect it. Neglect it despite the fact that this is the best season of the year to cure Catarrh. It's easily and permanently cured by the very pleasant, medicated air treatment, "Catarrhozone." You must know the name, for everybody is talking of its wonderful cures. Catarrhozone is the only remedy that promptly, effectually, always cures Catarrh. Doctors recommend it, and druggists sell it in two sizes, 25c. and $1.00.

PERSONALS.

☞ THE NEWS-ARGUS invites the contribution to this column of all items of a personal nature, such as the arrival or departure of guests, etc. Please notify the editor, or leave a note at this office or drop a card into the post office, giving full particulars.

Mr. Frank Blackley is attending the Model School at Toronto.

Miss Ida Smith, of Bancroft, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith.

Mrs. H. W. Denyes, of Marmora is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Martin.

Mr. Alex. Hough, of Rochester, spent a few days of last week visiting relatives here.

Mrs. John Rosebush has returned from Toronto, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Nix.

Mrs. Cate, (nee Miss Stevenson), of Escondido, Cal., is the guest of Miss Clara Martin.

Miss Lena Butler, of Marmora, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wheeler.

Mrs. Alex. Anderson and children, of Toronto, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Agnes Judd.

Miss Kate MaGee and Miss Maggie Tulloch are visiting friends in Napanee and Belleville.

Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Clarke, of Mountain Grove, have been visiting Mrs. A. H. Seeley, of this place.

Miss Blanche Wescott, of Marmora, has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity during the week.

Mrs. John Langman and son, of Kankakee, Ill., have been visiting at Mr. Wm. Curtis' and other relatives in Rawdon.

Mrs. Latham, of Brockville, and Mrs. Frank Jarvis, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs J. V. Blackley last week.

Mr. F. A. Girdwood, Phm. B., of Collingwood, formerly of Stirling, has secured a position with Sherwood and Kelly, wholesale and retail druggists of Hornellsville, N.Y. He is at present taking in the Pan-American.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board, Wednesday, 1507 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:—

1 Bell	40
3 Central	200
4 Enterprise	94
5 Evergreen	50
6 Harold	80
7 Kingston	80
8 Marmora	110
9 Maple Leaf	200
11 River Side	100
12 Shamrock	120
13 Spry	35
14 Spring Brook	90
15 Stirling	100
16 West Huntingdon	118
17 Glen	50
18 Cook's	70

All sold at 9c. as follows:—
Bird got 4, 7, 9, 13, 17.
Rollins, 1, 5, 11, 16, 18.
Sauve, 3, 15.
Whitton, 6, 14.
Kerr, 8, 12.

Board adjourned for two weeks, to meet at 2 p.m.

Wedding Bells.

On Tuesday eve., Aug. 27th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvenus Wright was the scene of a happy gathering to witness the marriage of their only daughter, Frankie, to Mr. Benjamin E., only son of Mr. John Hagerman, of Rawdon.

The house and lawn were tastefully decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns.

At 8 o'clock the Mendelssohn wedding march was played by Miss Brydon, and soon the bride, on the arm of her father, entered the parlor looking very charming in her wedding robe of white brocaded silk and chiffon, with train, bridal veil and orange blossoms and carrying a large bouquet of white asters, maidenhair fern and asparagus plumosus.

The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. Wm. Johnston, pastor of the Methodist church.

The bridesmaid, Miss Maggie Patterson, cousin of groom, looked exceedingly well in a handsome gown of cream satin brocade trimmed with cream satin and chiffon, while Miss Myriel Cummings, as flower girl, in a cream cashmere with cream silk lace and pink sash, was pretty as a picture.

The groom was ably supported by Mr. Harry Powell, of Lindsay, cousin of the bride.

After the customary congratulations, the guests numbering about 60 repaired to the dining room where the tables were spread with a most sumptuous repast.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of elegant presents, including an exquisite gold chain and ornament set with turquoise, opal and pearls from the groom and a costly chair upholstered in silk from the father of the groom.

The groom's gift to the bride was a dainty brooch—a sunburst of pearls with opal setting.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagerman visited Toronto, Niagara and Buffalo on their honeymoon trip followed by the best wishes of their many friends; and will shortly take up their residence near Minto P.O., where the new home has been most elaborately furnished throughout by the parents of the happy couple. Congratulations. COM.

Lord Kitchener will not leave South Africa until he has finished his task.

A True Nerve Tonic

acts not so much upon the nerves themselves, as upon the digestive functions, and the abundant formation of rich, red blood. The nerves cannot be fed on medicine. They can be fed and strengthened by digested and assimilated food. Ferrozone's marvellous action arises from its power over the digestive and assimilative functions of the body. You take it, the blood grows richer, redder. You feel strength and vigor, digestion ceases to be noticed, for it has become good. Work is easier, for you have the strength to do it. In a short time you have health. Use Ferrozone. Sold by C. E. Parker.

Have a Look

at the Bright, New Goods assembled here for your inspection. The influence of our Spot Cash Dollar has been at work to your advantage with the manufacturers, and the net results are here in business winning bargains in every department.

TABLE LINENS. — All qualities 20 per cent. below value.

54 inch unbleached for 20c. yard.
60 " bleached for 30c. yard.

BLANKETS.—Wool Blankets, the "Sterling Brand" size 60 x 80, worth $3.00 for $2.50.

LACE CURTAINS.—The best value ever shown at 75c., $1.00 and $1.50.

PRINTS.—32 inch Heavy Navys for 10c. yd.
32 " Fancy Quilting Patterns, 10c. yd.

DRESS GOODS.—A special line of Tweeds in fashionable shades at 25c. yd. worth 35c.

HAIR CLASPS.—The very New "Alsatian Bow" at 15c.

MEN'S HEAVY UNDERWEAR.—A sightly serviceable suit for 50c.

Men's Black PARAMATTA WATERPROOFS, regular $3.00 for $2.25.

TOILET SOAPS.—All the fine qualities at low prices.

ART BAKING POWDER.—A new supply with Granite Kettles and Pudding Pans free.

Boneless Bacon, 12½c. lb. Good Butter, 22c. lb.

Remember the place—"Sterling Hall," headquarters always for "Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices."

W. R. MATHER.

SHOE VALUES!

YOU WILL FIND THEM AT

Brown & McCutcheon's.

Men's Box Calf Bals,	$2.00 to $4.00.
Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots,	75c. to $2.00.
Girls' Boots,	65c. to $1.50.

We sell the Famous Shoe—the EMPRESS, for Women. They are fine fitters and give splendid satisfaction. Plenty of Rubbers.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.—Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed.

Eggs and Butter taken in exchange.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

Daring Highway Robbery.

William S. Wright, of Tyrone, Durham County, an extensive and well-known dealer in farm stock, was assaulted and robbed of some $2000 when on his way through what is known as the Pine Ridge to Burketon on the C. P. R., about 7.30 Monday morning. When two miles north of Hayden village he suddenly received a blow on the head which knocked him senseless. On returning to consciousness he found his money gone. In this condition he was found by David Brunt, who drove him to Drs. Mitchell and Trebilcock, at Enniskillen, where his injuries were attended to. The money consisted of one, five and ten dollar bills.

HERE IS A POINTER.

Have you cold hands and feet, chills, pains in the back? If so your blood is impoverished and your constitution run down. "Climax" Iron Tonic Pills will positively restore perfect health. As a blood maker and nerve strengthener they are unequalled. Each box contains ten days' treatment. Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. Address: The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

FOR SALE.

House and Lot in the Village of Stirling, now occupied by Jas. Smith. For further particulars apply on the premises, or to

J. M. COLLINS,
Bancroft P.O.

Farmers Attention.

GENTLEMEN—Having commenced to buy grain again this season, I would say to all my customers that I am prepared to pay the highest market prices for all kinds of grain; and as grain dealers are getting very particular in regards to quality, and especially in having it well cleaned, I would kindly ask all farmers bringing grain to this market to bring it clean, and they will get the very highest price. If not we will have to dock for whatever dirt there is in it, as we will have to clean it before shipping. Thanking the farmers for the very kind patronage given me in the past and trusting to still hold your confidence, I remain yours,

WM. RODGERS,
Grain Dealer.

Stirling, Sept. 10, 1901.

WANTED—DOZEN GOOD, STRONG young men, 18 years and upward, to learn trades of iron moulding, tinsmithing, stove mounting. GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto.

VOTERS' LIST, 1901

Municipality of the Township of Rawdon, County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of *The Ontario Voters' List Act*, 1889, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to the Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Spring Brook, on the 6th day of September, 1901, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 6th day of September, 1901.

THOS. C. McCONNELL,
Clerk of the Municipality of the Township of Rawdon.

FOR SALE.

Cleveland Wheel, in first-class condition. Guaranteed. Leaving for city and will have no use for it. Apply at Post Office, Wellman's.

CARD OF THANKS.

Owing to advancing years I have given up my blacksmith business and am succeeded by my son, John, and I take this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to my old friends and the public for their liberal patronage in by-gone days, and trust they will extend the same to my successor.

J. V. HOUGH.

Stirling, Aug. 7, 1901.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Having returned from Rochester, intending to make Stirling my home, and assumed the business of my father, J. V. Hough, at the old stand, I would respectfully ask from my father's old customers a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to him, and from all others who may give me a call.

HORSE SHOEING a specialty. Repairs of all kinds done at short notice.

FOR SALE—Two new first class home-made Top Buggies, and two new Lumber Waggons, which will be sold very cheap. Give me a call.

J. W. HOUGH.

SHOT BY AN ANARCHIST.

President McKinley Shot at Pan-American Exposition.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice by an assassin as he stood in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The shots were fired by Fred Nieman, alias Leon Czolgosz, of Detroit, who said afterward that he was an Anarchist, and had only done his duty. The attempted assassination took place in the presence of 3,000 people, who had crowded into the Temple of Music, and while 10,000 others stood outside the Temple waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President.

The first bullet struck the sternum in the President's chest, deflected to the right, and traveled beneath the skin to a point directly below the right nipple. The second bullet penetrated the abdomen. Only a superficial wound was caused by the first bullet, and within five minutes after the physicians reached the President, it had been removed. The second bullet was not found. An operation was performed on the President at the Emergency Hospital on the Exposition grounds at 6 o'clock by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, Dr. John Parmenter, and Dr. Herman Mynter. The President's stomach was opened, but the bullet was not found. Drainage tubes were inserted, the incision was sewed up, and at 7:45 o'clock the President was removed to the home of John G. Millburn, president of the Exposition, at Delaware Avenue and Ferry Street. The doctors stated after the operation that they were hopeful, and that while the wound caused by the second shot was serious, it was not necessarily fatal.

The man who did the shooting was seized immediately by the detectives. He offered no resistance, and at first refused to give any information about himself. Later he said his name was Fred Nieman, that he was 28 years old, and had come to Buffalo from Detroit a week ago. He was living at No. 1,025 Broadway. He gave his occupation as blacksmith, and said he was born in Detroit.

The reception to the President this afternoon was one to which the general public had been invited. President John G. Millburn, of the Exposition, had introduced the President to the great crowd in the Temple, and men, women and children came forward for a personal greeting. Among those in line was Nieman, whose left hand was wrapped in a handkerchief. Folded in a handkerchief was a 32-calibre Derringer. A little girl was led up by her father, and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came the assassin. As the President turned to the right again, bringing the right hand about in the characteristic attitude with which he extends it while receiving, Nieman thrust out both his hands, brushed aside the President's extended hand, and brought the revolver hidden in the handkerchief up against the President's stomach. At the same instant he pulled the trigger. The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassain, who had fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger.

On receiving the first shot President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp, his movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward, and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms, and President Millburn helped to support him.

HURLED ASSASSIN TO FLOOR.

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded, Nieman was seized by S. R. Ireland, a United States Secret Service man, who stood directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled the man to the floor, and, as he fell, a negro waiter named John Harper leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States Artillery, detailed at the receptions, sprang upon them, and Nieman was surrounded by a squad of Exposition police and Secret Service detectives. Detective Gallagher grabbed Nieman's right hand, tore away the handkerchief, and seized the revolver. The artillery men, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's hand, rushed at him, and handled him rather roughly. Meanwhile Ireland and the negro held the assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen, and the blows of the policemen's clubs.

Supported by Detective Geary and President Millburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou, and half a dozen Exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was very white, but he made no outcry, and sank back with one hand holding his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open, and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He looked up into President Millburn's face, and gasped, "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "My wife, be careful about her, don't let her know."

Moved by a paroxysm he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of the would-be assassin. Nieman lay on the floor bloody and helpless beneath the blows of the guards.

The President raised his right hand red with his own blood, and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in the chair, while the guards carried Nieman out of his sight.

An ambulance from the Exposition hospital was summoned immediately and the President, still conscious sank upon the stretcher.

Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Millburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the President was awaiting the arrival of surgeons, who had been summoned from all sections of the city, and by special train from Niagara Falls.

The President continued conscious and conversed with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn on his way to the hospital.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been the cause of trouble to the Exposition."

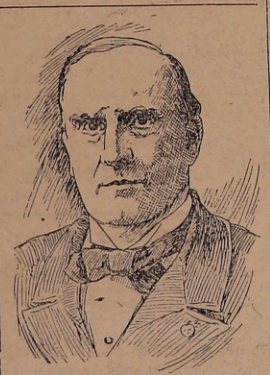
Three thoughts have found expression with the President, first, that the news should be kept from his wife; second, that the assassin should not be harmed; and third, regret that the tragedy might hurt the Exposition.

The news that the President had been shot passed across the Exposition grounds with almost incredible speed, and the crowd around the Temple grew until it counted fifty thousand people. This big crowd followed the ambulance respectfully to the hospital, and then divided itself into two parts, one anxious to learn the condition of the President and to catch up every rumor that came from the hospital, the other eager to find the assassin and to punish him. Certain it is that if the officials had not used remarkable diligence in taking Nieman out of the way of the crowd, he would have been mobbed and beaten to death.

TRIED TO LYNCH HIM.

Nieman had been carried into a side room at the north-west corner of the Temple. There he was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a letter relating to lodging. They washed the blood from his face and asked him who he was and why he had tried to kill the President. He made no answer at first, but finally gave the name of Nieman. He is of medium height, smooth shaven, brown-haired, and was dressed in the ordinary clothes of a mechanic. He offered no explanation of the deed except that he was an Anarchist, and had done his duty.

A detail of Exposition guards was sent for, and a company of soldiers. A carriage was summoned. South



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

of the Temple a space had been roped off. The crowd tore out the iron stanchion holding the ropes, and carried the ropes to the flag pole standing near by on the Esplanade.

"Lynch him," cried a hundred voices, and a start was made for one of the entrances of the Temple. Soldiers and police beat back the crowd. Guards and people were wrangling, shouting and fighting. In this confusion, Nieman, still bleeding, his clothes torn and scarcely able to walk, was led out by Capt. James F. Vallaly, chief of the Exposition detectives, Commandant Robinson, and a squad of secret service men. Nieman was thrown into a carriage and three detectives jumped in with him. Capt. Vallaly jumped on the driver's seat and lashed the horses into a gallop.

The crowd burst into a roar of rage. "Murderer! Assassin! Lynch hang him!" they yelled. Men sprang at the horses and clutched at the whirling wheels of the carriage. Nieman huddled back in the corner, concealed between two detectives. "The rope!!" the rope!" yelled the crowd, and they started forward all in one grand fight, the soldiers to save and the citizens to take a murderer's life.

Soldiers fought a way clear, at the heads of the horses, and pursued by the infuriated thousands, the carriage whirled across the Esplanade, the horses at full gallop, across the Triumphal Causeway, and vanished through the Lincoln Parkway gate, galloping down Delaware avenue until police headquarters was reached.

Thousands left the Exposition grounds, and learning that the assassin had been taken to police headquarters, followed there, willing to do violent justice if the President had died.

As evening came on the numbers grew so that the multitudes blocked all the streets in the vicinity of police headquarters, ten thousand asking one another, "Is the President still alive?" All efforts of the police to disperse the crowds were vain and futile. The roar of conversation in this mass of people penetrated even to the cell where Nieman lay. Now and then the crowd would surge over to one of the newspaper bulletin boards, and cheer wildly when the statement was flashed out that hope was entertained.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—In the room in the northwest corner of the Milburn home, where the President lies, there are always two nurses and two physicians in attendance. Drs. Parke, Mann, Mynther, Wasden, and Rixey apportion the hours so that the time of the President's bedside is divided among them. At given intervals there are consultations, and thus far the surgeons have announced no seriously unfavorable developments.

No one enters the room of the President except the surgeons and the nurses and one other person. The one exception is Mrs. McKinley. Shortly after 9 o'clock the President asked for her, saying that he would like greatly to see her if the physicians thought no harm would result. Dr. Rixey, after a conference with the other physicians, went to Mrs. McKinley's bedroom on the south side of the house, and told her that her husband wished to see her.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. McKinley, aided by Dr. Rixey and an attendant, entered the President's room. The President turned towards her as she entered and slightly raised his head from the pillow. Mrs. McKinley advanced to the bedside, and resting beside it she took the President's hand. For more than two minutes they sat in silence, looking at each other, their hands clasped. Then the President whispered assuringly that he suffered little, and had been comfortable throughout the night.

Tears rose in Mrs. McKinley's eyes, and the President, gently stroking her hand, said quietly:—

"You know you must bear up well, That is the best for both of us."

Mrs. McKinley nooded, and Dr. Rixey then raised her and escorted her back to her room. The President brightened up visibly after seeing her. He became easier, his pulse fell, and his respiration became slower.

One of the physicians said that the rise in the President's pulse in the early morning was due more to the medicine administered to dissipate the effects of the other which had been given prior to the operation than to the wound itself.

Solicitude over the condition of the President is almost equaled by solicitude for the welfare of Mrs. McKinley. Every caller who enquired as to the progress of the President asked also how Mrs. McKinley was withstanding the shock of the calamity. They learned that Mrs. McKinley, thanks to the skill of the physicians, does not suffer so much as if she were keenly alive to every detail of the President's suffering.

She is informed as to his condition and knows that thus far there are no discouragingly unfavorable symptoms. She remained in her room last night, and was much rested. Throughout the afternoon it was said that she slept, and every precaution was taken to have all the neighborhood absolutely quiet. It was decided that even the two telegraph instruments in the barn west of the house were too noisy in their ticking, and they were moved elsewhere.

Director-General Buchanan, with Charles R. Huntley and Harry Hamlin, spent practically all the morning hours at the house aiding in carrying out whatever arrangements were proposed for the better comfort of the two patients. The physicians decided that the room should be cooler, and additional fans were placed in it by Mr. Huntley.

Mr. Milburn received all callers who passed the police lines and the guards at the entry and reached the front verandah. Of the hundreds of callers during the day comparatively few actually entered the house.

DR. M'BURNEY CONFIDENT.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 10.—Dr. McBurney, the famous New York surgeon, said after the issue of the 3 o'clock bulletin, that all the indications continued favorable.

"No bad symptoms have appeared" said he. "No one can say now that the President is out of danger, and for a week still the possibility of complications may exist. At the end of that time, if all goes well, we may be able to say that he is convalescent."

"But I have known cases," put in Dr. Mann, who was with the noted surgeon, "to go well for ten days and then change for the worse."

"That is true, perhaps," said Dr. McBurney, somewhat deprecatingly, "but it is entirely unusual. If the President continues to improve for a week," he continued, "we may safely say that he is convalescent. It will probably be three weeks before it will be safe to move him. We must wait until the outer wound is healed and strong. The inner wounds through the stomach proper will be strong before the exterior wound is. How long it will be before he will be able to sit up will depend upon the rapidity of his improvement, and I may say to you further that his improvement, if it continues, promises to be rapid."

Dr. McBurney was asked to compare the Garfield case and its treatment with that of President McKinley. He smiled as he replied that to do so would be to give the whole history of the progress of surgery during the last twenty years. "Besides," said he, "the cases are utterly different. Garfield's wound was an extremely unfortunate one in every way. It was difficult to handle. It was impossible to get at the bullet, while the wound of President McKinley is in many respects a lucky one. No comparison is possible."

Continuing, Dr. McBurney said: "The President's condition could hardly be more satisfactory. Furthermore, you can impress and emphasize the fact that the bulletins issued state the truth."

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 10.—Wheat — The market to-day was steady. Old red and white sold at 66c and new at 65c middle freights. Goose is quoted at 63c for No. 2 middle freights. Spring wheat is unchanged at 67c for No. 1 east. Manitoba wheat is firmer at 82½c for No. 1 hard and 80½c for No. 2 hard grinding in transit and 80½c for No. 1 hard and 78½c for No. 2 hard for local delivery. Toronto and west. New No. 1 hard is quoted at 70c bid and 71c asked afloat Fort William, September delivery.

Flour—The market is steady at $2.90 bid by local exporters for 90 per cent. patents in barrels middle freights and $2.92½ asked. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $4 for Hungarian patents and $3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed.—The offerings are light, there is a scarcity at some points and the markets firmer at $14 to $15 for shorts and $12 to $13 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is steady at 47c for No. 2, 44c for No. 3 extra and 42c for feed middle freights.

Rye—Is quiet at 50c east and 49c middle freights.

Corn—The market is unchanged at 53c for Canada mixed and 54c for Canada yellow west. American No. 3 yellow is quoted at 62c Toronto.

Oats—Are in fair demand and steady. No. 2 white sold to-day at 33c middle freights.

Peas—Are steady at 69c north and 70c middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

The demand for hog products continues quite active, and as stocks are light holders are very firm in their views as to values. Prices are firmly maintained at previous quotations.

Pork—Canada short cut, $21.50; heavy mess, $20 to $20.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats.—Long clear bacon, tons and cases, 11¼c, and small lots at 12c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; hams, 14c to 14½c; rolls, 12c to 12½c; shoulders, 11½c; backs, 15½c to 16c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 11¼c, tubs 11½c, and pails 11¾c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The offerings continue liberal, the demand is not very active and the market is easy at 16c to 16½c for the best dairy tubs and 12c to 14c for medium. Dairy pound rolls are quoted at 17c to 18c for the best and 15c to 16c for held. Creamery is steady at 20c to 20½c for fine tubs and 19c for early makes, and prints are quoted at 21c to 21½c.

Eggs—The offerings are not very large, there is a good demand and the market is steady to firm at 13c to 13½c for choice stock and 12c to 12½c for ordinary stock.

Potatoes are in fair demand and steady at 75c to 90c per bushel for lots out of store.

Poultry—The receipts are light, there is a fair inquiry for choice and the market is steady at 40c to 50c for live chickens, and dressed turkeys are quoted at 12c for choice young and 10c to 11c for old.

Baled Hay—The demand is fair and the market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at $8 to $8.50.

Baled Straw—The market is steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at $5.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The receipts of grain on the street market here to-day were fairly liberal, and the market was generally steady. The offerings of hay were small and no straw was received. The receipts of dressed hogs were not large, and prices were slightly easier.

Wheat—The receipts were fair and the market was steady to firmer, 300 bu of white and 100 bu of red selling at 73c for old and 64c to 68c for new, 100 bu of spring at 71c and 300 bu of goose at 67c to 68c.

Barley—The offerings were not large, and the market was firmer, 600 bu selling at 49c to 53c.

Rye—Was steady, 100 bu selling at 52c.

Oats—Were steady. Old were quoted at 41c; 600 bu of new sold at 37½c to 38½c.

Butter—The offerings were not large, there was a good demand for choice lots of dairy and the market was steady.

Poultry—There were not many chickens offered and no ducks nor turkeys; prices were steady.

Potatoes—The receipts were not large, there was a fair demand and the market was steady.

Eggs—There were not many offered, and prices were about steady.

Hay and Straw—The receipts of hay were small, only two loads being on the market, and they sold at $10 to $11; no straw was offered, and it was nominal at $10.

Dressed Hogs—The receipts were not large, about 50 being offered; the demand was slow, owing to the hot weather, and the market was slightly easier at $9.25 to $9.40.

We quote:—

Wheat, old, red and white ....$	73	$ 00
do new, red and white	64	68
do goose	67½	68
do spring	70	00
Rye	52	00
Barley	49	53
Oats, old...	41	00
do new	37½	38
Peas	70	00
Hay, old, per ton...	13.50	0.00
do new	10.00	11.00
Straw	10.00	00
Butter, pound rolls..	17	20
do crocks	16	19
Eggs, new laid	13	15
do held stock	11	12
Chickens, old, per pair	45	65
do spring, per pair	50	75
Ducks, per pair	60	75
Turkeys, per lb... ...	11	13
Apples, per basket..	40	00
Beets, per dozen	10	15
Beans, butter, per bushel	60	75
Cabbages, per dozen	30	40
Carrots, per dozen...	15	00
Cauliflower, per doz.	1.00	1.50
Celery, per dozen ...	40	50
Corn, green, per doz	7	10
Cucumbers, long	75	90
do small, per bskt.	15	00
Lettuce, per dozen .	15	25
Parsley, per dozen...	15	20
Parsnips, per dozen..	35	60
Potatoes, per bu... .	60	75
do per peck...	20	25
Tomatoes, per bskt.	15	25
Turnips, per dozen..	25	30
Dressed hogs, per cwt...	9.25	9.40
Beef, hindquarters ..	7.00	9.00
do forequarters	4.50	6.00
do carcases, choice	6.50	7.25
do common...	4.50	5.00
Lambs, per lb...	7½	8½
Mutton, per cwt. ...	6.00	7.50
Veal calves, light, per lb.....	7	8
do choice, per lb...	8	9

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, August 10.—There was an average amount of business at the Western Cattle Market to-day and heavy purchases were made by some dealers. The quality was not particularly good and buyers of extra choice cattle were disappointed at the extra small offerings in the class they wanted. The aggregate receipts were fairly large and a good proportion found buyers. Prices of all grades of cattle were steady and small stuff was unchanged, with the exception of lambs, which are a trifle easier. The total run was 70 loads, including 1,118 cattle, 1,766 sheep and lambs, 35 calves and 700 hogs.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt... ....$	4.75	$ 5.00
do medium, per cwt	4.25	4.65
do cows, per cwt....	3.50	4.00
Butchers' cattle, picked lots	4.50	4.85
do choice...	4.00	4.50
do fair	3.50	4.00
do common	3.00	3.50
do cows	3.00	3.75
do bulls...	3.00	3.50
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt...	3.75	4.25
do light, per cwt....	3.50	3.75
Feeders, short-keep ..	3.85	4.25
do medium	3.50	3.75
do light	3.00	3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600 pounds	2.75	3.00
do off-colors and bulls	2.00	2.75
Sheep, export, ewes,	2.50	3.25
Lambs, each...	3.75	4.15
do per cwt...	2.00	10.00
Calves, per head	7.25	0.00
Hogs, choice, per cwt	7.00	0.00
Hogs, corn-fed...	6.75	0.00
Hogs, light, per cwt.	6.75	0.00
Hogs, fat, per cwt.....		

BOERS IN CAPE COLONY.

British Estimate of the Invaders Now at 800.

A despatch from Pretoria says:—Over 250 Boers have been killed or captured in the last three or four days. Col. Williams captured twenty burghers in the Magaliesburg and Gen. Grenfell almost caught the Boer Commandant Beyer, who only escaped after a hard ride of ten miles. He took a landdrost prisoner.

Col. Rimington had an engagement east of Kroonstad, in which he killed four Boers and captured twenty, in addition to many wagons and a quantity of stock.

Cols. Benson and Copley effected two surprises on the Boers in the vicinity of Middelburg, Cape Colony, in which the burghers lost thirty men. Col. Murray captured six more at Vryburg.

Col. Scobell, acting in conjunction with the Cape Mounted Rifles, who held the pass, captured Lotter's and Van Broeden's commandoes at Pietersburg, killing 19 and capturing 104, of whom 46 were wounded. The total strength of the Boers in Cape Colony is now estimated at only 800.

AGREEMENT SIGNED.

To Evacuate Pekin Public Places by Sept. 17th.

A despatch from Pekin says—The settlement protocol between China and the Powers was signed on Saturday morning. The signing occurred at the Spanish Legation.

Li Hung chang and Prince Ching came in chairs with a following of horsemen. Li Hung Chang was so feeble that he had to be lifted out of his chair by two men. Under the agreement the troops must evacuate public places, including the Forbidden City and the palace, before Sept. 17, and all the expeditionary troops in the provinces, except the permanent garrisons, must be withdrawn by September 22. The Americans and British are permitted to occupy the temples until their barracks are completed.

WILL SEARCH TRANSPORTS.

How the Boers Are Thought to Secure Dynamite.

A despatch from New Orleans says:—The British mule transport Montezuma, which reached New Orleans Tuesday from South Africa, brings word that such quantities of arms and explosives are being smuggled through the lines to the Boers that orders have been issued to have even the army transports searched. The Montezuma was held off shore for two days while the most vigorous search was made of all parts of the vessel. It is suspected. says Capt. Owens, of the Montezuma, that American mutineers have smuggled dynamite through, that being the most convenient explosive to secrete, and also that which is most valuable to the Boers in wrecking railroads. Capt. Owens is the first transport captain who received a unanimously signed testimonial from the men on his vessel expressing recognition of the kind treatment received during the voyage.

RAILWAY SHARPSHOOTERS

How the Cape-Rhodesia Line is Protected.

A despatch from Cape Town says: A corps that is little heard of, but which is doing splendid service in keeping open the lines of communication between Cape Town and Bulawayo, is one organized and paid by the Government of this colony.

Some months ago, when train wrecking on the line between Beaufort West and Mafeking was of frequent occurrence, and the running of trains had been limited to the hours of bright daylight, the Cape Government offered to raise, equip, and maintain a special corps whose sole duty it should be to maintain and protect the railway line from De Aar to Mafeking. The offer was accepted by the Imperial military authorities, and the Government at once organized a corps of 600 colonial sharpshooters, under Major Scott, of Kimberley.

Several armored trains were placed at the disposal of the corps, and with these the men have been constantly patrolling the hundreds of miles of railway through the desert, with what success the enormous development of trade between the Cape Colony and Rhodesia abundantly testifies. Johannesburg is fed by five routes—viz., three railway systems of the Cape Colony, one from Natal, and one from Delagoa Bay—yet double the tonnage of general merchandise has seen sent to Rhodesia over this route than has been sent into the Transvaal over five during the past few months.

The men composing the corps are picked shots, men who have seen much service in this and previous wars, and their operations are confined exclusively to the railway. Under no circumstances do they proceed more than a mile from the line in chasing parties of the enemy.

They are firing pretty nearly every day in the week, for straggling parties of Boers and rebels are very numerous in that part of the country, and being entirely bent on loot their single aim is to wreck trains and burn the trucks and carriages after they have had as much loot as they can carry away.

MANITOBA JUBILANT.

A Record Crop of Wheat—Cattle Trade is Thriving.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—Hon. Mr. Davidson, who has returned from the country, declares that the cutting of wheat along the M. & N. W. has been finished, though there is still an abundance of barley and oats to be reaped. Everybody is busy reaping, and with six weeks of continued good weather all the crop will be safely harvested.

Of the wheat already threshed, most of it will grade No. 1 hard, averaging 25 bushels to the acre. Little damage was done by the recent hail and rain storms.

Heavy shipments of cattle to Liverpool are now going on rapidly. Last week 1,800 cattle left the Northwest Territories and Manitoba for Montreal. The animals this year are in splendid condition and look well.

The wheat harvest is the finest in the history of the country.

RUSSIA REPRESSES FINLAND.

Chief Newspaper Suppressed — Official Dismissed.

A despatch from Copenhagen says:—The Russian Government continues to increase its repressive measures in Finland. It has summarily dismissed a prominent official of the Government for having protested against the abolition of the Finnish army. The chief newspaper of Helsingfors, published in the Swedish language, Dagglig Allehanda, has been suppressed, and twelve other newspapers are temporarily suspended.

Governor Kaigaradoff has published a manifesto announcing that subordinate officials will be held personally responsible in the event of people daring to sign petitions.

TUNNEL TO IRELAND.

Scheme Explained at Engineers' Congress in Glasgow.

A despatch from Glasgow says:—James Barton on Thursday explained to the Engineering Congress, now in session here, the proposed tunnel between Scotland and Ireland. The committee which considered the routes thought that the best one was from a projecting portion of Wigtonshire, where the Scotch coast is within 20 to 25 miles of the coast of County Antrim and County Down, in Ireland. The cost is estimated at £10,000,000.

CENSUS FIGURES ALTERED.

Slightly Improve Canada's Showing in Population.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Late census returns, it is now expected, will considerably increase the population total for the Dominion. The returns now coming in show many people in districts where it was expected there were few if any settlers. This is particularly so of the North-West Territories, Algoma and Nipissing, and Ottawa County. An error in tabulation made the increase in the population of Megantic only 88, while it should have been 1,388.

A PLOT EXISTED.

Letters Intercepted by the Italian Police.

A despatch to the London Central News from Rome says that it is learned from a reliable source that there was a plot to assassinate President McKinley, this being proved by letters written by Anarchists and intercepted by the Italian police. The latter communicated the information to the American police that the Anarchists of Paterson, New Jersey, had decided to kill President McKinley and President Loubet during the year following King Humbert's assassination.

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER V.

The seventeenth came in due course and with it Lady Varley's ball. It was already so far advanced as to enable one to declare it a success. There was a superabundance of flowers, excellent music, and a floor beyond praise. There were almost as many men as there were women, which in the country means everything, being a rare occurrence.

Mrs. Dundas arrived late. She always arrived late as a rule, perhaps thinking it a pity to waste her entry on an empty room, as she was generally the best dressed, and quite as generally the loveliest woman wherever she went. Having taken this fact to heart early in life, she moulded her plans to suit her knowledge. To-night, being a stranger, she would have been sure of much attention had she been plain and dowdily attired; as it was, she created a perfect furore.

And, indeed, she was well worth a lengthened examination. Her gown was white satin, her ornaments diamonds; but one hardly noticed all this, as her face caught the eye. She looked superb, sparkling, brilliant. There was a touch of expectancy, too that heightened her animation.

As she let her plush cloak drop from her into the arms of the attendant in the dressing-room, and as her whole exquisite figure betrayed itself to her in an opposite mirror, she smiled to herself complacently, and her blood ran quicker through her veins, and her eyes grew brighter with the sense of coming and sure triumph.

It was in one of the dainty rooms off the ball-room that she stood, a little later on, looking round her. She was listening with parted lips that smiled enchantingly, to the man beside her; but her glance was straying delicately here and there from one form to another. At last it rested.

If she started, it was so slightly that her companion knew nothing of it. The pupils of her eyes enlarged, and though she still spoke to and smiled at him beside her, her glance did not again wander. It was fixed on a corner of the room in which she stood, where a man of about thirty, distinguished, if rather dissipated in appearance was leaning against the wall conversing with a fair-haired woman sitting on a lounge below him.

She was a very ordinary woman, an every-day person—a nobody, in fact, as Mrs. Dundas decided after the first cursory glance; but he——

She bent her large, full gaze upon his bowed face, and waited. Perhaps there was some magic in the concentration of her regard, because after a little while he grew restless, absent, troubled, as it were, and at last lifted his head and stared impatiently around him. He appeared to Mrs. Dundas bored, weary, dissatisfied, and this belief did her good; it added new fuel to the life within her.

His eyes travelled slowly, as if against his will, up the room and down again, ever nearer and nearer to where Donna stood in all the insolence of a beauty that could not be surpassed; nearer, nearer still, as though the magnetic fire in her eyes was compelling him to seek her.

At last he saw her. She was still smiling, with her beautiful head thrown a little backward. She noticed the quick indrawing of the breath, the pallor that overspread his features upon his recognition of her, and—she noticed, too, how he withdrew his gaze, and bent it with redoubled eagerness upon the woman near him. She saw all, and laughed to herself, and watched again patiently for what she knew would come. A sense of amusement stirred her, as she noted his evident determination to escape her, his resolve not to look again.

A soft color began to burn in her cheeks, her fingers tightened on her fan, she threw all her will in the steady look she directed towards him. The battle had begun, and she would be victor. As she watched she could see that he grew even more assiduous in his attentions to his companion; he threw all his energy into his conversation, he said something to her, and laughed aloud as he said it.

He seemed very near victory, when all at once he gave in, looked straight at Donna.

Mrs. Dundas drew her breath quickly, and her teeth came down sharply on her still smiling lips. The smile died, indeed, and she seemed on the very point of giving way to some emotion when she conquered herself by a supreme effort, and forced herself to return his gaze. She leaned a little forwards, and made a faint movement with her fan. He came to her.

He was beside her now, and her partner of a moment since having somehow faded away, they were virtually alone. Three years floated from them as though they had never been, and Venice, and moonlight, and a love that then had appeared endless, and even now seemed strong as death (at least to him), was all that was left them.

She was the first to recover herself. "So you did come back," she said mockingly, yet with a latent tenderness. Her lips took a half-scornful curve. He knew then that she had read his departure on her arrival, his hesitation about returning for this dance where he knew he should see her, his final craving to see her that drove him homeward, all aright. Something reckless within him that was always there, made him rejoice in that she knew, for the moment; later on, when her presence was withdrawn from him, he felt a sense of shame.

Just now he had no thought for anything but those old days in which she had reigned queen. He was slower to emancipate himself from such memories than she was, perhaps because of your protestation," she said. "It seems to me that you have forgotten spite of your protestation," she said. "It seems to me that you have forcause they clung to him with a greater persistency.

"You are changed," he said at last.

She shook her head.

"It is only that you have forgotten," she said, knowing well that forgetfulness had not been with him. She had never removed her eyes from his since that first time when she saw him leaning against the wall, and now the swift, warm blood rushed into her cheeks and lit her eyes and made her beautiful. Varley seemed to find a difficulty in removing his gaze from her face.

"Forgetfulness is what you should wish in me; it is not what you can accuse me of," he said, in a low tone.

He spoke strangely; it was evident that he was battling with some powerful emotion. His dark eyes burned into hers. He had forgotten that there were people in the room, and that he was still holding her hand. She, who never forgot, remembered this, and noted his agitation, and, lifting her head, laughed softly. She moved her hand with a tremulous coquetry within his, as though to remind him of it

"Would you hold me thus forever?" she asked.

The words were simple, the tone full of meaning. Varley caught it, as she intended he should, and some fire shot into the dull despair of his eyes. She checked it as it was born.

"Forgetful you are, indeed, in gotten that there is anyone in the world beyond you and me." She indicated by a swift glance from under her long lashes the other occupants of the room, one or two of whom were regarding them curiously.

"Yes, I had forgotten," said Varley. He dropped her hand.

"It is very warm here; is there no cooler place? This is your house, yet you must remember I am a stranger in it," said Donna. Her beautiful bosom rose and fell with a quick sigh.

"Come," returned Varley, unsteadily.

She went with him out of that room, across a minor hall, and into a dimly-lit fernery beyond. The drip, drip, of water fell pleasantly upon the ear, and the tender notes of the music, coming to them from the distant ball-room, sounded sad, remote and plaintive.

Donna sank upon a cushioned lodnge, but Varley remained standing. The faint light from the colored lamps shone like drops of blood upon her satin gown, and threw many glittering rays into the diamond stars that lit her rich red hair.

"There was a reproach in that last speech of yours," he said presently, standing over her. "A stranger in my house! That is true; but by whose fault?"

"Was it mine?" said she. "Would it be wisdom to deny it? After all, was I not always in fault? And yet——" She paused, then looked full at him: "In what hot haste you were to wed!"

"I hope you and Lady Varley will be friends," returned he in a studiously careful tone, which was, however, thrown away upon her.

"Don't be a hypocrite," she said, calmly, but shortly.

At this moment Lady Varley appeared at the entrance to the fernery came in, and passed through it to a door at the other end. In passing she looked at Mrs. Dundas, smiled graciously and inclined her head. Donna, who had followed her movements in silence, turned to Varley as the door closed on her.

"You see, old adages come true," she said. "Talk of an angel—we were talking of her just then. To think that you—you—should have married such a one!".

"To think that you should have married John Dundas!"

"You have me there, I confess. But there was nothing else left to me. My uncle was dead; you were gone; I was penniless."

He moved abruptly, and paced once or twice up and down the narrow space between them.

"You could have written," he said.

"Too late! You were married to your saint. Why should I disturb your beatitude? I abstained from troubling you, and later on I received my reward in——"

"In what?" eagerly.

"John Dundas! Every one tells me he is quite perfect. And we have always been taught that what every one says must be right. So you see,"—with a sudden outburst of gayety—"if you have your saint, I too, have mine. I am as good as you any day. You can't outshine me. A word in your ear, however." She leaned forward and whispered to him "Don't you find the sanctity rather trying? she said. "Deadly dull, eh?"

He laughed in spite of himself, and taking up one of her little gloved hands, beat it lightly against his own palm once or twice.

"A truce to all such heretical sentiments," he said.

"Which, after all, only means that you agree with me, but have not the courage of your opinion. Do you know, Frederic——" she stopped abruptly. "Frederic," she said again, "how it recalls everything!" she said. "Yod recollect? You were Fred to me then, and sometimes—in fun—I used to call you my Friedrich d'or."

"Don't!" said he sharply.

"It touches you still?" she spoke as if surprised. "And yet it is a long time ago," she sighed quickly, heavily, and then smiled. "I shouldn't have thought you would ever be the one to take anything au grand serieux," she said; "more especially so ordinary a thing as an affair of the heart."

"You have outlived it then?"

"I have outlived most things. I have seen more trouble than most."

"It has not left its marks upon you," said he bitterly. He looked with angry admiration at the fair, serene face before him, without line, or mar, or scar, or any of grief's disfigurements.

"Do you regret that? Would you have me bent and bowed with sorrow's burden? Am I not better as I am?" She seemed a little amused. "What a blood-thirsty person you are!" she said. "I believe you would have me, if you could, crushed out of all remembrance. But when one comes to think of it, I don't believe I am a person easily crushed. I have endured a good deal, and yet I live."

"What have you endured?" said he scornfully.

"John Dundas, for one thing," returned she, with an irrepressible laugh.

"I hear he is kindness itself to you," said Varley, gravely. He was in the humor to quarrel with anyone even with her—most of all with himself.

"For once gossips speak true," replied she, unabashed. "Did you hope he was unkind? What a face, Varley—so cold, so reproving! If you were somebody else it might have its effect, but as it is—I confess it only wearies me."

She yawned behind her fan, and rose slowly to her feet.

"You will return to the ball-room?" asked he reluctantly, in spite of his ill-temper, as she noticed.

"To dance? No. I am sick of dancing. But cards, dice. You remember Monaco and the old nights?"

"A needless question. I have already told you that my misfortune is that I cannot forget." His voice was strained, his face pale. He was evidently intoxicated by her beauty, and the memory of the past delights that still held him, because—fatal thought—there might yet be warmth enough in them to bring them back to life!

Donna watching him, read him easily, and leaning against the silken curtain behind her, laughed in her triumph, in that strange, noiseless fashion that she had. He was hers now at this moment, as he was Add Red Witch. hers then in the past days, as he would be hers forever—so long (she understood him well) as her beauty lasted"

"There was at least no fear of stagnation in them," she said, alluding to those "old nights" that had their fascination for her still. "You recollect how we used to play, you and I together, and our luck? It grew to be proverbial. Why was it?"

"Who can say? You spoke a while since of old adages. Hear another: 'Luck in play, unlucky in love.' We were lucky in play."

"It was the only luck we knew," said she. "Then we were together; now we are apart as the poles." Then suddenly, her whole air changed. She turned her eyes quickly upon his. "But are we?" she asked in a whisper that was only a breath. She had drawn nearer to him. He put out his hand and pressed her back from him.

"Take care!" he said, in a dangerous tone. "Take care what you are doing, you may go too far! Has nothing changed you? Those two interminable years? Your marriage?"

"Don't scold me," she whispered, with a mischievous pretence at penitence that had its charm, and heightened every beauty she possessed; "I'll be very good for the future. I won't do it any more, if you will only——" She made a deliberate pause; and then with an exquisite pout of her red lips, and an inclination towards him: "If you will only kiss and be friends." A second later she was laughing gayly. "No, no!" she cried. I did not mean it—of course not. Though after all it would not be the first time. But if they knew it what would my old boy and your stately saint say? Fred!" Contrition smiled within her eyes. "So long as my hands are idle, I warn you, I shall work mischief. Is there nothing to be done? No card-room in this house? Not even a bagatelle-board?"

"There is a billiard-room and a card-room also," said Varley rather absently.

"No! you don't say so! And here have I been all these hours wasting my precious time. You have degenerated, Fred; once you would not have been so dead to the desires of a pretty woman. And I am that, eh?"

"Go on. What is it you want?" asked Varley, refusing to look at her.

"To handle once more an ace of trumps; to feel myself victor on one field if not on another. I doubt I am growing old and ugly; my empire in Cupid's camp is past; and I would therefore lord it over the card-table, if kindly chance permit."

He laughed grimly.

"Are you tired of conquest?" he said. "Satisfied at last! That must be a new experience for you. Card-tables—yes, of course, there is a room somewhere, where all the old fogies, the fathers and mothers of the rustic maidens, are now assembled."

"So much the better. I am not so dead to les convenance that I cannot see the use of old fogies. I shall be chaperoned, countenanced by them. A quiet little loo will suit me down to the ground, and I leave it to you to make up the table. As for our stakes, the fogies need know nothing of them."

"They will wonder at your absence from the ball-room."

"On the contrary they will regard me as a steady and sedate young matron, who very properly has turned her back upon such frivolities as dancing."

"You would have to be born again before they would believe all that."

"Not a bit of it. And if the frivolity business won't do, why, let us say I am delicate, and that much dancing might make me mad."

As she said this she smiled saucily, yet with a put-on languid air that was admirable.

"I'll make you up a table if you like," said Varley. "There is Barry, he likes a game; and Featherston, he will probably demur on principle at high stakes, but there won't be any trouble with him. And there is Colonel Blood, and his wife. I don't know that she would run to much, but——"

"She will do—as a sop to Mrs. Grundy; and if she has even a smallest touch of the fire, I can trust myself to raise it to a flame. To tell you the truth, she said, with a sincerer touch of reality than she had yet shown, "if I am to live here at all, I must have something to keep me going. Otherwise there will be mischief."

"And your husband; he will not object?"

"He is not by any means a stupid man," said she.

To be Continued.

BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT.

4 to 12 years.

The Norfolk suit as here shown is one of the latest modes for little boys and growing lads and will be much seen this fall. The original is made of cheviot in a mixture of browns and tan with threads of green, but all wool suiting cloths are suitable for cold weather wear, linen, duck and galatea for summer suits.

The knickerbockers are cut on the most approved tailor lines, and can be gathered into bands below the knees, as illustrated, or drawn up to the required size by means of elastics run through the hems. The jacket is made with a smooth yoke that is pointed at the lower edge and finished with a collar that rolls over with the fronts to form lapels. Below it the jacket portion is laid in box plaits and a belt passes around the waist under or over the plaits as desired. The sleeves are in coat style, and a patch pocket is stitched to each front below the belt.

To cut this suit for a boy of 8 years of age 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 or 50 inches wide will be required.

EARS IN QUEER PLACES.

In Some Animals These Organs Are Placed in Strange Positions.

A wise man's eyes are in his head, and his ears also, but these latter organs in some animals are placed quite otherwise. Fishes, for example, have both ears in their head, and also structures in the skin of the body which help them to perceive any movements in the water. A dark line, easily seen along either side of a fish's body, is the seat of such organs.

If you examine a lobster or prawn, you will find two pairs of horns, or feelers, sticking out of his head, one pair being large, another small. Lodged in each small feeler is a little bag opening to the outside, which enables the creature to hear.

There is a little shrimp, the opossum shrimp, which has an ear embedded in each side flap of his tail, quite the wrong end for it. Shellfish, such as mussels, and cockles, are blessed with a single fleshy foot which sticks out from under the side of the body, and is used to shove the animal along. Two little bag-like ears are contained in this, so that the creature can listen to his own footsteps, so to speak.

Flies and other sorts of insects carry one pair of feelers on the head and there is reason to think that these enable their possessor not only to feel, but also to smell and hear. Such things as grasshoppers go in for a pair of ears contained in two out of their six legs, and these are constructed to appreciate the "chirping" noise we hear in the country during the summer time.

And we may suppose that Mother Grasshopper has to box her unruly offspring's ears by smiting his legs.

IN FAVOR OF HARD BEDS.

A well-known doctor advises the adoption of a hard bed, and that children should be trained from the beginning to sleep upon no other kind. It is certainly true that as a rule a hard bed conduces to the most refreshing kind of sleep, the feather bed, so dearly loved by our grandmothers, being enervating in the extreme.

NOT UNUSUAL.

May—Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?

Belle—No. What is it?

Now that they are married they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her.

ON THE FARM.

FLAVOR IN MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS.

Good flavor sells milk, cream, butter and cheese; poor flavor condemns them. Flavor is that indescribable something which in good dairy products appeals pleasantly to our senses, but often passes unnoticed because so familiar; in poor products it is equally indescribable, but more often characterized in vigorous language, when "frowsy" butter, "garlicky" milk, "bitter" cream, or "strong" cheese present their offensive odors and tastes. The ordinary consumer calls flavor the "taste" of the article which tickles his palate; but the expert knows that the nerves of smell play the larger part and he depends for his judgment largely upon a trained nose. Hence we see the butter judge or cheese scorer pass the trier beneath his nostrils, with deep drawn breath and meditative study of the aroma which arises. Smells, however, cannot be measured in degrees or separated into their elements by the spectroscope; therefore, we have to depend upon general terms, often differing with the different experts in our discussion of flavor; yet we have some well-marked classes which serve as a basis for reference.

We can separate the faulty flavors into classes

BY THEIR ORIGIN.

The minute particles thrown off by dairy products, whose impact upon tongue or nostrils give rise to taste or smell, may come (1) from compounds in the food of the cow or developed in her body, (2) from matters other than germs, taken up by the milk while it stands in poorly ventilated stables or rooms reeking with foul smells, or (3) from substances which are the direct or indirect result of the activity of living organisms in the milk.

Odors of the first class will be most noticeable while the milk is warm from the cow, and will not increase with time. They are really far less common than dairymen generally believe, and may be avoided almost entirely by careful feeding. Garlic, turnips, cabbage and such "fragrant" edibles will, of course, taint the milk, if they are fed within a few hours before milking, but when fed soon after the cows are milked, the volatile oils to which these odors are due will generally disappear from the animal's system before the next morning or evening.

Too often odors of the second class are assigned to the first, and the old cow takes the blame for

THE MAN'S FAULT;

as milk very readily takes up smells and tastes from its surroundings. When the owner delivers milk to the factory and is told that it smells bad he forgets that he or his men let it stand in the uncleaned stable to draw in the cowy and worse odors, while the cows are being fed and some other chores attended to; or, that they poured it into pails that lacked a little of perfect sweetness; and he immediately says: "I've got to stop feeding silage." "The cows ate some cabbage trimmings last night," or, "Someone forgot to close the rye-field gate."

Odors of these two classes, due to volatile compounds in the milk, are of the most importance in the milk and cream trade, as the faults largely disappear in making butter and cheese. Thorough aeration is often helpful in the removal of such flavors.

Odors of the third class, except in some very rare cases, where the udder itself is the seat of colonies of bacteria. The bacteria molds and yeasts which causes them must have a chance to develop and to set up chemical changes in the milk; and this rarely occurs to any great extent within 12 hours from the time the milk is drawn.

A HIGH TEMPERATURE,

however, is favorable to the growth of these low forms of plant life; so in warm weather milk faults are common. In butter making and in cheese making, also, the heat often used to ripen the cream, and the high temperature at which the milk is held in setting and cooking the curd, furnish conditions very favorable to the germs present, and they develop with great rapidity. In their food growth part of the milk is used for food, and in its breaking down into simpler compounds the aromatic substances which make flavor, good or bad, are formed.

The flavor of good milk and cream, then, is an inherent quality due to the normal constituents of the milk; the flavors of the butter, both good and bad, except that due to the fat and odors absorbed by the milk, are held to be the result of bacterial action; the fundamental flavors of cheese are probably due to chemical decomposition, started by unorganized ferments known as enzymes, joined with which are other flavors marking the individual cheeses, which are probably due to bacteria; and it has recently been found that in some cases yeasts have been the cause of bad flavor.

WARM POULTRY HOUSES.

Poultry houses should be so constructed that even in the coldest winter weather the temperature will not go below 50 degrees during the night. Of course a healthy flock of fowls will not care for cold weather during the daytime provided they have a nice light shed where they may scratch and hustle, but during the night a warm house is absolutely essential. Hens that are found to roost in a house where water will freeze will not lay, and it is folly to try to make them.

Build the house so that the heat may be easily regulated, but do not attempt to supply artificial heat by means of stoves or heaters. Fowls subjected to unnatural heat will easily contract colds and in time become sickly. Let the ventilation be so arranged that when the weather moderates the heat may be at once reduced, and do not force the fowls to stay at all times in a house which is intended for zero weather.

If the same conditions could be made to exist in winter as in summer the hens would lay equally well at all seasons, but since the natural order of things vary so much, it therefore rests with us to supply, as nearly as possible, those things which nature has deprived them of. Heat, light, exercise, pure food are most to be considered, without one of which there is no sure road to success. All else hinge on these, and our profits will depend on the economical way we have provided for the fowls.

THE PIGS.

Keep the sows and pigs out on the ground.

Pig eating is caused by a lack of nitrogenous food.

Fed on corn and like foods of a heating character the sow becomes feverish and irritable. Give her a cooling, nitrogenous ration, such as clover pasture, bran, middlings and oats, and there will be no trouble.

If the sow shows an inclination to destroy her pigs, give her a chunk of lean salt pork and this will satisfy her craving for nitrogenous food.

When feeding the fattening pigs, cornmeal and skim-milk with the clover pasture will cause them to make rapid growth.

If fed in this way they will be ready for the early market in the fall.

The advantage of giving grain on pasture is that all the grain given will go to make flesh and growth, none being required for maintenance.

Care should be taken when graining animals on pasture that their appetite is not wholly appeased by the grain. Feed the grain in the late afternoon so they will rustle through the pasture during the day to satisfy their hunger.

The young pig will not make as much use of grass as the older ones, but he should be encouraged to do so as much as possible by giving him access to fresh, tender clover.

When pigs are weaned at six to eight weeks old they should have plenty of skim-milk.

With no milk at hand it is well to let the pigs remain with the dam until about three months old.

When two litters are raised from the sow each year it is necessary to wean the pigs at from six to eight weeks old.

Hence the two-litter method is most successfully maintained on dairy farms or establishments where waste and highly palatable products are continually at hand.

A HARD MAN TO KILL.

Adventures of a Captain of a Whaling Ship.

Accounts of whaling voyages often convey the idea of a very agreeable pastime, but sometimes, as in the case of the historic tiger, the whale takes it into his head to hunt you; then look out for trouble. Mr. Bullen gives, in "The Men of the Merchant Service," a description of the experiences of Captain Gardiner of the ship Union, which resulted somewhat disastrously for the fearless mariner.

While he was in pursuit of his calling off the west coast of South America a sperm whale flung its jaw upward across the boat, and caught him by the head and shoulders. The blow did not sweep him overboard, but laid his scalp back from the skull, broke his right jaw, tearing out five teeth, broke his left arm and shoulder-blade, and crushed the hand on the same side between the whale's jaw and the gunwale of the boat.

In this deplorable state he was carried on board his ship, and his young officers may well have been excused for considering his case hopeless. His brave spirit, however, did not recognize defeat. He gave directions mostly by signs, for the preparation of bandages and splints, and instructed his willing but ignorant helpers in the way of using them.

When all had been done that he wished or could think of, he ordered the vessel to be taken into port, and although apparently at the point of death, he lay in a commanding position and piloted the ship. A Spanish surgeon was brought on board, who, as soon as he saw the sufferer, advised sending for a priest, as the case was hopeless.

This advice was lost upon the valiant Yankee, who sent a messenger thirty miles for another doctor—a German. This gentleman hastened down to the ship, dressed the skipper's wounds, and had him transported on an improvised ambulance swung between two mules up to the healthy highlands of the interior. In six months he was fit to resume command of his ship, which meanwhile had made a most successful cruise under the mate.

The captain's left hand, unhappily, had been so badly mangled that it was hardly more than a stump, the first two fingers being so twisted in the palm that he was afterwards always obliged to wear a thick mitten to keep him from being entangled in a lance-warp while he was lancing a whale.

This good man was for a quarter of a century master of a whaler, and lived to be nearly ninety years old.

THE SCHEMER.

Dick—Everybody's remarking how soft you are on that wealthy Miss Wilfel. What are your chances with her?

Jack—Very promising. She likes me pretty well, and I'm doing my best now to get her parents dead-set against me.

So you want to marry my daughter do you, thundered the stern father. Y-y-es, stammered the terrified young man but not any worse than she wants to marry me.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1901.

The attempted assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo on Friday last created great excitement throughout the civilized world. It is pleasing to know that the attempt failed and that the latest accounts state that the President is rapidly recovering. Full particulars of the affair will be found on another page. The result will likely cause stern measures to be taken for the suppression of anarchism everywhere.

A settlement of the trackmen's strike on the C. P. R. has been effected. Though the men receive no advance in wages they gain other advantages for which they were contending, such as recognition of their union. All the men who have not been connected with any acts of violence are to be reinstated in their positions. The latest reports state that the men are gradually returning to work all over the system.

Here are tests that will interest farmer readers:—In order to note the effect of flies on milk cows, W. L. Carlisle, of Wisconsin experiment station, divided fourteen cows into two lots about equal in every respect. During the daytime one lot was kept in a small paddock, having an abundance of shade. The other lot was placed in a comfortable stable provided with screen doors and windows. The lot in the paddock were constantly on the move fighting flies, while the others in the stable were suffering no annoyance. Comparing the result from the standpoint of milk and butter, it was shown that the cows protected from flies produced twenty per cent. more butter than those in the open lot. In several tests made on an Iowa dairy farm it was found practicable to keep the cows in a dark stable and discard screens. The cows thus stabled were practically free from flies and gave more milk than those left out of doors. The cows were allowed to run in the pasture during the night and early morning and required but little supplementary food.

The Census.

By the time all the returns are received at the Census Department there will be a considerable increase in the population over the figures given in the first bulletin. Already returns are coming from places beyond where it was expected there were any settlements, and the population of Algoma, Nipissing, and Ottawa and Pontiac Counties will be increased beyond what has been estimated. It is expected that the Canadian North-west returns will be greatly augmented in this way. The County of Megantic has an increase of 1,388, instead of 93, as first recorded.

River Valley.

The lawn social held at River Valley under the auspices of the Sabbath School was a great success, it being the first held there for some years. The lawn was well crowded with people from the neighborhood and for miles around.

The yard was beautifully decorated with evergreens, Chinese lanterns and lights. An evergreen arch was made at the entrance gate, and over the arch was placed the beautiful flag that the school gained as a prize at Stirling for the best school on first of July some years ago.

The Stirling band rendered excellent music, and was praised by all. We publicly thank them for their good will in bringing others also. We also thank the people around us for their kindness and liberality.

On one side of the yard was placed the lunch booth, which was well supplied with pies, cakes, sandwiches and lemonade. At another booth the young ladies were kept busy handing out ice cream and lemonade. On the other side of the yard was a booth filled with groceries, fruits, watermelons and refreshments of all kinds, with which the boys did a rushing business. The proceeds amounted to about $60. We hope next year it will be double that. We intend having one annually after this, and hope we will have more improvements another year, counting on a larger crowd than ever.

COMMITTEE.

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Special Correspondent.

The annual Harvest Home Thanksgiving service will be held in the English church at 7.30 Sabbath evening. The public know from past years of the care exercised in tastefully decorating the church for this service. No trouble will be spared in making the building as attractive as the grains, grasses, fruits and flowers from God's earth can make it. Mottoes, festoons, arches, garlands; the fruits of the field and the flowers of the forest—all designed to fill the hearts of the audience with a becoming sense of gratitude to the Almighty Giver. If we have been blessed in harvest let us attend the Thanksgiving service, listen to a Thanksgiving sermon and learn of the grace of gratitude.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Jackman at the moment of sending to press is somewhat better of the fever.

Willie Linn, the son of Mr. D. Linn, is happily recovering from his distressing malady.

Mrs. Mack is also recovering from her severe shock. It will be some time before she has the full use of her hands.

Mrs. Arthur Mason has returned from England, where she spent the summer at the home of her late husband's parents. We are glad to bid her welcome again.

Spring Brook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

John Mowerson an aged man living on the 14th Con. of Rawdon, was found dead on the C.P.R. track on Thursday of last week. His death was apparently from natural causes, an inquest was not deemed necessary.

R. W. Thompson, cheesemaker of Spring Brook factory, carried off two prizes from the Toronto Fair.

R. W. Thompson, T. J. Thompson and wife, Levi Mason and wife, Chas. Forde and wife, Samuel Forestell and Miss Martha Thompson were all "put off at Buffalo" and spent a few days at the Pan-American. They also took in the Toronto exhibition.

Wallace Welch has returned from Rochester to spend a few weeks visiting friends.

Ivanhoe.

From Our Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Baker and son, Clifford, have returned from a visit to Toronto, Chatham and other points in the west.

Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Harrison are absent on a trip to Toronto and Buffalo. Mr. Chas. Connor of Madoc, occupied the pulpit here on Sunday and delivered an interesting and practical discourse based on John 12:32.

Mr. C. E. Rose spent Sunday and Monday of last week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Mitts and family spent Sunday visiting friends at Moira.

Mr. John Benson has purchased a span of bronchos, and will doubtless beat the record now in Ivanhoe.

Quite a number from here are attending the meetings at the Holiness Movement tent at Moira.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnson of Stirling, were guests at Mr. Sydmer Reid's, 6th line, on Sunday.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. David Tucker is visiting the Pan-American and friends in Buffalo.

Messrs. Turner, Mat and Master Reginald Sine spent a few days at the Toronto exhibition.

Mr. Clifford Caverley is attending Model at Madoc.

Our new society, the M. Y. O. B., will meet at 11.59 on Saturdays.

A few friends had an enjoyable time at Oak Hill lake on Friday last. Some went fishing, but failed to show the catch.

Corn is a good crop this year, in some places measuring over eleven feet.

Mr. E. Iveson spent Sunday with his parents at Glen Ross.

The Misses Telford and Scarf, who have been on a tour in the east, stopped a few days at Mr. S. Denike's on their way to Pan-American.

A severe wind storm with dust and smoke from the Northwest passed over here on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Reid of Madoc spent a few days at Mr. Wm. Farrell's.

Mrs. John R. Fanning spent last week visiting friends in Trenton.

Foxboro Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Carberry, Man., spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. C. Ashley.

Miss Florence Wright of Eldorado, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. C. Ashley.

A number from here took in the Pan-American last week.

Mrs. Jas. Miller and Miss Miss Mary Miller are the guests of Mr. R. C. Miller of Syracuse.

Mrs. Murdoff of the 3rd con. of Sidney is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Rev.) Pope.

Miss Lily Foster paid our village a farewell visit on Sunday, and also favored us with a solo on Sunday evening, before leaving for Boston, where she intends taking up vocal music.

The W. M. S. spent a very pleasant time last Wednesday, Sept. 4th at their annual meeting. After the election of officers all adjourned to the Sunday School room and partook of a bountiful repast of sandwiches, cake and coffee.

Miss Annie Cox, of Belleville, spent a few days last week visiting friends.

Mrs. Willard Ashley and son are visiting her parents, Rev. E. E. Howard and wife, on the way to her future home near Chicago. Mrs. Ashley will be greatly missed in our vicinity.

Miss Lottie Ashley is visiting the Rev. and Mrs. Henderson of Chicago, and other friends in Mich.

Mr. B. A. Holgate is spending his holidays with his parents.

Mrs. M. Gibbs and Miss L. Lake spent Sunday in Murray.

Mrs. A. Reed has returned from visiting her daughter Mrs. John Brenton, of Toronto.

Mrs. Daniel Bradley has gone to visit her son, Mr. Elgin Hubble, of Ransomville, N.Y.

"Canadian Home Journal" Bought by Mr. Hugh C. Maclean.

That the tendency to amalgamation now-a-days has been extended to journalistic circles as well as commercial, is shown by the recent purchase of The Canadian Home Journal by Mr. Hugh C. MacLean, publisher of The Ladies' Magazine, Toronto. The Journal, which was established many years ago, will be discontinued as a distinct publication, and will be merged into The Ladies' Magazine, which has already won a place for itself as the popular home paper for Canadian women.

The Huron Expositor thus refers to the expenditure on the Trent Valley canal: "This Trent Valley canal is one of the most palpable frauds that has ever been inflicted upon a long-suffering people by their Parliamentary representatives. It has been a sink hole for good money for many generations, and outside of the few who have been directly benefited by that expenditure it is not now and never will be of any value. The sooner it is dropped the better, on the principle that the first loss is the least loss. Had the millions that have already been expended in it been given to assist young Canadians to make homes for themselves on the prairies of the North-West they would have yielded the country thousands for every farthing of benefit that the Trent Valley canal will ever afford."

Lazier's flour and paper mills, one and a half miles from Belleville, were completely destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The loss is stated to be $35,000, of which $20,000 is covered by insurance.

THE GENIAL WEST.

A Free Running Sketch of the Newspapers of British Columbia by a Racy Pioneer Inkslinger.

The Sandon Paystreak announces that newspapers in Kootenay do not pay, and that the reason is that the field is overcrowded. "British Columbia," it laments, "has more literary productions to the population than any other region on the outer crust of this terrestrial sphere. These papers do not pay now and never can be made to pay, for the simple reason that the population of the mine camps will never be sufficiently dense to give them a field."

The Paystreak goes into particulars. After several brief, vivacious criticisms upon its daily contemporaries, it proceeds to deal with the weeklies with particularity and personality. "The weekly field is as badly surcharged as the daily. Slocan has five journalistic nightmares. One weekly might possibly make an honest living if it had the whole Slocan to itself, but even that is problematical. At present not one of the editors is making wages, and every one of the bunch, with the exception of Lowery, who made money before the others knew the name of the camp, has gone in the hole on the journalistic proposition. To enumerate: Charlie Smitheringale, the inspiration of The Slocan Drill, was industrious enough several years ago to locate a few wildcats, and he is now reaping a harvest from that source, merely running the newspaper through force of habit. Charlie carries a card and could pull out a long string in any metropolitan print shop, but The Drill does not pay him half wages, let alone interest in his plant. The Matheson boys have a pill foundry in connection with The Silvertonian, which permits them to continue publication. It costs the boys more to get the paper out than they get out of the paper. Lowery's Claim promises to be one of the most lucrative literary ventures this far west, but The Claim is a magazine, not a newspaper, and its field is limited only by the ramifications of the Anglo-Saxon language. Lowery has made muckers' wages on The Ledge, but he has never managed to make the paper pay interest on the $5,000 plant on which it is produced; and this, notwithstanding that Lowery is the best writer in B. C. Cliffe, who is beyond doubt the worst writer in B. C., continues to publish his paper for pure meanness. His family probably permits him to get out the paper to keep him out of mischief. The Paystreak has managed to live off the job hook, making a kind of a Mexican stand-off."

A disquisition on the editors of the country and their reasons for remaining in such a business follows. The assertion is made that hard times are sapping the independence of the press. And the crowning insult follows: "There are no two ways about it, there are far too many papers in B. C., and unless some of them get pushed off the earth, or their editors follow the example of Elijah, and leave by the air line, the press of this Province will degenerate until it becomes so soleless and servile as the party-ridden, corporation-poisoned journalism, of Ontario, where the editors live on sterilized fog and thanks, and pay their printers in turnips, scrap iron, church social tickets, or any old thing that the delinquent subscriber happens to have in his possession when the editor overtakes him.—Toronto Globe.

Comfortable Farmers.

The West, of Regina, speaking of the Northwest Exhibition, remarks that all the people in attendance looked happy, and adds: "It is not merely the teeming promise of the field this year that made all those faces bright and gay. Go to the manager of the Bank of Montreal, or the manager of the Union Bank, and they will tell you that the farmers from around Moose Jaw, from around Regina, from around Indian Head, and elsewhere, have not only broad acres, but some have to their credit in the bank $13,000, some $10,000, some $5,000, some $2,000. Speak to the lawyers and they will tell you many of these men have money out at interest as well." Let us see, Regina is the city that was said to have been located in the desert. Truly does The West say: "Canadians are doing their duty, let the inhabitants of the two home islands do theirs and direct emigration and capital away from wild cat countries to that colony, which has not only the most wholesome of climates, the richest of mines, the finest fisheries, but the largest amount of fertile land to be found in the world."

A Toronto Dog Story.

A well-known and prosperous young business man of Toronto having recently purchased an island and a handsome residence in the Georgian Bay, caused it to be known around town that he desired to purchase and send up two or three good big watchdogs. The story goes that a man called on him, accompanied by a fine big St. Bernard, which he was willing to part with at a good figure. The dog was certainly a handsome animal, and was purchased on the spot. Shortly after a friend was called in to admire the handsome dog. "How old is he?" was the first question. "Three," replied the happy owner. The friend opened the dog's mouth and found he had not a tooth in his head.

Baked Potatoes.

The baked potato is more easily digested than the boiled because its starch is partly converted into dextrin by the high heat of the oven. The sweetness of the baked potato is an evidence of this. If, however, baked too long or allowed to stand after it is done till cool, the starch becomes waxy and loses its delicious quality. The invalid and the dyspeptic should eat baked potatoes rather than those prepared in any other way.

New Goods Arriving

We are daily opening up large importations of New Goods for Autumn Wear. Our buyer has returned from Europe where he made a personal selection from the world's best markets Our stock this season will be unusually large and thoroughly assorted in all lines, and is bought for prompt cash and marked in plain figures at close cash prices. We invite you to come as frequently as you can and inspect the New Goods as they arrive.

New Dress Goods.

Our immense assortment of New Cheviots, Homespuns and Friezes for Suits and Gowns.

Black Goods.

A number of very handsome New Styles in Single Costume Lengths for House and Street Wear.

English Flannelettes.

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New Laces.

Some beautiful new things in Allovers and Galoons just received, in Black, Cream and Linen Color.

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BELLEVILLE.

Demand for Molybdenite.

A letter has been received by Mr. Thos. Gibson, Director of the Bureau of Mines, from Mr. Harrison Watson, Curator of the Canadian section of the Imperial Institute, inquiring whether any supplies of molybdenite are to be obtained in Canada. Molybdenite is now in great demand for use in the manufacture of certain kinds of steel. Mr. Gibson says there are deposits of it to be found in Haliburton, Frontenac and elsewhere in Ontario, which are mainly undeveloped, but as the demand is steady and prices good he thinks it will pay owners to work them. Mr. Watson forwards the name of Harrington Bros., Oliver's Yard, City Road, London, E.C., as having made inquiries concerning this mineral.

THE ONLY ONE.

The man who says that all patent medicines are worthless is a fool. For Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure has no equal. W. C. Switzer, Harrowsmith, O., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for ten years. He tried every known remedy recommended for the cure of rheumatism without obtaining relief. Six bottles of Dr. Hall's completely cured him. This great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days' treatment. Price 50 cents at all drug stores or The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

The late Isaac Simpson, of Kingston, left $10,000 to the superannuation fund of the Methodist Church of Canada.

The crop of oats in Alberta is said to be so heavy that the principal trouble will be to find a market for the surplus.

A company with a capital of a million dollars has been incorporated at Toronto for the purpose of manufacturing beet sugar.

John Kelly, a boy of twelve years of age, living at Norwood, fatally shot his playmate, Thomas Chattan, with a loaded shot gun. Kelly did not know the gun was loaded.

Ottawa City Council has given the police power during the visit of the Duke of York to barricade certain streets and to order all vehicles off others, at their discretion, in the interests of the public safety.

Mr. R. B. Hungerford, Grand Master for Ontario A. F. & A. M., died at London on Monday morning last. He had been suffering for over a month from paralysis of the right side. Deputy Grand Master Judge J. E. Harding, of Lindsay, succeeds to the Grand Mastership of the Masonic order in Ontario.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty.
Does your back ache? Take a Petty.
Does your side ache? Take a Petty.
And do not take any other.

As an all-round family remedy, one that always should be in the house for an emergency, Dr. Petty's Pills discount anything in the market. They are so small a child can take them with ease; yet one's a dose.

Petty's Pills are small — mere mites — but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

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For a clear complexion, take Petty's Pills. They never fail to clear the skin.

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BOUND FOR THE FRONT.

An Incident Showing the Military Courage of the Montenegrin.

In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby boy is, "May you not die in your bed!" and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman in his "Autobiography:"

I have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire deliberately leave the trenches and climb the breastwork, only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oreabuk, awaiting the opening of the campaign in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince, when a boy of 16 or 18 approached us, cap in hand.

"Now," said the prince, "I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last battle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters, that the family might not become extinct."

The boy drew near and stopped before us, his head down, his cap in hand.

"What do you want?" asked the prince.

"I want to go back to my battalion."

"But," said the prince, "you are the last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother."

The boy began to cry bitterly.

"Will you go home quietly and stay there," said the prince, "or will you take a flogging and be allowed to fight?"

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin.

"Well," he broke out, "since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged."

"No," said the prince, "you must go home."

Then the boy broke down utterly.

"But," he cried, "I want to avenge my father and brothers!"

He went away still crying, and the prince said: "In spite of all this he will be in the next battle."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Dig a well before you are thirsty.

The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.

Great wealth means destiny. Moderate wealth means industry.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one which does not wear out.

Water does not remain on the mountain nor vengeance in a great mind.

To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to make the desires few.

When life comes, it cannot be declined. When it goes, it cannot be detained.

Good governments get the people's wealth, while good instructions get their hearts.

Those who labor with their minds govern others. Those who labor with their strength are governed by others.

A small bag cannot be made to contain what is large. A short rope cannot be used to draw water from a deep well.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door and not busy himself about the frost of his neighbor's tiles.

TWO FAMOUS RIDERS

STRIKING FEATS OF ENDURANCE IN THE PIONEER DAYS OF THE WEST.

Aubrey's Ride Was the Greatest Physical Achievement Ever Accomplished In This Country—Frontiersman Jim Moore's Hard Ride.

The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country was the ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the Public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly 800 miles, through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert. It was about the year 1851 that Aubrey gave his wonderful test of human endurance, before which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short, heavy set man, 38 years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trail and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horseman, and, although there were great riders in those days, none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey.

On a wager of $1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was without a thought of fear that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent half a dozen of the swiftest horses ahead, to be stationed at different points for use in the ride. He left Santa Fe in a sweeping gallop, and that was the pace kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his foam covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep up with the rider, and he would have killed every horse in the west rather than have failed in the undertaking. It took him just 5 days and 19 hours to perform the feat, and it cost the lives of several of his best horses.

After being carried into a room in the old hotel at Independence Aubrey lay for 48 hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was unanimously regarded by western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains.

The ride of Jim Moore, a noted frontiersman of the pioneer days, is also worthy of mention. Moore was a man of almost perfect physique. In fact, by military standards he was a model. He weighed 160 pounds, stood 5 feet 10 inches, straight as an arrow, with good neck well set on his shoulders, small waist, but good loins, and had the limbs of a thoroughbred. No finer looking man physically ever rode a broncho than Jim Moore. He could run like an Indian, was as active as a panther, the best natured man in the world, but as courageous as a lion.

In the early sixties Moore was a pony express rider. His route was from Midway station, half way between Fort Kearney and Cottonwood Springs, to Julesburg, a distance of 140 miles. Moore rode the round trip of 280 miles once a week. The stations were from 10 to 14 miles apart, and a fresh horse of Spanish blood was obtained at each station. There was little delay in these changes of horses, as the rider gave the "coyote yell" half a mile away, and, day or night, the station men had the pony ready, so that the rider had only to dismount from one horse and mount the other, and with a dig of the spurs he was on a run again. This ride of 140 miles usually was made in 12 hours. On each route there were two express riders, one going each way. As easy as it may seem to some for a man to bestride fresh horse after horse for 140 miles, there were few men able to stand up to it.

Upon the occasion of which I am to speak Moore's route partner had been ailing, and Moore was anticipating and dreading that he might have to double the route. In this anticipation he realized that there is a time limit to endurance, and therefore he gave the bronchos a little more of the steel than usual and made the trip to Julesburg in 11 hours. Arriving at Julesburg, he had his fears confirmed. His partner was in bed. He had hoped that he might have a few hours for rest, but before he had time to dismount and stretch his cramped and tired muscles the "coyote yell" of the east going rider was heard.

He drank some cold coffee, filled his pocket with cold meat and was in the saddle again for another 140 mile ride. In order to be able to live the route out he sent them for all there was in them, with the result that he arrived at Midway, after having ridden 280 miles, in 22 hours from the time he had left there. Ben Holliday gave him a gold watch and a certificate of his remarkable performance. Many of the old frontiersmen now living knew Moore, knew of his 280 mile ride in 22 hours and have seen the watch and certificate.

Cheerful Inducements.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the London Morning Post:

"A rock built, crenelated castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our iron bound coast, in full view of the Death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 guineas a week. Address," etc.

His Favorite Dish.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpew of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not.

"Er—the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface absently.—Ohio State Journal.

ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH.

"London Is a Nice Place if You Know the Language."

That hackneyed American maiden who said London was a nice place if you knew the language was not a bit absurd. We speak English, but we have built up our forms of English expression upon the English of a few shires of the old country as it was spoken between two and three centuries ago, while they have been blending and changing the speech of all their home peoples during the same period. The result is that an American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him.

Only yesterday, after 18 months' residence in England, I rushed up to a conductor in Charing Cross station and asked, "Which car for Bromley?" He stared at me, and I knew I had spoken a foreign tongue to him, because street vehicles like omnibuses and horse cars are called road cars and tram cars, and there are no other cars in England.

If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes his meat rare, he asks what you said because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again, because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy "sweets," abbreviated from "sweetmeats," and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies and jams.

To go further along the eccentricities of English at the dining table most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet root, cornstarch is corn flour, corned beef (or a particular cut of it) is called "silver sides of beef" and napkins are serviettes.

THERMOMETER TUBES.

Process of Their Manufacture at Jena, In Germany.

A most interesting account is given in The Idler of the wonderful state aided industry at Jena where glass and lenses are made for scientists. The industry has been built up by Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott, and has throughout been conducted by scientists whose efforts have made Jena famous among scientific men the world over. One of the most picturesque features of the Jena glassworks is the great corridor where the thermometer tubes are blown and drawn, says a correspondent.

We saw this glass in process of manufacture. A boy workman caught a bit of molten glass from the furnace on the end of a blowpipe. It was hardly larger than a walnut, but by twirling and blowing and molding it grew to the size of an orange, with the shape of an orange. More glass was then added, and there was more rolling and blowing, and when the proper stage was reached the blowpipe was passed quickly to the brawny master workman.

He, in his turn, added glass, blowing from time to time with cheeks outpuffed until it seemed as though they must burst, and then rolling the great ball of glass on his iron kneading board until it looked like a huge yellow gourd. Faster and faster he worked, keeping the ball always symmetrical and yet white hot. At length he lifted the glowing mass quickly in the air, and a second workman attached the blowpipe at the bottom. Then the two men ran in opposite directions, twirling the pipes and blowing lustily from time to time. From a thick, partly yellow globe the glass thinned out quickly as the men ran apart, until it became a dull red tube not larger than a man's little finger and nearly 300 feet long. Sometimes in drawing these tubes one of the blowers would not only run the length of the corridor, but far outside on the hill.

Wagner and the Player.

When Richard Wagner was conductor of the Royal Opera in Dresden, the orchestra of that institution, though one of the best in Germany, was far from being as good as it is now, and Wagner had a good deal of trouble in making it follow his intentions. Some years later, when he was living as an exile in Zurich, he undertook to train the local orchestra. After a few attempts he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have just given me a great pleasure; you have played exactly as badly as the Dresden orchestra."

The Zurich players laughed, and the idea that they might play better than the royal musicians in Dresden so fired their zeal that they actually succeeded in doing it.

Polished Furniture.

When a polished table is stained by a hot dish, one restoring process is to use first wood alcohol and then linseed or olive oil. This treatment is excellent for keeping any polished furniture in order and is one of the few things for which wood alcohol may be used. The latter is cheaper than the pure and for certain domestic uses is quite as good.

A Special Occasion.

First Tramp—You orter see Bill goin over de fence wit' de bull after him.

Second Tramp—Must have been wuth lookin at.

First Tramp—Say! It wuz de only time I ever seen him when he didn't look tired.—Puck.

The total number of timber rafts on all the rivers of European Russia is said to be more than 80,000 yearly, with a total of some 25,000,000 logs.

CUPID'S ODD PRANKS.

WHY SOME WOMEN FELL IN LOVE WITH THEIR HUSBANDS.

Peculiar Reasons That at Times Influence the Fair Sex In Matters of the Heart—The Woman Who Won and Wedded a Woman Hater.

If there is one question more than another to which it is difficult to get or give a satisfactory answer it is surely this: "Why did you fall in love with your husband?" In 19 cases out of 20 woman would probably confess candidly that she did not know or else she would declare conclusively that she did because she did, and that ought to end the matter.

In the rare cases where the lady condescends to declare her reason the answers are both interesting and instructive.

"Whatever made you marry the prisoner?" a London magistrate asked a woman whose face bore "striking" evidence of her husband's affection. "Because he punched all the other fellows' heads," she answered, "and nobody else dared make love to me."

Another good lady confessed that she fell in love with her husband because he was the "only man who ever dared to snub her." While other men were stumbling over each other to pay her court and attention, he always treated her with absolute indifference and even rudeness.

The consequence was that she determined to bring him to her feet and his knees. She succeeded, but lost her heart in the attempt.

"I fell in love with my husband," one lady recently declared, "because he was the only man about whom no one was ever heard to say an unkind word. Even the women, although he paid them no special attention, were agreed that he was 'a darling;' and, although he was plain, almost to ugliness, and old enough almost to be my father, I loved him and determined to marry him long before he had any such thought of me."

Not long ago a Yorkshire lady of wealth and beauty shocked her friends by marrying a poor cripple. It had come to her ears that he had long loved her in silence and had counted each day happy if he only caught a distant glimpse of her. She discovered that he was a devoted son and brother and a man of unusual gifts and culture for his humble position, and, moved by one of those sudden, generous impulses to which some women are liable, she sought an interview with him, told him that she had learned his secret and offered him her hand and fortune. This may appear a strange and improbable thing, but thousands know that it is literally true.

Another lady whose marriage resulted from a similar impulse gives this explanation of it. Among the friends of her family was an old bachelor with a reputation for crustiness who had known her from a child and had often nursed her in early days. To her he had always been gentle and kind, and she had loved him "in a way" as long as she could remember.

One day she said, "Why have you never married, Mr. ——?"

"Marry, my dear? Why, no one would ever marry a grumpy old man like me!"

"Of course they would!" she answered indignantly. "Why, I would marry you myself!"

"Thank you, my dear!" came the unexpected answer. "Then we'll consider the matter ended."

In spite of her surprise and misgivings the girl loyally kept her promise, and she has never had reason to regret her "moment's indiscretion."

A lady friend of the writer married her husband for the very illogical reason that he was an avowed woman hater. He made no secret of his aversion to the fair sex and declared it so constantly that, as she says, "I vowed I would convert him and make him change his mind, at least so far as one of my sex was concerned." He was not difficult to convert, for within 12 months he had forsworn his creed so far as to conduct one of the "hated sex" to the altar, and now he declares that he "loves them all."

The Home of Echoes.

Many valleys described in guidebooks as "whispering valleys" are favorite resorts for tourists in all parts of the world. Few, however, exceed in wonder a valley at Stansfield in Essex, England. The rector of this parish in giving a careful account of his own experiences states that his house stands on a hill 288 feet above sea level, rising in rear to 300 feet, while in front the ground slopes away to a stream 100 feet below and again rises 180 feet on the opposite side. From the rectory the bells of 14 or 15 villages may be distinguished, while across the valley footsteps and voices in conversational tone may be heard at half a mile.

Domestic Joys.

Meeks—My wife prefers coffee for breakfast and I prefer tea.

Weeks—Then I suppose you have both?

Meeks—Oh, no. We compromise.

Weeks—In what way?

Meeks—We compromise on coffee.

Milk and Water.

"Pa," said little Willie, "why do they speak of the 'milk in the cocoanut?' It's more like water."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Citiman. "And that's why they call it milk, very probably."

What has become of the old fashioned child that cried so hard that it held its breath?

Whales are never found in the gulf stream.

EDISON AND NICKEL.

INTEREST INCREASED IN ONTARIO'S EXHIBIT AT THE PAN-AM.

Some Idea Given of the Amount of the Valuable Ore Obtainable in the Nickel Belt in This Province—How Nickel Increases the Tensile Strength of Steel—Speaking Figures.

The interest taken by Edison in the Ontario exhibit of nickel copper ore at the Pan-American Exposition, and his subsequent researches in the Sudbury region, have led to frequent inquiries concerning the amount of ore obtainable in Ontario and the advantages to be gained by using a certain percentage in the manufacture of boiler plates, piston rods, tool steel, etc.

Mr. Speller, the Superintendent, on being interviewed on the subject, gives the following report concerning the nickel copper ores of Ontario and their uses:

To one acquainted with the important bearing of nickel in modern life the exhibit of ores and the various products from the Sudbury district of the Province of Ontario is full of interest.

All the important mines of the copper nickel belt including those of the Canadian Copper Co., Ludwig Mound Co., Great Lakes Copper Co., and the Lake Superior Power Co., are represented by massive blocks of their characteristic ores, the whole collection aggregating 17 tons in weight, one piece amounting to 10,000 pounds.

Besides these well-known producing mines samples from many promising locations now under development are shown, thus completing the comprehensive character and economic importance of the exhibit.

A full series of samples from the works of the Canadian Copper Co., Sudbury, and the Orford Copper Co., New York, illustrate the process of treatment and show the various mattes, nickel oxides, nickel shot, nickel wire bars, nickel ribbon, etc. The exhibit is enclosed on the front sides by a railing of cast nickel, probably the most intricate piece of casting ever attempted in the pure metal.

An analysis of each block is given on the label, the ores may thus be divided into three groups, as: (1) Those high in copper and low in nickel. For example, certain ore from the Canadian Copper Co.'s mine No. 2, which runs 13.76 per cent. copper, 1.8 per cent. nickel. (2) Those high in nickel and low in copper, such as the "Gertrude" ore of the Lake Superior Power Co., carrying five per cent. nickel and but a trace of copper. This ore is now used to supply sulphur dioxide for the Sulphite Pulpmill of this company at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Ferro nickel is made from the roasted residues in an electric furnace. (3) Average ores, such as the block from the Victoria Mines carrying 4.5 per cent. copper and 3.5 per cent. nickel. Many of these ores on being mined are divided by inspection into a high copper and high nickel grade before roasting and smelting.

The Sudbury region in which these nickel-bearing ores occur is included within an elliptical area measuring 70 miles by 50 miles.

Owing to the increased demand for nickel the work of prospecting and developing new properties is being vigorously prosecuted at present.

With the development of the new Edison storage battery a new use for nickel has been found with limitations hard to imagine. The great inventor has lately made a personal visit to the Sudbury District and has started a thorough search for nickel ore to be used in the construction of his battery. In this connection Ontario should be congratulated also in having large quantities of high grade graphite, another essential element in the new storage cell.

In 1900 there was produced from Sudbury ores 3.161 metric tons of nickel, about 40 per cent. of the world's production.

At present the use of nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel absorbs the largest portion of the nickel produced. Last year in the United States 10,639,857 tons of steel was produced for all purposes; in almost every use to which this material is put a higher efficiency and a greater degree of safety would be obtained by the use of 3 to 5 per cent. nickel. In low carbon steels it appears that each 1 per cent. of nickel added, up to 5 per cent., causes an increase of about 5,000 lbs. elastic limit and 4,000 lbs. tensile strength. The effect of nickel increases as the carbon increases.

Comparing carbon and nickel steels of the same tensile strength nickel steel shows an increase of 10 to 20 per cent. in the elastic limit, and an increase of 20 to 30 per cent. in elongation. The benefit derived from an increase in nickel contents, up to about 8 per cent., is best shown in the greater working capacity of the metal under strain or its power to withstand fatigue. In this respect nearly pure iron with 8 per cent. of nickel has 3.8 times the elastic strength of the iron per se. Many mysterious breaks in the propeller shafts, car axles, etc., have been caused by the breaking down of the metal under rapid alternating strains, though the actual amount of load was considerably below the elastic limit of the iron in question.

The gain obtained in elastic strength and ductility has made nickel steel invaluable for boiler plates, shafting, engine forgings, railway axles, railway tires, hull plates, armor plates, structural beams and shapes, rivets, piston rods, bicycle tubing, tool steel, hydraulic cylinders, rifles and small arms, and for many more special uses.

Steels of the same low carbon contents show an increase of 40 per cent. in the tensile strength with an addition of 3 per cent. nickel.

MARTHA CRAIG.

SIX HUMAN SKELETONS.

Discovered in a Tomb of the Ancient Canadian Mound-Builders.

Just across the lake from Toronto, in the County of Lincoln, and near the mouth of Twenty-mile Creek, a stream every school child is familiar with from the reading of Canadian history, Mr. David Boyle, Curator of the Ontario Educational Museum, the other week opened up a mound of the Mound Builders. This is the nearest to Toronto that any of these ancient works have been found. Archaeologists now generally attribute them to the Indians, but there are yet eminent students of that science who declare them to be the monuments of an earlier and more highly civilized race.

Mr. Boyle has returned from his work to Toronto again, and in an interview said the mound in question is situated on the farm of Mr. Peter Bradt, who kindly permitted the excavations. It is oval in form, 38 feet long by 30 broad and three and a half feet high. Remains of six human bodies were found in various parts of the mound. There was no order in the method of their interment, but most of them lay on their right sides. One skeleton had in its hands four or five flint arrowheads and a slate knife. Its legs were crossed and bent under it. This skeleton Mr. Boyle brought home with him, imbedded in the earth as it lay. Only one perfect skull was found and some principal leg bones, the rest having crumbled to dust.

One very curious discovery was the remains of a person who had been burned at the stake in the mound. The charred remains and other evidence were found, leaving no doubt in the curator's mind as to the fiery fate of the individual in question. This, as far as he knows, is the first instance of such a discovery in any of these mounds.

A few other relics were found, such as net sinkers, bone needles and other smaller articles. All of them are now in the museum.

Some of these mounds, the Curator said, were constructed after the advent of Europeans in America, as was shown by the finding in some of them of articles of civilized manufacture. Some of the mounds were for funeral purposes and others for worship. The one just opened was for the burial of the dead. Reburial was the common practice among the Indians. At times the dead were left as first disposed of until the flesh had entirely decayed, then the bones were tied in a bundle and reinterred. Such bundles have been recovered, and some are to be seen in the Provincial Museum. In other cases reinterment takes place while the sinews are intact, as shown by the position of the skeleton. Such a one was that just recovered, with the legs crossed and bent. The reason given for the custom of reburying the dead is that an occasion might be furnished of a feast for the living.

Some years ago Mr. Boyle discovered a serpent-shaped mound, one of those used for worship, near Rice Lake. He would not destroy it by excavating, but since then "pothunters" have greatly damaged it. Mr. Boyle is strongly of the opinion that such historic locations and the few remaining evidences of the Jesuit missionaries in the Orillia and Midland districts should be taken over by the Government and preserved.

Pigs in a Quicksand Cave.

The Leamington Post tells a strange story of an abandoned gas well, as follows: Several weeks ago, when the United Gas and Oil Company abandoned a well on the farm of A. Fox, near Olinda, Essex County, a 12-inch hole, 45 feet deep, was left exposed. Four of Mr. Fox's young pigs, while wandering about in search of a cool spot, found the opening and proceeded to investigate, with the result that all fell to the bottom. At the bottom a cavern had formed where the quicksand caved in. In this small space 45 feet below the earth's surface the four young porkers lived for more than a month. By listening at the opening the grunting of the pigs could be heard plainly. Mr. Fox had no hope of saving them, though he dropped corn down the hole every day. Tuesday an effort was made to secure the pigs, which resulted successfully. The hole was enlarged, and, suspended by a strong rope, Joe Fox was lowered. The four pigs were brought to the surface, but two of them were dead. The other two soon recovered strength, and are now very much alive.

Things You Can't Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it — that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands — that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of your hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of the same hand, though it may seem easy at first sight.

On a Five-Dollar Bill.

The following verses were found typewritten on the back of Toronto Bank bill No. 156,144, which is a five-dollar bill. The author is requested to write box 384, Cobourg, Ont.:

Wae worth, thy power, thou cursed lief,
Fell source of a' my woe and grief,
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction;
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And, for thy potentie vainly wished
To crush the villain in the dust,
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER IV.

He came in, in the slow, dignified manner that belonged to him. His face was cadaverous; his inches many. He was rather Italian in type, and his eyes were black and plaintive. He was delicately reserved in his demeanor, and there was a suspicion of hauteur in the way he wore his eye glass. He had a very kindly opinion of his own merits, which is an excellent thing if one wants to get on in the world. Not that Mr. Featherston wanted to get on. He was only thirty-two and the richest man in the county.

Miss McGillicuddy received him with as near an approach to civility as she knew. He shook hands with everybody in the silent way that belonged to him, and that somehow helped him to the consideration with which he was always treated; and then looked cautiously round him, as if to know where he should sit. This slow glance made everybody feel, somehow, how poorly furnished the drawing-room was, and how squalid it must appear to him after his own luxurious home. Finally he seated himself next to Constantia. This quite hemmed her in. Barry was on her left, he on her right. Miss McGillicuddy before her, the window behind. It gave her the feeling, somehow, that there was no escape.

She was very glad, however, that Featherston had come in, had broken up the rude speech that she felt was on her aunt's lips, and for another——. She blushed softly as she felt Mr. Featherston's glass bearing down upon her.

"So glad," he said, looking at Constantia but speaking to her aunt, "that your—our mission, rather, is going on so prosperously."

Miss McGillicuddy drew herself up. She grew self-important, and was evidently pleased. Constantia looked indifferent because she knew to what Featherston was referring, but Barry, who knew nothing, stared. All at once it dawned upon him that the Blue Ribbon movement was in question, and that Featherstone was making hay while the sun shone, by pretending an interest in it to Miss McGillicuddy. He had adopted the new temperance fad as a means towards getting into her good graces, and from hers to Constantia's. This discovery filled the heart of the Limerick man with rage. Not towards Featherston—he was too honest-hearted for that—but towards himself, in that the simple device had not first suggested itself to him.

"Yes, it prospers," said Miss McGillicuddy, in the deep voice that had struck terror into so many hearts. "Yesterday I made several converts. Three new names by my endeavors were enrolled upon our list."

"Three! Your energy is indeed marvellous," said Mr. Featherston. "It surpasses that of most." He pulled his mustache meditatively and shifted his glass from one eye to the other. "And these new people?" he asked.

"Mrs. Duffy, of Tan-yard Lane, was the first whom I convinced."

"Duffy—Duffy?" questioned Featherston, putting his forefinger to his brow with an appearance of deep thought.

"You know her," explained Constantia, softly. "She is the old widow who lives near the church and who subsists principally on the three shillings a week allowed her from the Charity fund."

This sorrowful bit of information was, I regret to say, beer and skittles to Mr. Barry. He was glad to his heart's core that the first recruit had proved so poor a one—to a widow, subsisting on charity, the temptation to drink must be small. It would, therefore, be impossible to Featherston to make much out of it. He laughed alone in the exuberance of his joy, forgetful of the impression he was making on Miss McGillicuddy.

"No difficulty in stopping that old lady's grog," he said, still laughing gayly. "Not much of it to be got out of three shillings a week!"

Silence followed this rash remark; Featherston coughed gently, and Miss McGillicuddy, as though wakening slowly from an unpleasant dream turned her head towards the culprit, and fixed him with a baleful eye. It unhinged Mr. Barry directly, and put an instantaneous termination to his mirth.

"Not only your opinions but yourself, Mr. Barry," she said, slowly, "are strange to me. I feel no embarrassment, therefore, in telling you that if you came here to scoff and jeer at what I believe to be a righteous work, I shall ask you to——"

"Scoff—jeer!" interrupted Barry, with great presence of mind, now quite alive to the danger of the situation. "My dear Miss McGillicuddy, how can you so misjudge me? True, I am in a sense a stranger to you, but that is a misfortune I hope every day of my life to combat." He cast a glance at Constantia, who refused to see it. "As to my opinions, I feel convinced they are yours. You accuse me with treating this new mission with disrespect. On the contrary, I regard it as a benefaction to my country, and a most requisite thing in these benighted days when the land is laid waste with rapine and murder, and when, no doubt, lawlessness is fed by the spirituous liquors you so wisely contemn."

He felt nearly as eloquent as an Irish Member when he had got thus far, and stopped short, delighted with his outburst.

Miss McGillicuddy returned to her first point and went on.

"The other names upon my list," she said, "are John Byrne and Michael Walsh."

"Ah! Men!" exclaimed Featherston, growing gently animated once more. "As a rule I feel more gratitude when the converts are of my own sex. One rejoices more over the reclamation of a man than a woman!"

"Ungallant!" said Constantia, with a swift smile that made her lovely.

"No, no, I assure you." He seemed to lose himself for a moment in that wondrous smile, and then recovering himself went on quickly: "They are more prone to error." He took his eyes reluctantly from Constantia and again gave his undivided attention to her aunt. "These men; I should like to have a talk with them," he said. "You can give me their addresses?"

A dull red flamed into Miss McGillicuddy's cheeks. She grew confused. Constantia, graceless, laughed aloud.

"One of the men is ten years of age," she said; "the other eight. She folded her hands upon her lap, and valiantly refrained from looking at Barry, who was choking with joy in the background. "Their reformation is a subject for public rejoicing."

Miss McGillicuddy cast a withering glance at her. She would have probably broken into unparliamentary language, but that Featherston came to the rescue.

"To begin young is to begin well," he said gravely and cleverly. He was looking full at Constantia now as though challenging her to attribute to him that vilest of all sins, hypocrisy. There was, however, no suspicion in the face she uplifted to his. It was evident that she believed in him, if she did not altogether believe in his doctrine. She had subdued her amusement, and was quite calm again.

"I hope we have you on our side," said Featherstone.

She shook her head, but said nothing.

"Constantia will join us," said Miss McGillicuddy decisively.

"No, I think not," contradicted Constantia, quietly.

"Constantia will join us," repeated her aunt, exactly as if she had not heard the clear, distinct voice.

"I shall not, indeed," returned the girl, coldly. "I dislike extreme measures and the touch of affectation in the matter. I object to the pharisaical way in which the mission is conducted. The blue ribbon is, in my opinion, a mistake. Parade is death to anything that should be long-lived."

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Barry, forgetting himself for the second time. Miss McGillicuddy half rose from her seat. She was evidently about to launch into bitter invectives when once again Featherston intervened.

"There is much truth in what your niece has said," he murmured softly; "but I think if she will go a little deeper into our real meaning she will see the use of the blue ribbon to which she now so—so vigorously objects. In the rush and bustle of life people are only too prone to forget, unless things are perpetually held up before their eyes. We hold up to them the blue ribbon to remind them always of the great work in which we would have them join. We would eradicate everywhere the fatal weed—intemperance. The love of drink, like money, might justly be termed the root of all evil."

This speech raised a curious expression on Barry's face, who now addressed him directly.

"You mean us to understand that you yourself, then never touch anything?" he said, leaning forward. "Champagne—beer—nothing?"

His tone was sharp.

"Nothing," returned Featherston, with a pleasant smile.

He did not try to improve on the simplicity of his answer. He left it so.

"I had no idea you were a teetotaller," said Barry rather pointedly.

"What an objectionable word that is!" said Featherstone, still smiling, but lifting his shoulders in a faintly deprecatory manner. "I hardly know why it should be so, but it always strikes me as being in a degree—shall we say—er—vulgar. A teetotaller, as you put it, my dear fellow, I certainly was not a year ago, but as an example to my tenantry I became one. It is really," with a little wave of the hand, "no self-denial; and the effect is good!"

"Deuced good!" said Barry, with a barely restrained animosity, as he marked the effect upon the elder Miss McGillicuddy, who was plainly ready to worship Featherstone as a modern saint.

At this moment two figures went past the window, and the sound of two voices wafted inwards to the drawing-room. One was high, shrill, voluble, and eminently youthful; the other was deep and manly. Almost directly afterwards Mr. Stronge was announced.

He came in, with Norah at his heels.

He was a man of about thirty-four who looked fully his age, but no more. There was nothing very particular that could be said of him—nothing decided. A description of him should, perforce, be a rather negative one. He was not very tall and not very short; not very stout, not very thin; not very ugly and certainly not very handsome. Two things about him, so far as surface knowledge went, were alone positive. His eyes, a dark luminous gray, were so beautiful that they would have redeemed a plainer face. They were undeniably attractive, earnest, and fulfilled with honesty and that greatest of all beauty—loving-kindness. He was rich, too—there was no doubt about that; rich enough to come under the head of a modern Croesus. That his father made these riches by means of trade was, perhaps a draw-back in the eyes of the county families round, who, though for the most part poor, could count their ten and twelve generations.

The elder Miss McGillicuddy received him with a certain reservation. She was not accustomed to hold these levees, and her mind misgave her that Constantia had something to do with it. Three men in her house, and all at once! She cast a searching glance at her niece, who was looking wonderfully meek, as she murmured a common-place word or two of welcome to Mr. Stronge. To him, however, had she known it, these words were not commonplace at all; they were, on the contrary, a very accumulation of all sweetness and light.

Miss McGillicuddy pondered. Could they all be here because of that graceless girl? Could even two of them? Featherston she acquitted; he came for the good cause. But the others? Barry, of course, was fool enough for anything; but could a sensible man like Mr. Stronge be so carried away by the wiles of a silly creature like Constantia, as to spend his time dancing attendance upon her? No; it was impossible. And yet——

She was civil enough to Stronge, however, in spite of her lingering suspicion. He was not, indeed, a man to whom it would be easy to be rude. To Garrett Barry she showed her rough edge without hesitation, and even to Featherstone she could betray impatience, but Stronge was of very different stuff to either of these. He was a man of no birth, yet his face was full of a gentle dignity as restraining as the bluest blood could produce—a dignity that rendered it very difficult for any one to offer him an offensive word.

Miss McGillicuddy sat then in silence meditating on many things, and feeling slightly baffled, when her gaze fell on the luckless Norah. How did that child come here? How did she dare to defy the rules laid down, that forbid the entrance into the drawing-room of muddy boots?

"What brings you here, Norah?" she demanded sharply.

"She came in with me," answered Mr. Stronge, quickly, scenting mischief in the breeze. He took the child's hand in his, and feeling it tremble slightly, tightened his grasp on it, and drew her close to him with a very kindly smile. "I met her in one of the fields as I came towards the house and she most considerately turned with me and bore me company, and entertained me most delightfully by the way. She has indeed been very kind to me," said Mr. Stronge, turning to the little, thin child beside him and laughing to her, not at her, which latter is a thing that all children hate.

"H'm" responded Miss McGillicuddy dryly, as if she could have said more.

Conversation then became general. In the course of it, Mr. Stronge, who was an agreeable sociable sort of person, said:

"I was up just now at Ballymore. I went to call upon Mrs. Dundas, who is quite an old acquaintance of mine."

He did not say friend, and Constantia noticed it.

"She seems to be quite the old acquaintance of everybody," said Miss McGillicuddy with a sniff.

"Her coming among us will, I have no doubt, be a great acquisition," put in Mr. Featherston, who had seen and admired Mrs. Dundas.

"I suppose so," replied Stronge. There was, however, in spite of the acquiescence, a lack of enthusiasm in his tone.

"She is remarkably handsome," went on Featherston, who had brightened up a bit.

"Is she? As a girl she was remarkably plain," said Miss McGillicuddy; "a thin, awkward creature, with flaming hair and no manners."

"Yes, I remember her," exclaimed Barry, laughing; "she was ordinary, certainly, and her clothes used to hang on her as loose as bags. Yet now she is beautiful. I was never so astounded in my life as when I saw her yesterday. And yet, somehow, her beauty, in my opinion, is—er—unpleasant. She would strike me as being——"

"Subtle?" suggested Mr. Stronge.

Constantia shot a glance at him. Was Donna subtle?

"What do you think of her?" asked Featherston, addressing her suddenly.

"She is my cousin," returned she simply. She was glad she had this to say, as it saved her having to answer his question; but her words wrought consternation among them.

"Yes, she is closely connected with us," said Miss McGillicuddy, in her graveyard voice, "though for many years we have lost sight of her. We believed, indeed, she had quite dropped out of our lives, when this sudden marriage with Mr. Dundas brought her back not only to Ireland, but to every part of it where she had passed much of her earlier life. It is a good match, I hear, in many respects. We all thought she would have married Lord Varley, but doubtless, this John Dundas, from what I hear, is the better man for her, as he is more likely to keep her in order—and that she would require. A curb, a curb, for Donna! As for Varley, he is a man of no character whatsoever."

To this sweeping comment no one made reply.

"By-the-bye, Lady Varley is giving a dance on the seventeenth," said Stronge, presently, looking at Constantia. "You will be there?"

"Yes." She smiled at him as she answered, and Stronge colored beneath that touch of sunshine as a boy in his teens might have done.

"Varley is away, and it is uncertain whether he will be back for it."

"Indeed," continued Mr. Featherston, "Mrs. Dundas gave me to understand that Lady Varley was very doubtful about it. A cousin of mine is to arrive on the seventeenth. I hope he will be in time at all events."

"A cousin of yours?" asked Constantia, with some eagerness. A newcomer was an event in Carmeen.

"Carew O'Grady. You must have heard me mention him, I think. He has been abroad for years. He was at one time an attache at Constantinople, and for the last year or two has been travelling in the East. He has come home, however, and I have asked him to stay with me for as long as it suits him."

As he spoke he put on the little touch of pomposity that always broke out when he was alluding to anything that touched his family pride.

"He is in reality The O'Grady," he said, "the head of that family, but he prefers the ordinary prefix to his name, I think you will like him." He was addressing Constantia. He seemed anxious to interest her in this cousin. Constantia was pleased half consciously at this mark of his regard, and as she usually did when her eyes met his, she blushed delicately.

The blush was not lost on Andrew Stronge.

To be Continued.

ONE ON UNCLE SAM.

John Bull :—"You're liable to lose your grip on that hammer, uncle, if you don't watch out."

LIGHTHOUSE IN A DESERT.

Located On the Site of a Well in Arizona.

There is one lighthouse at least in existence which is not marked upon mariners' charts. It stands far out in the lonely desert of Arizona, and, like the friendly beacon-towers which dot our coasts, it has been erected for life saving purposes. It marks the site of a well—the only spot where water is to be found for fifty five miles to the eastward, and at least thirty miles in any other direction.

This well, a vegetable oasis in the desert, is a godsend to the weary traveller. The water, sweet and cool, is raised from a depth of 200 feet by means of a large bucket. The revolving drum above it is worked by an old blind mule, which knows to an inch the number of rounds it must make before the clanking bucket rises to the point where it tips the water over in a trough. There is a little station at the spot, and cattle are always to be seen standing around the water tanks.

The old Ehrenberg road, once the great highway through Arizona, passes close by, and at this point, also, roads branch off leading to important mines out west. Many a wayfarer, however, unacquainted with the locality, has actually perished of thirst almost within sight of the well.

About two years ago a couple of miners expired by the roadside a comparatively short distance away, and quite recently a prospector's body was found within rifle-shot of the little station.

A few days later a German lad came staggering up to the tanks shortly after nightfall, in the last stages of exhaustion from want of water. He had, in fact, lain down to die, when he saw a light glimmering in the distance, and managed to reach the station with a final effort.

That gave an idea to Joseph Drew the keeper of the well, and, in mercy to humanity, he determined to establish this unique lighthouse. He erected a tall cotton-wood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for many miles across the level plain a beacon of hope to the parched and weary traveller.

HE WAS TOO SENSITIVE.

John Jones, who is remarkable for his long ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Smith, towards whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions.

Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Smith were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap-hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

I can't believe that Miss Smith would call any gentleman a donkey, was the reply.

Well, she didn't exactly say I was a donkey right out, but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much.

What did she say?

We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said I thought a shower was coming on, as I felt a rain-drop on my ear; and what do you suppose she said?

I have no belief.

Well, she said, that rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off.

HOUSEHOLD.

WIFE'S DINNERS.

Ah, well I know my wife approves me,—
That does not need to be confessed.
She does not tell me that she loves me,
But makes the dinners I like best.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles.—Pick your cucumbers before they are too ripe, or before the seeds harden, let them stand in a basket or box for a few days to cure, then in the afternoon or evening pare, cut open and scrape seeds all out. Put into a vessel, add enough salt to make a weak brine, and pour over them boiling hot water. Turn a plate over them, weight down and let them stand till morning. In the morning make your pickle, using 1 lb sugar to 1 qt good vinegar and all kinds of spices you like. Have just enough of this pickle to cover your cucumbers, and set it on the fire to heat. Drain cucumbers from brine, and boil them in clear water until easily pierced with a fork. Pick them out of the water, put them in the pickle, simmer two or three hours, and they are done. This recipe is good for any kind of fruit.

Grape Catsup.—Cook 5 qts grapes until soft, then put through a sieve, and add to them 2 qts sugar, 1 qt. vinegar, 3 tablespoonfuls each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves, 1 tablespoon salt, and 2 teaspoons red pepper (black will do). Boil until quite thick, bottle and seal.

Lemon Ice Cream.—Make the juice of 1 doz lemons quite thick with white sugar, stir into this syrup, a little at a time, 3 qts rich cream, and freeze. Orange ice cream is made in the same manner, using less sugar.

Plain Ice Cream.—For the best ice cream, only fresh sweet cream must be used. However, many prefer a mixture of cream and milk. A good formula for plain ice cream is as follows: To 3 pts rich cream take 1 qt new milk, 1 pt powdered sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and flavoring to taste. Let stand in the freezer until thoroughly chilled and then freeze.

Sherbet.—Steep 1 ripe pineapple in 2 qts water for two hours, strain, and add the juice of four lemons and 2 cups sugar. Whip the whites of 5 eggs until stiff and dry, add to them 3 tablespoons sugar, place all together in a freezer and freeze. The addition of 1 pt rich cream is quite an improvement, though not at all necessary.

Pineapple Ice Cream.—Slice 2 large ripe pineapples, cover with sugar, and let stand three hours. Cut or chop up the pineapple in the syrup thus formed and strain through a hair sieve. Beat the mixture gradually, into 3 pts rich cream, then freeze as quickly as possible. When half frozen, stir in 1 pt whipped cream and some bits of pineapple.

Tomato Preserve.—To every 1 lb tomatoes use 1 cup water and ½ lb sugar. Cook the thin yellow rind and pulp and 1 oz crushed ginger in every 2 cups water for half an hour, and then strain. Add the tomatoes and sugar, and cook until scalded through, but not broken. Skim the tomatoes out, and put into jars. Boil the syrup until thick, and fill jars to overflowing. Seal while hot.

Canned Apples.—Some of the surplus apples may be canned as follows: Make a syrup, taking 1 lb sugar and 1 pt water. Pare and quarter 1 lb apples, dropping them into cold water to keep them white, then drain the apples, drop into the boiling syrup, and cook quickly until the pieces may be pierced with a straw. Do not stir, but take the syrup in a spoon and baste the apples carefully without breaking them. Put in cans boiling hot, and fasten immediately. A rose geranium leaf boiled with the syrup makes a nice addition.

SUGGESTIONS.

They say a woman—just married, an experienced one wouldn't have propounded such a silly question—asked her husband who he supposed invented angel cake. He expressed the opinion that it was a "fallen angel," which sums up the average man's opinions of this species of cake.

To remove the astringency of wild plums scald them in water to which a pinch of saleratus has been added. Let stand till cold, then pour the water off.

It is announced in an exchange that a very fair substitute for maple syrup can be made by melting the refined white sugar—granulated is probably meant—with a small quantity of the best brown sugar. The proportions vary with the kind of brown sugar used, but usually it requires from three to four times as much of the granulated sugar as of the brown sugar. If "just right" it is said to be difficult to detect the difference. In fact, there seems to be so many things that if "just right" are "just as good" as the genuine that we are getting to be a nation of shams, eating we know not what.

Don't, don't, don't turn kerosene into the stove in order to light a fire. Keep an oyster can full of the kerosene and when you want quick kindlings, dip a corncob or two in it.

An exchange says: To tighten the rubber on a wringer, remove the rubber and wrap the bar with fine twine. Then slip on the rubber, which will take some time, but when on once it will be as tight as ever, and save paying for a new wringer. Smearing the bar with white lead very thickly will answer the same purpose, but it must be thoroughly dry before using the wringer again.

THE BEDROOM.

A correspondent makes a strong plea for simplicity in bedrooms.

"Our sleeping rooms," he says, "ought really to be as clean, plain and bare as the deck of a man-of-war when cleared for action.....A perfectly made and furnished sleeping room would be neither poverty-stricken in fact or in appearance, but it would be extremely simple."

In addition, we are told that every well planned dwelling should have at least one bedroom where a sick member of the family, whether he had grippe, consumption or smallpox, could have the same safeguards he would have in the best hospital, and at the same time leave the rest of the family as secure from contagion as if he were out of the house.

Such a room should be in a corner with windows on two sides, and one side the south. There should be a toilet room, not necessarily a bath, for a sick person rarely takes tub baths. There should be a portable wardrobe and a commode; glass enclosed shelves for medicine. It should have two doors, one into the hall and the other into the toilet room, and these doors should be double; that is, one on each side of the partition. This excludes sound and ensures quiet.

The floor should be of hard wood, varnished, the walls plastered and painted and made to bear washing with hot water and soap. No wall paper, no pictures, no mouldings, no paneling, the woodwork of the plainest and simplest. Double windows are wanted for winter and outside blinds for summer, and an open grate or fireplace for heat and ventilation.

USEFUL ACCESSORIES.

The wise woman is she who knows how to produce the greatest possible results with the least expenditure of strength. This is a very important knowledge. We wish to tell you about a little help which is a great time-saver. It is a medium-sized paper pad with a lead pencil attached, hung over the kitchen table—or near by. It will be found one of the greatest conveniences. If you jot down articles needed upon this pad they are not apt to be forgotten. And it will save you many a trip upstairs and down in the cellar, etc., and the time earned, or minute saved, is time earned for rest or self-improvement.

As a general rule every other room in the home is better furnished with conveniences than is the one in which the busy wife spends so great a portion of her time, namely, the kitchen. Have a chair, my sister woman, to sit in near your table when you wash dishes and knead your bread and peel potatoes, etc. It will save your back and feet more than you dream of.

Keep plenty of nice tea towels; it's an economy. And for health and hygiene's sake have plenty of dish cloths. Cheesecloth makes nice ones. And I wash mine out in a warm suds of pearline every day; it cuts the grease and cleans so quickly. It is best to keep several sets of tea towels, two for glassware, two for china, and three or more for earthenware. Your dishes will look so much nicer and take on a high polish. Have stove holders about the stove. Such little accessories help to keep you in better health and give you more time.

CLOUDLAND COURTSHIPS.

Proposed and Accepted on a Trip to the Sky.

Although we are told that "marriages are made in Heaven," it is not often the case that a courtship is carried on in the clouds. Such a wooing, however, took place some years ago, the hero of the episode being a Belgian aeronaut who was accustomed to take his sweetheart with him whilst enjoying balloon trips. In the intervals of attending to the apparatus he found time for plenty of billing and cooing, and it is to be hoped that the courtship conducted in cloudland has been followed by a happy married existence upon terra firma.

Another balloonist actually proposed to the girl of his heart whilst escorting the lady on a trip to the sky. Unconventional as the surroundings certainly were, the maiden saw no reason to object to the scene of the proposal, and she accordingly accepted her aeronaut admirer without a moment's hesitation. Probably this is the first proposal of marriage that has been made at a height of 6,000 feet above the earth.

Less sensational, but still "high" enough in all conscience, was the scene of a courtship which took place some few years ago at the summit of the mountain known as "Grande Saleve," near Geneva. At an hotel situated on the mountain-top a young English tourist met a charming American girl, and the two soon conceived for each other a strong affection. The ordinary forms of courtship were gone through, and marriage followed in due course. Seeing that the mountain in question is several thousands of feet in height the romance is certainly entitled to find a place in the brief list of cloudland courtships.

WHERE BABOONS ARE WILY.

A species of baboon inhabiting the Cape Colony has become a pest to the farmers by destroying their lambs. The baboons haunt a clump of cactus scattered through the fields, and exhibit much cunning in keeping out of the reach of their human enemies. It is asserted that they have taken note of the fact that women do not carry firearms, and therefore need not be feared. But when a man appears the baboons instantly take to their heels. On this account the farmers have lately devised the plan of dressing in women's apparel when they set out to shoot baboons.

BUT WORTH IT.

Mr. Shortcash—I shall feel greatly honored if you will accompany me to the theatre this evening.

Miss Beauty—With pleasure. What is the bill for to-night?

Mr. Shortcash—About ten dollars.

Farmer Watt—"Rastus, I am very much surprised—!"
Rastus—"Deed, Boss, so am I."

BADLY RUN DOWN.

SYMPTOMS THAT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS.

The Experience of Thomas Cada, of Essex Co.—Nerves Seemed Shattered, and He Felt Unfitted to Stand Hard Work.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Mr. Thomas Cada, of Pike Creek, a small village in Essex County, is known to almost everyone in that section. He is a son of Mr. John Cada, mill owner, and a prominent politician in his locality. A representative of the Windsor Review, who had known that some time previously Mr. Cada was in poor health, recently met him looking anything but an invalid, and naturally asked what had restored him to health. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," promptly replied Mr. Cada. When asked if he would give the particulars for publication, Mr. Cada said "certainly, if you think it worth while; but there is nothing very wonderful about my case. I was simply badly run down; my nerves seemed to be all shattered, and I was unable to stand hard work. In fact work of any kind left me badly used up. There did not seem to be any organic trouble, it was just a case of being run down and worn out. I felt myself gradually getting worse, however, and I began taking medicine. I tried several advertised remedies, but they did not help me, indeed some of them did me more harm than good. Just then I read of a case much like mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I purchased a few boxes. Very soon I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and in the course of a few weeks I was feeling my old-time self. I can now eat heartily, do a good day's work with no unusual fatigue, and in fact feel thoroughly renewed in health and strength. Naturally I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a great medicine for those who are weak or ailing."

If you are feeling run down, and easily tired, you need a tonic to put you right—to make you feel bright, active and strong, and the only always reliable tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Give these pills a fair trial and you will find that their curative powers have not been over-praised. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WELL-MANNERED.

A good story is going the rounds at Harvard college concerning a last year's graduate, a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat ingenious youth.

At the beginning of his concluding year his father, who was just setting out for Europe, said to him, Now Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all the summer.

Harry was delighted.

Father, said he, I will.

He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through with flying colors. Then he cabled his father Yes.

But the father, alas! had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back, Yes; what?

The son was in turn perplexed, but being a well trained lad he did not remain long in the dark, and fired by duteous zeal, cabled back, Yes, sir.

Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the "grand tour."

BIBLES AS WATCH-CHARMS.

Miniature Bibles are worn as watch-charms in Russia. They are each one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide, and three eighths of an inch thick, and contain the first five books of the Old Testament. The text is in Hebrew, and can be read with the aid of a magnifying-glass.

CEYLON AND INDIA
NATURAL LEAF
GREEN TEA.

Resembles Japan in flavor, but is **never impure**—while infinitely superior in quality. It is making rapid strides in public favor because of the above facts. Drinkers of Japan teas should give it a trial.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

HOUSEHOLD.

JUST ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS.

A delicious chafing-dish compound is made with eggs prepared in the Italian way. A cup of milk is heated in the upper pan of the chafing-dish, and when it is hot half a cupful of boiled chopped spaghetti and half a cupful of peeled and diced or sliced mushrooms are added, together with a tablespoonful of butter. Season well with salt and pepper, cook for two minutes and add four well-beaten eggs. When the mixture begins to thicken, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, reduce the flame and serve at once.

A Welsh rarebit that is made without liquor has a tablespoonful of cornstarch stirred smooth in a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir in a half cupful of this cream, and, as the sauce thickens, add half a pound of cheese cut fine, a quarter of a teaspoofuel each of salt and mustard, and a little cayenne.

At last an advocate of authority has arisen in behalf of fresh bread. In a medical journal recently it was set forth with professional indorsement that the real harm of hot bread was its softness, which permitted it to slip down the throat and into the stomach withut mastication, and consequently without the proper amount of saliva needed for the preliminary digestive process. The dryness of old bread, for which chewing was necessary before it could be swallowed, is the reason that it is more easily digested. The conclusions reached, from a considerable elaboration of this view of the matter, was that devotees of hot bread may take their portion with an easy conscience, and, what is still better under the circumstances, an active digestion, if they will care to use the teeth freely before the morsel is swallowed.

An excellent chili sauce is made of eight quarts tomatoes, two cups green peppers, two cups onions; chop all fine; three cups sugar; one cup salt, three pints vinegar, three tablespoonfuls ground cloves, three teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls ground ginger, two teaspoonfuls ground nutmeg. Boil all together slowly for three hours. Then bottle it while hot.

For French pickle peel and slice one peck of green tomatoes and six large onions. Let them stand over night. Spread in alternate layers with one teacupful of salt, sprinkled over them. In the morning draw off the liquid. Boil twenty minutes in one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water. Drain through a sieve and add three quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one-half pound of white mustard seed, two even tablespoonfuls of ground cloves, allspice, ginger, ground mustard and one-half tablespoonful of cayenne pepper. Boil twenty minutes. It will keep in glass or stone jar.

To open windows easily brush over the inside of the frames with ordinary black lead, when they will slide without difficulty.

A delightful ball for a baby can be made by a little sister. Find a pill box—a tin one is best—and put in it a dozen shot to make a noise. Make a bag of white muslin or cambric the size of a big ball and fill with cotton wool, putting the pill box in the middle before sewing the end up. For the outside choose very gay-colored wools in five colors. On the ordinary steel knitting needles cast on 18 stitches and knit 30 rows. Sew the strips together and slip the muslin ball inside, drawing each end close and fastening it securely. The rattling noise it makes will be much enjoyed by the youngster.

ROLLED OAT BREAD RECIPES.

Turn 1 qt boiling water over 2 cups rolled oats. When cool add 1 scant cup molasses, 1 tablespoon butter or lard, a little salt, and when cool, a yeast cake or liquid yeast, and flour to make a stiff batter. Bake when light. This makes three loaves.

Another recipe, slightly different: Take 2 cups rolled oats, 2 tablespoons lard, 1 tablespoon salt on which pour 1 qt boiling milk (or water) and let stand one hour, then add 1 pt water (either warm or cold) to make the whole quantity the right temperature for bread. Add 1 yeast cake, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda sifted with enough flour to make a dough as soft as can be handled, knead well and let rise over night. In the morning mold into loaves, let rise again and bake.

Prepare rolled oats, as for table use, add tablespoon butter, when cool enough add one egg, 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ cup homemade yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. This makes one loaf. Put in a pan, let rise and bake in a moderate oven three-fourths of an hour.

Take one large cup rolled oats, pour on 1½ cups boiling water, add 1 teaspoon salt and 2 mixing spoons molasses, and stand till cold, then add 1 cup yeast or half a yeast cake and all the flour you can stir in with a spoon. Let rise over night. In the morning put it into a tin and let rise, then bake slowly for an hour.

One cup rolled oats, pour over it 1 pt boiling water, stir occasionally until it is lukewarm, add salt, ½ cup molasses, ½ yeast cake, then stir very, very stiff with bread flour, let rise, then put into tins without molding. This will make two small loaves.

INFANT MORTALITY.

Many Deaths Largely Due to Ignorance on the Part of Mothers

The disorders of children seem to the rugged and hearty grown persons to be simple and not particularly dangerous.

This point of view on the part of parents has been the cause of the loss of thousands of baby lives.

You will always find that the mothers who are successful in bringing up families of hearty, happy children with scarcely a day's sickness, are always those who are careful to note the slightest evidence of illness and to check the difficulty at once.

They do not belong to the class of mothers that stupify their children with sleeping draughts and similar medicines containing opiates.

They stick to the purely vegetable healthful medicines which cure infantile disorders quickly, and of these Baby's Own Tablets are the best of all.

For colic, simple fevers, croup, constipation, diarrhoea, irritation when teething, indigestion and sleeplessness, these tablets are a quick, effective, never-failing cure. Dissolved in water the smallest baby will take them without the slightest objection. Do not trifle with medicines concerning which you know nothing, when here is a time-tried remedy which is used constantly and with the best results in thousands of homes.

Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., says :—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for children of all ages, and would not be without them in the house. They are truly a baby comfort and mother's friend." Baby's Own Tablets can be found at drug stores, or will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price. 25 cents, by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.,

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Monday Cookies.—One cup of sugar; two eggs beaten together; two thirds cup of shortening rubbed into three cups of sifted flour; half teaspoonful soda stirred into quarter cup of either sour milk or buttermilk. Add a pinch of salt, nutmeg, and mix all together.

Washing Fluid.—One can potash of lye; one ounce each of muriate of ammonia and salts of tartar. Dissolve lye and salts of tartar in one gallon of warm water. When cool add the ammonia and cork up. Add one teacupful to the boiling water. Have the clothes soaked in clear water; put in while cold with plenty of soap, stir often and boil ten or fifteen minutes. Suds and rinse thoroughly.

Steamed Rice with Peaches.—Cook a coffee-cup of rice in a little water till half tender; line a pudding dish with half of it, add a thick layer of pared and halved peaches, cover with the remainder of the rice, cover the pudding dish and steam an hour. Serve with cream and sugar or with any liquid sauce.

Sweet Pickled Cucumbers.—Choose small cucumbers of even size. Pour boiling water over them. Leave in this brine 24 hours, then drain and cover with cold brine made in the same proportion as the hot. Change this brine every morning for a week, then put into fresh cold water. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum to a quart of cold water, using as much water as for the brine. Drain the cucumbers, put in a preserving kettle in alternate layers with grape-vine leaves, pour the alum water over them and bring to the scalding point. Let stand closely covered on the back of the stove for two hours. Drain and put in very cold water—ice water if possible. For the vinegar pickle, for every quart of vinegar take two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two of cloves, one of mace, one of celery seed, a few pieces of horseradish, one ounce of mustard seed, one saltspoonful (¼ teaspoonful) of black pepper, pinch of red pepper, and one cupful of sugar. Mix the spices together dry, wet to a paste with a little vinegar, tie in a muslin cloth. Heat the vinegar to boiling point, put in the spices and sugar, and boil for fifteen minutes; drain the pickles, put in the jar and pour the boiling hot vinegar over them. This will preserve the color and brittleness of the cucumbers.

Walnut Wafers.—One cup brown sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-third teaspoonful salt, mix well. To half a cup of sifted flour add half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir into the eggs and sugar, then add one and a half cups of broken walnut meats. Beat well and add the beaten whites of the two eggs; cut and fold them into the mixture but do not beat. Bake on a piece of oiled paper, or on an inverted tin. Cut in squares when cold.

TIMID CHILDREN.

Many children, especially highly strung children, are troubled with their nerves. Night terrors are very common among imaginative children. The little one will be tucked up quite comfortably perhaps and seem sleeping and then begin to imagine that there is a bear or wolf in the room.

One bright youngster used to lie in mortal terror that an earwig would come out of a hole in the wall near his cot and bore a hole into his brain. There he used to lie, the clothes tightly held over his little head, shaking with fear, wet with perspiration, ashamed to tell his fears. Some children, however, can not contain themselves after a certain time, but give vent to piercing screams and yells or, having fallen asleep, wake sobbing.

THE LONDON OF TO-DAY.

JOSEPH HATTON WRITES ABOUT THE METROPOLIS.

Our Empire's Capital Was Never So Prosperous and Happy as It Is Now.

It is the Englishman's privilege to abuse his climate. But one is inclined to protest when an American cousin abuses it, writes Joseph Hatton. I have been reading in a Transatlantic journal an account of our fogs from which, if you do not know better, you might gather that London is under a perpetual cloud. It seems to be the metier of certain American newspaper correspondents to invent London mysteries and miseries. The other day we were told that the latest craze of society was tatooing. The writer professed to describe a studio in which experts in flesh engraving were engaged from morning till night adorning the limbs of the highest aristocracy. In one of the great monthlies of the States we are warned that the young men of London are being decimated by practices of the worst forms of immorality; and out West some of our pen-and-ink kodakers see in the great city a languid and unhappy people, depressed by the South African War, and engaged in little else than mourning the loss of their martyred troops. The truth is that the tatooing business is the merest fable, the immorality indictment groundless, and, if it were not for the newspapers, little would be heard or said about the war. As for the charges that are brought against us in the pro-Boer papers of Dr. Leyds' foreign friends, they have become too ludicrous for serious consideration.

London never looked brighter than at the present time, while thousands are going mad and dying under the scourge of heat waves in America, New York suffering even more severely than Chicago; London has been basking in the genial sunshine of

A PLEASANT SUMMER.

Flowers in the parks and in the window-boxes of the West-end houses, the leafy planes along the embankment, the show of roses in the Temple Gardens, the gay colors of the horticultural beds in the squares, the bright baskets at the circuses, the glory of Kew and Hampton Court, the gaiety of Henley and Ranelagh, have rarely been excelled in any other season. It is true enough, and sad enough, that the shadow of the war falls across the path of fashion, and that the symbol of crape is common among the middle classes, but London makes a brave stand against the inevitable. As for the young men of London, you will find them in the cricket field, at tennis, playing golf, boating on the river, and soldiering. At a Saturday inspection of Volunteers you may see eight or ten thousand of them on parade, as well-set-up and likely fellows as you could meet anywhere. War is a terrible thing, but the Boer war, which the Brussels De Wet boasts a good thing because, in his opinion, "it has united the Boers and the Hollanders forever," may similarly be called a good thing for us, seeing that it has united Great Britain in the sacred bonds of a blood brotherhood, and taught us a lesson in modern warfare, the value of which cannot be over-rated.

There is only one thing that troubles me about London, and it is the fear that its present prosperity may not continue, though I see no reason why it should not. Everybody seems to be well off, most people rich, and business generally "booming." Hundreds of thousands leave London from Saturday till Monday.

THE WORKING CLASSES

are better dressed than ever they were. No matter how many theatres and music-halls are built, they find patrons. No matter how many rooms a new hotel has to let, the house is no sooner opened than it is occupied. All over the town teashops and silver-shops flourish equally. The sales of curios at Christie's and the other great auction-rooms find purchasers for the most costly things. Fourteen thousand pounds for a picture and £15,000 for a piece of furniture are the latest recorded prices. On the seats of Trafalgar and Leicester Squares poverty, it is true, disports itself and the tramp sleeps under the sky on the outer fringes of Regent's Park. But many of these waifs and strays belong to the army of constitutional loafers and professed beggars. God knows there are too many hungry, poor, and unfortunate children who seem doomed to misery and ill-luck; but no city cares for its poor or does more for them than London. For health, for the temperateness of its climate, for the cheerfulness of its inhabitants, for a high sense of the duties of citizenship, for opportunities of cheap and cultured entertainment and for individual independence, London stands pre-eminent among the great cities of the world.

A NEW "LANCE BOAT."

The German army has adopted the "lance boat" of Herr Adolf Rey for crossing rivers. With twelve or sixteen cavalry lances six men can build a boat in five minutes, and take it to pieces again in two minutes. The framework of lances is, of course, covered with waterproof canvas. The oars are lances with canvas blades.

BROTHER'S KEEPER.

GEORGE S. McLAUGHLIN LIVES TO REJOICE THAT HE TOOK HIS BROTHER'S ADVICE.

For Twenty-five Years Crippled with Backache—Finally Advised with Backache—Finally Advised to Take Dodd's Kidney Pills—What He Says About His Cure.

Economy Point, N.S., Sept. 9.—Mr. G. S. McLaughlin lives in this quiet little Nova Scotia village. His brother keeps the grocery store here. But for this seemingly unimportant fact, unless death had mercifully relieved him of his sufferings, Mr. McLaughlin would in all probability have been a helpless cripple to-day. For it was through his brother keeping store that he came to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Economy Point is thirty-seven miles from Truro. The only connection is by waggon road, and in the spring when the roads are impassable, the hamlet is isolated completely. But nevertheless the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills found its way to Economy Point, and Mr. McLaughlin's brother in response to frequent requests, began to retail them at his store. There is no druggist in the place, and Mr. McLaughlin's grocery is looked to for medicines as well as groceries. Hearing the terms of unqualified praise with which his customers spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the brother recommended them to Mr. McLaughlin. "They might help your back," said he.

That is the story of Mr. McLaughlin's cure—or all of it that varies to any extent from that of thousands of others. He followed his brother's advice. "I will try them, anyway," he said. That's all Dodd's Kidney Pills want—a trial. After the first trial there is no more hesitation. Mr. McLaughlin says it was wonderful to say I have had no return of the trouble since using the Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons with Kidney Trouble. All without exception have been benefited or cured. I can never be too thankful for the benefit I received from those wonderful pills.

A COUNTER EFFECT.

She—Don't you think this beautiful sand, the azure ocean, the golden moon and all our surroundings have an effect upon your love.

He—It might if I hadn't just paid my hotel bill.

JUDGING FROM THE SALE OF
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA It is clear that the public recognize the superiority of this popular blend.

If You Want best results HELP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

England's largest foreign population is German, of which nation we have 50,600. Russians and Poles come next with 45,000.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Ah, that's good news, exclaimed Mr. Phamliman, over his paper. They are going to make a law to put all wires underground. How does that interest you? inquired his wife. Why that'll settle Mary Ann's piano. There are wires in that.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
ANDREW KING.
Halifax.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
C. S. BILLING.
Markham, Ont.

The highest mine in the world is a tin mine at Oruro, in Bolivia, 14,000 feet above the sea.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Philadelphia uses 800,000 tons of ice in a year, twice as much as Norway sends to England.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The average man, if told he could have as much gold as he could carry a mile, would find his fortune not over $30,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A bar of pig-iron costing £1 is worth £11 if made into needles, and £650 in the shape of penknife blades.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In the last 15 years New South Wales has spent $3,715,000 in destroying 24 million noxious animals.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Of the 125 schools which German Government supports abroad, twelve are in British territory.

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 1093

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 200 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
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Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

CLEANING LADIES'... WALKING OR OUTING SUITS
Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it.
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

SHEET METAL CORNICES. DOUGLAS BROS., 124 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

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T. L. JONES ENG. CO.
6-8 TO. ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
for the TEETH and BREATH
New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c
25c
At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.
A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

Advice to a Young Husband—
Don't start out by giving your wife advice, but bring her home a packet of
Monsoon Ceylon Tea

School Opening

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd.

School Texts
—AND—
School Supplies
OF ALL KINDS.

The Swellest SCRIBBLERS and EXERCISE BOOKS in Town. All new stock.

The very latest and up-to-date Revised Editions of all the usual Text Books.

SPECIAL.

10 per cent. Discount, with free Scribblers and Lead Pencils, will be allowed on all complete sets of High and Public School Books. List of books needed and prices furnished on application.

CHAS. E. PARKER,
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SPECIAL VALUES
—IN—
= Dress Goods =

and Fine Line of TWEEDS for Tailor-Made Suits and Tweed Skirtings, for

Next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Don't fail to call at the store of

The Fred T. Ward Co.

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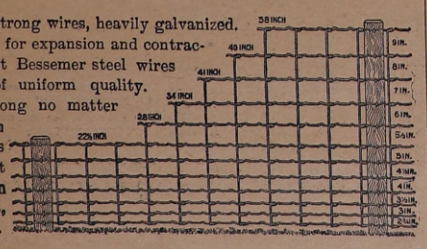
AMERICAN ALL STEEL WOVEN WIRE FIELD FENCE

Made of large, strong wires, heavily galvanized. Amply provides for expansion and contraction. Only Best Bessemer steel wires used, always of uniform quality. Never goes wrong no matter how great a strain is put on it. Does not mulilate, but does efficiently turn cattle, horses, hogs and pigs.



EVERY ROD OF AMERICAN FENCE GUARANTEED
by the manufacturers.

Call and see it. Can show you how it will save you money and fence your fields so they will **stay fenced.**

H. & J. WARREN,
HARDWARE & TINWARE MERCHANTS, MILL STREET.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that a By-Law was passed by the Municipal Council of the corporation of the Township of Rawdon, on the 5th day of August, A.D. 1901, providing for the issue of debentures, to the amount of Six Hundred Dollars, for the purpose of erecting a school house in school section No. 17, in the Township of Rawdon, and that such By-Law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Hastings, on the 14th day of August, A.D. 1901. Any motion to quash, or set aside the same or any part thereof, must be made within three months from the date of registration and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 14th day of August, A.D. 1901.

THOS. C. McCONNELL,
Clerk Tp. Rawdon.

UNEQUAL EYES.

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE,
SPRING BROOK.

Spring Brook, June 27, 1901.

FARM FOR SALE

South half of Lot 17, Con. 8, Sidney, 100 acres, known as the McCann Farm; well fenced, well watered; good buildings and orchard.

Also, 50 acres north half of south half of Lot 16, Con. 7, Sidney. Good buildings and orchard. Apply to

MICHAEL TAUGHER.

PARKER BROTHERS
BANKERS,
STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.
Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail & Ex..	6.27 a.m.	Accom.....	10.35 a.m.
Accom.....	6.43 p.m.	Mail & Ex.	3.43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A few good street lamps are badly needed these dark evenings.

Day Shirts, Night Shirts, 50c., at Ward's.

The High School opened last week with a larger attendance than at the commencement of any previous fall term.

Messrs. Jas. Boldrick and sons were duck shooting at Crow Lake and places north last week, and report very good success.

Call in and see our Ladies' Fine Dongola Boots, King's make, extra heavy sole, at Geo. Reynold's.

There will be a Fruit Social in the Baptist Church at Hubble Hill on Sept. 19th. Admission 25c. Doors open at 7.30. After refreshments an interesting programme will be carried out.

In many parts of the village the sides of the streets are covered with a luxurious growth of weeds now going to seed, ensuring a more plentiful crop another year. It is evident the law in this respect is not well observed.

Boys' Blue Serge School Caps, 10c. at Ward's.

Mr. W. Hulin has purchased from Mr. Wm. Gallagher, the stage route from Stirling to Marmora, and will become a resident of this village. Mr. Hulin drove the stage from Ormsby to Bancroft for a number of years.

It is said the crop of beech-nuts has not been so prolific for many years, and according to the old saying, this is an infallible indication of a hard winter. There is one consolation, however, these old sayings do not always come true.

10 dozen 50c. Caps clearing at 25c. at Ward's.

The new seats placed in the Public School are very handsome and make a great improvement. The laying down of new floors, and ceiling, painting, etc., make the rooms very attractive, and the school will now compare favorably with any in the county.

During last week a new floor was put down in the NEWS-ARGUS office, a much needed improvement. As all the material had to be moved in order to do so it was not much of a holiday week for the editor. However, we have now a good solid foundation.

Our Children's Boots for up-to-date styles and price cannot be beaten, at Geo. Reynold's.

Last week we were sweltering under summer temperatures, but on Saturday evening a change came, a cold north wind driving the heat away, and on Sunday evening an overcoat was not uncomfortable. There was a light frost noticeable on Monday morning.

A party composed of Messrs. B. O. Lott, Anson; W. C. Wootton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; E. A. Wootton, Maynooth and T. H. Wootton, Wellman's Corners, went out to Combermere on Monday, Sept 2nd, and in two days shooting bagged 102 ducks. This is considered pretty good shooting, and hard to beat.

Boys' and Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits at Ward's.

The month of August this year is reported by the meteorological office to be one of the warmest Augusts in 60 years. The mean temperature was three or four degrees above the average for 60 years; in fact only four times in that long period has the August temperature been higher. Last year broke the record.

Leave your order for your New Suit or Overcoat at Fred. Ward's.

On Monday afternoon next, 16th inst., the History classes in the High School are to make a special study of the life and reign of King Alfred. This is in view of the fact that in England a great celebration is to be held next week to commemorate the reign of the great king, whose death is said to have occurred in October, 901. An invitation is extended to the trustees and all others who feel interested in the High School and in the subject of history, to join in this millenary celebration. Chair to be taken at 3 o'clock.

Mr. R. B. Jones has about completed a fine brick residence, on the lot where his old house stood.

Mr. J. W. Brown has recently made considerable improvements to his residence, by building a large brick addition, new large front windows, painting, etc.

The new front in Mr. F. T. Ward's store is a decided improvement, and is now the handsomest in town. Mr. Ward has also made many improvements in the interior of his store.

Our Hand-Made Boots are the best turned out in North Hastings. Every pair guaranteed at Geo. Reynolds.

The Lawn Social held at River Valley on Friday evening last was a very successful one. This was the first ever held there, and the young people who got it up are to be congratulated on their success. The grounds were nicely illuminated, and the Stirling Band furnished good music. There was an abundance of the best refreshments, and everything passed off most agreeably. The proceeds were upwards of $60.

The Grain Market.

As will be seen by announcement in another column, Mr. Wm. Rodgers is again prepared to purchase all kinds of grain. He quotes the present market prices as follows:—Wheat, 60 to 64c. Rye 47 to 48c. Peas 65c. No. 1 Barley 45c. No. 2 Barley 40 to 42c. Oats 30c.

North Hastings Fall Show.

The annual Fall Show of the North Hastings Agricultural Society will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 17th and 18th inst. By reference to the rules and regulations it will be seen that all articles for exhibition must be placed in the Hall or on the grounds on the morning of the first day, and all animals by 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day. There will be no speeding tests on the first day, but all these will take place on the second day. The directors have made every effort to make this exhibition more attractive than ever, and hope to see their expectations realized.

How to Speak the Assassin's Name

It is a very difficult thing to spell phonetically in English the name of Czolgosz, the miscreant who shot President McKinley. The nearest to it is "Schawgosch," but this is not quite correct. There is a suggestion of the letter "T" in the combination "Cz" at the beginning of the name, and the letter "L" is slurred over in rapid pronunciation. The name might be spelled phonetically as "Tschawlgosch," but the sound of the "T" is a little too harsh, as the combination "Cz" is more like the German "sch." The sound of the letter "L" fades away when pronounced by a native of Poland. There is no meaning to the name of Czolgosz.

Fall Fairs.

North Hastings, Stirling, Sept. 17-18.
East Hastings, Thrasher's, Sept. 13 & 14.
West Hastings, Frankford, Sept. 19-20.
Prince Edward, Picton Sept. 25-26.
Peterboro Central, Sept. 24-26.
Seymour, Campbellford, Sept. 26-27.
Tyendinaga, Shannonville, Sept. 28.
Marmora, Oct. 1.
East Peterborough, Norwood, Oct. 8-9.
E. Northumberland, Warkworth, Oct. 3-4
Coe Hill, Oct. 3.

Weak Back and Spinal Pains.

Pains in the back number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints, but Polson's Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure. Rub Nerviline over the sore parts night and morning, and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles, 25c.

Married.

SOPHA-AIRHART—By the Rev. W. H. Peake, at his residence in Campbellford, on the 27th August, E. Burton Sopha, to Maggie Airhart, all of Marmora.

Deaths.

BYGOTT—In Stirling, on Sept 5th, Francis George Bygott, youngest son of J. W. and Mary Bygott, aged 24 years, 2 months and 27 days.

KERBY—In Huntingdon, on Sept. 3rd, Jas. Kerby, son of Thos. Kerby, aged 9 years, 11 months and 19 days.

REID—In Sidney, on Sept. 7th, Ellen Reid, wife of Willis Reid, aged 32 years.

TO CONSUMERS.

Our Lumber and Shingle Yard is now full of all kinds of DRESSED and ROUGH LUMBER and SHINGLES.

Splendid Barn Shingles, cedar and pine, $1.25 per M.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

Hot Weather Bargains

In LADIES' VESTS, HOISERY, WAISTS and SUMMER CORSETS, in straight front.

Call and see our LACES, EMBROIDERIES, and ALL-OVER LACES.

In PRINTS, COTTONADES, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, STEAM LOOMS, PILLOW COTTONS, TOWELLINGS and COTTONS, a full stock and Cheapest in Town.

A Full Line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In GROCERIES we always keep a full stock and always fresh. Do not forget our 25c. Tea.

11c. paid for Eggs and 25c. for Butter.

☛ Laundry Tuesday instead of Wednesday.

E. F. PARKER.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times yearly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.
HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.
STIRLING, ONT.,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every respect. Case hardened and adjustable. The Singer repairs always on hand. Easy terms of payment.

Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings.

CHAS. BUTLER Issuer Marriage Licenses

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the NEWS-ARGUS office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

= North Hastings Fair =
Will Have Its Attractions.

This Store will have many Money-Saving Attractions for you the same day.

YOU WILL MISS IT when you come to the Fair if you fail to call and see our elegant lines of Reliable Boots and Shoes, which we are now placing in stock for Fall Trade.

NOTE THESE PRICES:—

Ladies' Fine Dongola Boots, Lace and Button, heavy sole, at	$1.35.
" " Oxfords, heavy sole, at	$1.00.
Girls' Fine Dongola Boots, Lace and Button, at	$1.00.
Men's Box Calf, Goodyear Welt, heavy sole, at	$2.75.
Men's Fine Dongola Gaiters, at	$1.50.
Men's good, solid, neat, buff Lace Boots, at	$1.25.

All other lines at proportionately low prices.

Do You Wear Hand-Made Boots?

Then go to GEO. REYNOLDS and get a pair cut from the very best stock (no second grade used) combined with first-class workmanship and you'll be satisfied. We have the reputation of making the best, and we intend to keep it.

Welcome, whether you buy or not.

GEO. REYNOLDS,
We want your Butter and Eggs. SHOE KING.

HARDWARE!

—:o:—

I can please the most exacting sportsmen, because I carry the very best of everything in

AMMUNITION

to please them with:—

S. S. Smokeless Powder,
Dupont " "
Schultze " "
F F and F F F Black Powder,
Canadian Rifle " "
Ducking " "
Eley's Loaded Shells,
Winchester Loaded Shells,
Victor " "
Dominion Trap " "
Club " "
Smokeless " "
Buckshot " "

Common and Chilled Shot Primers, Gun Grease, Cartridge Bags, Reloading Tools, Wad Cutters, Brass and Paper Shells, Felt and Cardboard Shells.

Just put in stock 15 Breech-Loading Shotguns and Rifles. Choice Guns and excellent value. Call and see me when you require a gun of any kind, from $3.00 up.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual member of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS AND DESIGNS.

Send your business direct to Washington, saves time, costs less, better services.

My office close to U. S. Patent Office. FREE preliminary examinations made. Atty's fee not due until patent is secured. PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN—12 YEARS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. Book "How to obtain Patents," etc., sent free. Patents procured through E. G. Siggers receive special notice, without charge, in the

INVENTIVE AGE

Illustrated monthly—Eleventh year—terms, $1.00 a year.

E. G. SIGGERS, Late of C. A. Snow & Co. 918 F ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901. | Vol. XXIII, No. 1.

OUR WATCHWORD IS "PROGRESS."

We are about through making extensive alterations in our store, outside and in, and are just opening our

NEW FALL GOODS,

embracing the LATEST PATTERNS and Colorings in Home and Imported TWEEDS, WORSTEDS, SERGES, CHEVIOTS, BEAVERS, Etc.

OUR TAILORING DEPARTMENT

is in full blast, and we solicit your order for your New Fall Suit or Overcoat early, to avoid being disappointed.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT.

MEN'S & BOYS' FINE READY-MADE SUITS.

Being Practical Tailors we know when a garment is made right. We do not purpose looking alone to cheapness, but more for quality.

Here are some lines we bought for Cash, when in Toronto:—

We start Boys' 2-piece Suits, real natty, at $2.00 worth $3.00.
Boys' 3-piece Suits, Coat, Vest and Pants, at $2.75 worth $3.50.
Men's Suits, - - - - - $6.00 to $12.00.
Men's Heavy Working Pants, - - - $1.50 worth $2.00.
Spring and Fall Overcoats, - - $5.50 to $9.00.

New Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs just opened at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

Fall Millinery Opening

Next Wednesday and Thursday,

SEPT. 25 and 26,

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

READY-TO-WEAR JACKETS will be open for inspection.

LADIES' SUITINGS, all the newest in Cheviot Cloths, and Dress Goods ranging in price from 25c. to $1.25 per yd.

Ladies' ready-to-wear SKIRTS, all prices.

Opera Flannels in many different patterns.

Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Cloakings, Flannels, Hoisery, Underwear, Tweeds, Gloves, Mitts, etc.

Our stock is larger than ever. Watch this space next week.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

C. F. STICKLE.

Do You Need

A CLOCK, WATCH, RING, WATCH CHAIN, CHARM, Set SILVER FORKS, KNIVES or SPOONS, or an ALARM CLOCK, or anything in the Jewelry line? Come to me and I will give you the Best of Goods and Prices.

☞ Repairing a specialty.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

PROTECTION

by way of Insurance is considered necessary for buildings, which may never burn. Life is sure to terminate; look after your temporal interest and responsibilities by making a contract with THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA. This is laying up money in a practical way.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

J. G. DAVISON, Special Agent.

TREES! TREES!

—AT THE—

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name, and there has never been any San Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

'As an all-round family remedy, one that always should be in the house for an emergency, Dr. Petty's Pills discount anything in the market. They are so small a child can take them with ease; yet one's a dose.

FOR SALE.

House and Lot in the Village of Stirling, now occupied by Jas. Smith. For further particulars apply on the premises, or to

J. M. COLLINS,
Bancroft P.O.

Farmers Attention.

GENTLEMEN—Having commenced to buy grain again this season, I would say to all my customers that I am prepared to pay the highest market prices for all kinds of grain; and as grain dealers are getting very particular in regards to quality, and especially in having it well cleaned, I would kindly ask all farmers bringing grain to this market to bring it clean, and they will get the very highest price. If not we will have to dock for whatever dirt there is in it, as we will have to clean it before shipping. Thanking the farmers for the very kind patronage given me in the past and trusting to still hold your confidence, I remain yours,

WM. RODGERS,
Grain Dealer.

Stirling, Sept. 10, 1901.

North Hastings Fair.

A Successful Exhibition.

The North Hastings Fair held on Tuesday and Wednesday was one of the most successful exhibitions ever held here, and in some respects perhaps better than any previous one. The first day opened rather unfavorably but the weather soon cleared, and the second day was all that could be desired. Consequently there was a large turn out of young and old from the surrounding country, and the exhibition grounds presented a most animated appearance.

There was a good display in every department, and the animals and articles exhibited were mostly of a high order of merit. We have not space, nor perhaps would it be proper for us to particularize—the judges have no doubt awarded prizes to the most deserving ones, and the prize list will tell the story. We might just say that the hall was very attractive, and was well filled with the ladies' handiwork, dairy produce, fruit, etc. The exhibit of fruit was much better than we expected to see—there had been so much said of the failure of the fruit crop. The specimens of apples, pears and grapes shown were exceedingly creditable.

The Horticultural Society's exhibit was very good, and was said to be ahead of last year. The show of fancy work was in almost endless variety, and showed the good taste and skill of the ladies.

There were also a number of special exhibits in the hall. Mr. Thos. H. McKee had a good exhibit of harness and other articles. The Rudd Harness Co., of Belleville, also exhibited harness. Mr. W. H. Calder had several gramophones on exhibition. W. Flint Jones of Belleville, also had gramophones and organs. Mr. John Conley had an assortment of organs, sewing machines, etc. Mr. W. R. Mather had a fine display of goods from his store. Mr. Geo. H. Rupert had a sewing machine and other articles.

The track was in first class order, and there was a good exhibition of speeding in the ring.

We will endeavor to give the prize list next week.

Millenary Celebration of King Alfred.

At the High School on Monday afternoon the hour from 3 to 4 o'clock was devoted to a commemorative celebration of Alfred the Great of England, who died just 1000 years ago. Principal Kennedy opened the proceeding in a neat speech and called upon Dr. Bissonnette to preside. The following essays were then read:

"The celebration in England," Miss Kennedy.

"Alfred's life and reign." Master Adams.

"Story of the cakes." Master John McCurdy.

"Alfred's appearance and character." Miss Cragg.

"Alfred and the navy and war." Master Frank Weaver.

"Alfred's laws and Government." Master Earl McCutcheon.

"Alfred and religion." Miss Bissonnette.

"Alfred and education." Master Hector Roy.

"Account of relics." Master Lewis McCutcheon.

Master Harold Ashley read "The Discoverer of the North Cape," a translation from Alfred's writing, and Mr. W. R. Rutherford, B.A., who was the father of the celebration here, and who so ably guided the pupils in the preparation of their excellent essays, read the "Address to King Alfred," and supplemented the essays by some appropriate remarks and references to other celebrations and the monuments being erected at Winchester, Eng., and New York. U. S. A.

Rev. Wm. Johnston responded to the call of the chair with a few interesting and thoughtful sentences addressed to the pupils.

The chairman took occasion to make a kindly reference to the sad death of President McKinley, and the very pleasant and interesting hour was ended by the national anthem.

Bancroft.

(From the Times.)

There is some talk of the C.O.R. running two passenger trains a day to Bancroft. This would give us a much better mail service.

Messrs. Best and Chisholm are opening up a copper prospect on Mr. A. McGibbon's farm in Dungannon, which gives every promise of being a paying one.

Mr. Jno. D. Ronald, of Brussels, was in Bancroft last week, and before leaving town he closed a deal with the police trustees for a steam fire engine, two hose reels and 1000 feet of hose. The price paid was $2,100.

There are 5,241 persons confined in the provincial insane asylums of this province.

Mexico.

Mr. E. A. E. Halliwell gave us the other day some interesting information about Mexico. He has been a resident of the city of Mexico for several years, and is publisher of a journal called "La Tierra de Mexico," which, we are pleased to lean is a financial success. The city of Mexico lies on an elevated plateau, about 8,000 feet above the sea, and is almost entirely surrounced by mountains, some of which are snow-capped the year through. In consequence of its elevated position, though situated in the torrid zone, the heat is never oppressive, and the nights are always cool and pleasant. The city, which has a population of about 300,000, is however not a very healthy one, and the death rate is high. This is attributed to imperfect drainage, caused as before stated by being surrounded by high mountains. Out some distance from the city, on the outward slope of the mountains, and at a little lower elevation, the climate is considered very salubrious. The climate on the sea coasts is very warm, and a good deal of yellow fever and other sickness prevails. The republic of Mexico has a population of about thirteen millions, and the country is prosperous. It is rich in minerals, and a great deal of mining is carried on. There is also a large quantity of good agricultural land and farming is a profitable and successful occupation. Mr. Halliwell has been spending his holidays here with his relatives and friends, and will return to the south about the first of next month.

Stirling School Board.

Minutes of a special meeting of the School Board held Sept 10. Members present, G. W. Faulkner, chairman, M. Bird, T. G. Clute, A. Chard, Jos. Doak, C. W. Thompson, H. Warren and F. T. Ward.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:

C. E. Parker, supplies to public school ..... $ 9.99
C. E. Parker, supplies to high school 12.81

Moved by Mr. Warren, seconded by Mr. Ward, that the sum of $550 be borrowed from Parker Bros. to cover outlays on repairs to public school, the same to be payable in one year, and to bear interest at 6 per cent. per annum until paid. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Chard, seconded by Mr. Ward, the official seal was directed to be attached to the foregoing resolution.

Moved by Mr. Doak, seconded by Mr. Thompson that six common chairs be purchased for the public school. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Doak, seconded by Mr. Clute that any pupil found injuring the seats or desks in the village schools, will be liable to suspension, at the discretion of the teacher, and that the damage be paid by the parents, who will be held responsible. Carried.

JOHN S. BLACK, Sec'y.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Quite a mishap occurred to Lithgow's grinder the other day, which resulted in smashing both plates and the casing which holds them, which knocked him out for three days, as he had to send to Brantford for repairs, but he has it running again. In the meantime the mill filled to overflowing with grists. Bob makes a popular miller.

Lithgow has tons of plums this year, and nearly all the varieties in cultivation.

The apple buyers are finding more apples in the county than anyone thought of and at the good price of from $1.25 to $2.50 per bbl. The crop will count up nearly as well as some years of plenty.

There is quite a lot of talk of farm selling in this neighborhood, but we can't tell what it will amount to yet.

Mrs. J. N. Campbell of Farmers City, Ill., is visiting her brother, Mr. Jno. Reid.

Mr. C. H. Vanderwater left on Tuesday to visit relatives in Regina.

Mr. Allen C. Morden started on the 10th for Freemont, Ohio, to take a position in the dry goods and carpet business of Mr. R. Hermon & Co. His many feiends wish him success in his new work.

Miss Emma Connor has returned to the Ontario Medical College for women at Toronto.

W. D. Smith is moving his drive house this week, which we think will make quite an improvement.

A good deal of the threshing has been done around here, and the grain is not turning out as well as it might.

Birthday parties are the rage now. Bring on your birthday and get your presents.

Only six weeks to get to the Pan-Am.

Foxboro Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

We are glad to see Mr. Thos. Gay is able to be out around after his illness of typhoid fever.

Mr. Geo. Geo. Wickett, although improving is still confined to his bed on account of typhoid fever.

Mr. John Longwell, who has been at the hospital with typhoid fever, is again able to be home.

Miss Zulina Snider entertained a number of her friends at a quilting bee on her birthday last Friday.

Mr. H. A. Thompson is at the Pan-American.

Miss Mary Lake, Miss Bessie Faulkner, and Mr. Arthur Ward are attending Model at Madoc.

Those who are fortunate enough to have apples to sell this year will realize good prices. We have heard of sales of small orchards at $250 and upwards. Some will get as much as $800 to $1000 for a fairly good orchard.

The Busy Store

is the Place to Trade,

--FOR--

The Odd Cents You Save Here Soon Swell into Dollars.

HOSIERY.

120 pairs Women's Heavy Hose, the 20c. kind for 10c. pair.

120 pairs Men's Wool Socks, 25c. a pair is their worth but 15c. buys them.

FLANNELETTES.

It's easier to see your profit than ours in the prices we ask for these, but we're satisfied and it's helpful to you.

34 inch Heavy Dark Greys at 8c. worth 10c.
30 inch Pink at - - 8c. " 10c.
36 inch Heavy, fancy at - 10c. " 12½c.
30 inch Heavy, for Shirting, 10c. " 12½c.

LADIES' JACKETS.

We have just opened our first shipment—styles correct—values unsurpassed. Wear these and your friends will praise your taste.

CLOTHING.

$1,500 worth of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing was passed into stock this week. Rigid scrutiny reveals nothing but goodness in it. You can read your profits in the quality and prices. Have a look anyway.

GROCERIES.

The Teas that strengthen and stimulate are our "Sterling Brand" Japan, Black or Green Ceylon. Try a pound, 25c.

"Sterling Hall," Headquarters always for Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

W. R. MATHER.

SHOE VALUES!

YOU WILL FIND THEM AT

Brown & McCutcheon's.

Men's Box Calf Bals, - - $2.00 to $4.00.
Ladies' Fine and Coarse Boots, - - 75c. to $2.00.
Girls' Boots, - - - - 65c. to $1.50.

We sell the Famous Shoe—the EMPRESS, for Women. They are fine fitters and give splendid satisfaction. Plenty of Rubbers.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.—Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed.

Eggs and Butter taken in exchange.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Special Correspondent.

The annual Harvest Home service was held in the English church on Sabbath evening. Despite the threatening, unpropitious weather, a crowd gathered for the service, more than could be seated—some standing in the porch during the whole evening.

Behind the altar was a motto: Praise Him for our harvest. Before the altar was an arch hung with faerie vines and decked with asters. Yellow grains, golden-rod and wild asters were made into garlands and festooned from window to window. Altogether the effect of the grains and golden-rod, the white and red asters, and the ripe fruits of all colors was particularly pleasing.

The service and the sermon were both gracefully appropriate, the sermon being a strong plea for the spirit of thankfulness at this season. Collection $14.75.

A meeting of the Women's Auxiliary was held in the Methodist church on Monday. Mrs. Gullett, the President, occupied the chair. On the motion of the President, Mrs. J. Snarr was appointed delegate to Belleville. Several schemes for raising money were discussed. Other routine business occupied the remainder of the hour of meeting.

MANY BECOME DESPONDENT.

Many persons become despondent because they have been unable to find a permanent cure for Eczema (Salt Rheum) and kindred skin diseases, such as pimples, and blotches. "Climax" Iron Tonic Pills will positively cure those ailments and make the skin healthy. Each box contains ten days' treatment. Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. Address: The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE

South half of Lot 17, Con. 8, Sidney, 100 acres, known as the McCann Farm; well fenced, well watered; good buildings and orchard.

Also, 50 acres north half of south half of Lot 16, Con. 7, Sidney. Good buildings and orchard. Apply to

MICHAEL TAUGHER.

WANTED—DOZEN GOOD, STRONG young men, 18 years and upward, to learn trades of iron moulding, tinsmithing, stove mounting. GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto.

VOTERS' LIST, 1901

Municipality of the Township of Rawdon, County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of *The Ontario Voters' List Act*, 1889, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to the Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Spring Brook, on the 6th day of September, 1901, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 6th day of September, 1901.

THOS. C. McCONNELL,
Clerk of the Municipality of the Township of Rawdon.

CARD OF THANKS.

Owing to advancing years I have given up my blacksmith business and am succeeded by my son, John, and I take this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to my old friends and the public for their liberal patronage in by-gone days, and trust they will extend the same to my successor.

J. V. HOUGH.

Stirling, Aug. 7, 1901.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Having returned from Rochester, intending to make Stirling my home, and assumed the business of my father, J. V. Hough, at the old stand, I would respectfully ask from my father's old customers a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to him, and from all others who may give me a call.

HORSE SHOEING a specialty. Repairs of all kinds done at short notice.

FOR SALE—Two new first class home-made Top Buggies, and two new Lumber Waggons, which will be sold very cheap. Give me a call.

J. W. HOUGH.

Egerton of Scotland Yard

At the time I had just sold my interest in a well-known shipping concern, and was making arrangements for a journey to South Africa, where I intended to start again in business. It was the loss of my wife that had decided me to take this step, for I could not endure life in surroundings which her dear presence had hitherto graced. I sold the house, a pretty detached villa at Barnes, and dispensed with the services of my man-servant and several maids.

One night, about a week previous to the day I had intended to sail, my house was broken into by a burglar. He must have done his work very quietly, for neither my housekeeper nor myself was disturbed; and I was relieved to find next morning that although there was a sum of $80,000 in the house, in my bedroom in fact he had only lifted a paltry $250 which he had found in my coat-pocket.

Nothing else was taken, but there was evidence of a search made in drawers and cupboards. This large sum of money was in some drawers by my bedside.

These drawers had false bottoms, secreting a very shallow under-compartment in which were placed two shallow tin boxes, rectangular in shape, and painted black—$50,000 being in one and $30,000 in the other. About eight o'clock that morning a tall, sandy-complexioned man of gentlemanly appearance called to see me with an air of importance.

"Sir, I have been informed that your house has been burgled during the night," he began.

"That is quite true," said I, somewhat taken aback at his knowledge of what I had so far kept a still tongue upon.

"And the man was caught red-handed by the constable on point duty. The officer had a big struggle with the ruffian and was shot through the leg and rendered helpless in the attempt to arrest him. The thief got away, but left behind him this pocket-book, which contains nothing of any moment except your card."

He produced a pocket-book, which I assured him was my own and was minus $250 in notes.

"Ah! I fancied something of the sort," he said, musingly, fingering the pocket-book interestedly.

"Now, something must be done at once," he added, abruptly, and looked at me keenly. "I am Egerton of Scotland Yard. The constable has been conveyed to Woolton Hospital in a bad state and I have been sent here. What do you know of this business?"

I told him how I found a pane of glass removed from the window of the drawing-room, indicating the mode of entrance; how I found things slightly disturbed in this room and that, but nothing missing except the pocket-book which had been in my coat in my own bedroom.

"Have you much money in the place?"

"About eighty thousand dollars in some drawers in my bedroom."

"Untouched? Just so! Did anyone besides yourself know the whereabouts of this money?"

"I fancy my man-servant did, whose services I have lately dispensed with."

"Ah! Could you show me the drawers? Are they disturbed? Is there anything which points to the man having previous knowledge of this money?"

I showed him the drawers, which contained clothing in the upper and much more capacious compartments, and, pulling out these, showed him the lower shallow compartments containing the two black tin boxes containing the notes.

"The clothing has been disturbed, you say," said he, "and an attempt made to force the oaken false bottom. These are the boxes I presume?" and he fingered the boxes rather lovingly, I thought. "Now give me a description of this man Williams. He has gone to Ripley, you say?" he said again, abruptly. It seemed a way of his to lapse into a thoughtful concentration of mind in order to break it suddenly with a jerk, as though realizing that "something must be done," to use his own words.

"I will go down there first," he added; "and in the meantime keep indoors, and I need not tell you to say nothing. I will send you word later, or come myself, if nothing is discovered. Yes, thank you, I will take a taste of brandy with you."

I placed the boxes back into their places and, carefully restoring the wearing apparel in the upper compartment, closed the drawers and went down stairs to partake of my morning meal. About an hour later there came a smart knock at the front door, and my housekeeper opened to admit a dark, powerful-looking man, with a constable in uniform by his side.

"I have called to ask the reason of the visit here of that sandy-complexioned gentleman who left this house about an hour ago," began the constable. "I don't know whether you are aware of the fact, but you have been harboring one of the biggest rogues in London."

"That is untrue," I answered. "He is one of your own detectives of Scotland Yard. Detective Egerton came to investigate the manner of a burglary that has been committed at this house in the night."

"Detective Fiddlesticks!" said the dark man, who was Detective-Inspector Hanson, I learned from the Constable; "what a lot of noodles we have in London, to be sure. He told you that he was one of our men and you quite believed him, I suppose? Dear me! Did you show him over the house and supply him with particulars?"

"Yes, but I will explain," said I; and I told them of the burglary and of the manner of Detective Egerton. At the end of my explanation Inspector Hanson, who had paced up and down the room during the telling of it as though hardly able to control his temper, turned to me and said:—

"Mr. Smithson, you must pardon my rudeness to you, but we have here to deal with the cutest, most slippery man I ever came across in my career. This is the fourth time he has foiled us in jobs of this description. I can readily understand, however, how you have been hoaxed. Now, I will tell you something that, perhaps, will unnerve you a little, so take a mouthful of that brandy before I begin."

He lit a cigar and paced the room again.

"This fellow," he began again, "is in league with the man who broke in here last night. Knowing that you possessed more money than the paltry two hundred and fifty dollars which they have already possessed themselves of, they devised this scheme to abstract the much larger sum.

"Now, mark my words. He has extracted the money from one or other of those boxes which you allowed him so innocently to handle in his precious light fingers."

"I very much doubt that," I said, though beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"We can soon find out," said he.

"Why, I only allowed the fellow to examine the unopened boxes in my presence," I protested, as we all three went upstairs to the bedroom. I again drew out the drawer and, sliding out the false bottom, disclosed the two boxes in their hiding place. I picked up one as Hanson casually lifted the other, and, taking a key from my pocket to unlock them, was proceeding to open the one in my hands when he exclaimed:—

"Here, you see, sir, just as I conjectured; this one is not locked at all. You notice the lid is merely held down with a catch. A little pressure applied so—and up goes the lid—and there you are—empty!"

"Good heavens!" I shouted; "fifty thousand dollars gone."

With trembling fingers I opened the other box, and was a little relieved to find that it still contained its precious bundle. I sank into a chair, the sweat running in streams from my brow, and he handed to me the empty gaping box. Examining it, I soon discovered that it was not the original box which contained the money, but one similar to it in every respect.

"He substituted that while you allowed him to examine them, that is plain," said the constable.

"But how came he to have such a box in his possession?" I queried.

"That proves that he had previous knowledge of the box, gained, I expect, from that fellow Williams, who is in the business. There have been two attempts to procure the money. The first one to make the attempt—the burglar as you call him—failed through ignorance of the construction of your drawers. Then came the second with a more impudent scheme and accomplished the theft. Williams knows about this matter, I feel confident, and like your bogus detective, I must try to track him. It is a sorry business and no time must be lost.

"Now, Pilling," he added, addressing himself to the constable, "you stay here with Mr. Smithson and I will post off to Ripley, where Williams's people live. It is possible the ginger-headed fraud will return to try his hand on the remainder of the money. Oh! he has face enough for that, I know him. If he does, for Heaven's sake don't let him slip us again. I will call and inform our people on the way."

Detective-Inspector Hanson then disappeared, leaving the constable to console me on my loss. He was an ordinary red-faced policeman, who sat and blinked as though he only half realized what a terrible loss I had sustained. I hadn't the patience to talk to him, and busied myself securing the remainder of my wealth in the bosom of my coat, feeling that I would trust it from my person no longer.

Half an hour after the detective had left the constable standing by the front window gave a short whistle to attract my attention, and, pointing outside, showed me my very sandy-complexioned visitor of the early morning. He had been coming up the drive under the lime-trees when, suddenly wheeling half round, as he caught sight of my companion in his tell-tale uniform, he started back at a trot. The constable rushed downstairs with me at his heels, but when we reached the door he motioned me to remain.

"I can catch him," he said; "you stay and secure what you have. I will raise the street. He is sure to be caught."

This sounded reasonable so I let him go alone, and watched him disappear down the street in hot pursuit of the thief. It was with a great sense of relief that I walked indoors and lit my pipe, feeling that my money was practically recovered. The constable would be sure to run his man down, on whom the bulk of the money doubtless would be found. Hanson had gone to inform the police all over the country and to run down that scamp Williams, so that there was nothing for me to do until I heard from one of them. If I stayed indoors they would find me more readily than if I ventured abroad; and, again, this would be the better plan for my own safety, for I felt that there must have been a regular network of villany woven around my house. I looked to my revolvers and placed one carefully loaded in my tail-pocket. The day wore on and I heard no more. Towards evening ominous doubts began to cloud my mind, and I determined to visit the nearest police station and ask questions. There was no satisfaction to be got there; they knew nothing of any burglary; they knew no Detective-Inspector Hanson; and there was no constable in that district answering to the description or name of Pilling. They wired to the authorities, who disclaimed all knowledge of the incident or the men. I gasped. The inspector went home with me, and I for the third time told the tale, which had grown with every time of telling. He seemed puzzled for some time as he weighed the matter over in his mind, asking me to repeat parts of the story.

"Well!" he said, at last, "I must go and see about this. I will be back before midnight."

The intervening period was one of mental agony for me; everything seemed so illusive and contradictory. About midnight the inspector and I were together again.

"Well!" he began, "I have to tell you that I am the first bona fide detective you have yet had on this job. You have been made the victim of a cruel swindle. You have been deceived by one and the same band of intriguers."

"Surely, man! you don't mean to say that the constable and Detective Hanson are imposters?" I exclaimed.

"I do. They are unknown to us."

"But if the red-headed fellow took the money—the fifty thousand I mean—what need was there for the other two turning up and acting as they did?"

"Well, if you want my opinion, I don't believe the man Egerton took the money at all. He merely did this bit of acting to discover whether you had money and where you kept it. He took the opportunity of examining your boxes, and then went, and securing one like it, sent Hanson on his errand. Oh, yes, the whole thing has been elaborately thought out. I don't see that Williams need have had anything to do with it; they might easily have learned from many people that you had sold your house and were making preparations for going abroad, and consequently had money about."

"Then Hanson himself must have substituted the spurious box for the one he had in his possession while I was fumbling with the other?" said I.

"Exactly, that is what I make of it."

"But why did Egerton return?"

"To give the constable an excuse for decamping after keeping you quiet while Hanson got away with the money. It gave a sort of reality to the business, you must admit, for you sat down calmly enough afterwards, and let them get twelve hours start of us. However, we will try to get even with them, clever as they are."

And they did, for they were all captured in due time, and I regained about half of my lost money. Needless to say, Williams had nothing whatever to do with the matter.—London Tit-Bits.

AT CHARLESTON, S.C.

South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

(Special by Martha Craig).

The Province of Ontario recently authorized Frank N. Speller, B.S.C., the Ontario representative on the Commissioners' Association of the Pan-American Exposition, to become a delegate of this association to visit Charleston on the invitation of the Charleston Exposition directorate. The party left by special car August 21st, and enjoyed the courtesies of the Southern Railway from Washington southward next day. At every point no effort was spared to show southern hospitality to their guests. At Columbia, where a three hour stop was made, the Mayor of the city and a committee of the Board of Trade took the visitors round the city, through the Olympia cotton factory and wholesale State dispensary, where all the liquor consumed in the State is put up.

Charleston, the object of this trip, is a city overflowing with hospitality and interesting associations. Here the old colonial styles of 150 years ago are preserved, notwithstanding the devastating effects of war, fire floods and earthquake, and amidst these treasured relics of a prosperous past and the subsequent depression are to be seen unmistakable signs of the new industrial activity springing up in the south, indicating a rosy future for this fertile country in the near future.

The Fair grounds, situated on an old plantation fronting for half a mile on the Ashley river, are now a scene of activity and bustle such as is usually the case prior to the opening of a great Exposition. The grounds combined so many natural beauties, such as waterways, immense lines of oaks, old colonial mansions, etc., that it was the unanimous opinion of all landscape architects that they should be left in their natural state, simply adding the handsome group of buildings in ivory staff to complete the effect.

It is the object of this Exposition to bring the northern portion of America in contact with the West Indies, that mutual trade interests should be advanced. A vast amount of enterprise and $11,500,000 has already been expended towards this end and the demands for space have forced the authorities to still further extend their plans.

The south is taking a new start; they need many things that we can supply. Our corundum is rapidly taking the place of the failing supply from Georgia. Arsenic, the only manufacturers of which in America at this time are situated in Deloro, Ont., is required in many branches of the arts and they will undoubtedly require our nickel in the manufacture of nickel steel.

Undoubtedly a portion of the splendid collection of material in the Mines and Forestry Department of Ontario at the Pan-American, if removed to Charleston, would continue the good work of bringing our resources to the notice of the world at a proportionately low cost to the province, as the railroads are offering practically free transportation. Canadians will be glad to learn, on the authority of Edison's Electric Superintendent at the Pan-American that more specialists from Mr. Edison's laboratory are on their way to Sudbury, where Mr. Edison has rented a house and office and intends conducting experiments with Canadian nickel ores. Mr. Edison will have thirty of his experts engaged on this work in Sudbury and evidently intends to open up operations on a large scale.

Fifty-three per cent of the men of the British navy are under 25, only 2 per cent over 45.

About the ....House

A CULINARY NOVELTY.

Norway is a fish country par excellence. A slender strip of rugged, mountainous land bordered by a vast ocean, fish naturally play a prominent part in Scandinavian domestic and political economy, and it is to be expected that the Scandinavian cook will excel in fish dishes. One of the most popular Norwegian dishes is called fish pudding. Fresh haddock is the first choice for the dish, but, failing that, the most perfect cod obtainable. Boil the fish until the skin and bones can be easily removed. This must be done lightly with the fingers, taking care neither to cut nor to crack the fish. Put it into a wooden bowl and beat it with a pestle, beating always the one way.

The beating should continue until a light paste is obtained, say half an hour, then for a medium sized pudding add gradually two well beaten eggs and half a pint of cream beaten in, drop by drop, with the pestle. This means another half hour of beating. By this time the cook should have a fluffy paste, which must be put in a pudding mould and steamed for an hour. It should cut exactly like snow pudding when done and is usually eaten with drawn butter sauce or melted butter and parsley with a dash of paprika

Recipe No. 2 is much simpler and makes a delicious sandwich for a light lunch or a late supper with a drop of something to drink. Get a pot of anchovy paste, imported kind, which comes in tiny white pots the size of an egg. Into half a teacupful of mayonnaise dressing—made with tarragon vinegar work two teaspoonfuls of the paste and three hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Spread this mixture on thin slices of rye bread. Norwegian sandwiches are usually made with but one slice of bread. An ordinary French dressing may be substituted for the mayonnaise if preferred.

Recipe No. 3 is a very good thing to try with a chafing dish. Heat a smoked finnan haddie either in the oven or by steaming until skin and bones can be easily removed. Break the fish lightly into small bits. Into a spider or chafing dish put half a pint of cream or rich milk, and when it is very hot add a heaping tablespoonful of butter in which has been rubbed a tablespoonful of flour. Stir constantly until the sauce has thickened and then add the fish and let it cook for two or three minutes longer. Of course a dash of paprika should be added for seasoning. The flour may be omitted and the yolk of an egg used to thicken if a richer sauce is desired. The possibilities of smoked haddock are too little appreciated in this country. For a quick breakfast or for camp or picnic this dish is invaluable, as ten minutes in a double boiler is all the cooking required and a bit of butter all the seasoning.

PUDDINGS.

Rice Pudding.—Cook half cup of rice in one cup of boiling water until the water is absorbed. Then turn it into the double boiler with three cups of boiling milk, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and a little salt. Cook till tender, then stir in a cupful of figs which have been cut in small pieces and cook a few minutes more. When cool stir in a pint of sweetened and flavored whipped cream and pour into a mold. Serve cold.

Lemon Pudding.—Two cups boiling water, one cup sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been wet with a little cold water and boil till clear. Cover with a meringue made with whites of three eggs. For the sauce, make a custard of one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt and yolks of three eggs.

Lemon Tapioca.—Two tablespoonfuls tapioca soaked over night in half cup cold water. In the morning add half cup cold water and the yellow rind of a lemon. Boil till clear. Take out the rind, add the juice of the lemon, one teaspoonful lemon extract, half cup sugar, half cup of boiling water, a little salt, and boil up. Serve cold with sugar and cream

Graham Pudding.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, one cup molasses, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, three and a half cups graham flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Steam two hours.

Cornstarch Pudding.—Into the the double boiler put one pint of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt. When boiling add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir in; let it cook a few minutes, and pour into a mold. Set on ice. Sauce:—One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of three eggs thinned by beating with one tablespoonful of milk. Cook until it thickens, stirring frequently. Flavor the white part with vanilla and the custard with lemon and pour custard around the pudding, all in a deep dish.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. An exchange tells of a distinguished physician, who, having spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it a great relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.

While impending frosts threaten to blacken at a touch all the lavish beauty of the gay autumn borders, the question of indoor gardening presses most urgently. It is often a question of rescue: What must we give up? What shall we save?

The first consideration is suitability and a careful estimate of the actual opportunity. What facilities are there? What room for display, for contrast of effect, for light, for watering—how much time and interest at command for daily care? One fine palm in perfect condition will give greater pleasure than a dozen rows of dusty, dwindling, insignificant and unthrifty plants. Windows darkened whose light is needed for the human inmates, and stands that obstruct the constant necessary movement of the household defeat their own end. The too much and the too little are both to be scrupulously avoided. The place to be filled and the care required being settled, there is still large room for choice. Indoor gardening at its simplest is often just living with a few plants without any serious intention of forcing them in any way. The geraniums will probably never lose their good reputation as companions of this sort.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He was a small boy and wore a meditative look as he rang the bell of a suburban residence. But he was brisk in his inquiries when the door was opened by the lady of the house.

Does Mr. Jenkins live here?

Yes.

The Mr. Jenkins that went out this morning on the motor-car?

The same. What did you——

Is he the Mr. Jenkins that was in that awful street accident?

I have not heard of his having been in any street accident.

He isn't back yet, is he, ma'am?

No, not yet. But what——

His full name is Mr. Jeremiah Jenkins, isn't it?

Yes, that's his name.

Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, 'cause he's gone to a chemist for some sticking-plaster and to have one or two little cuts seen to.

Now, my boy, tell me what has happened. I can bear it now.

Well, ma'am; he's in the hospital with a broken leg, but he'll be out in about a month; and the doctor asked me to let you know, so's you could come and see him.

HOW TO GROW SHORT.

If you climb a mountain your height decreases by three-quarters of an inch, and it may even diminish, exceptionally, by a full inch. This is a fact known to all experienced mountain and Alpine climbers; on reaching the summit of the heights that form the pleasure ascents of holiday makers in the Alpine districts, the stature of the climber is found to have become less to the extent already mentioned. Doctors think that the attitude assumed of necessity in ascending is the cause of this diminution; some persons believe that the pressure of the atmosphere produces this shrinking. In favor of the medical theory there is the other unquestionable fact that the decrease of stature is greater in those who carry a heavy pack during the climb. When the Alpinist has descended to the ordinary level, his height begins to increase, but the normal length of the body is not attained until several hours after reaching the regular surface of the earth.

A FOOT OF NINE INCHES.

The celebrated artist, Albrecht Durer, gave it as being in strict accordance with the law of proportions that a woman's foot should be about one-seventh the length of her body, or, to be exact, as fourteen to one hundred. Our lady readers may find some amusement in measuring their pedal extremities and comparing the length with their total height as stated by Durer. Taking the average height of a woman to be sixty-three inches, her foot should measure nine inches from heel to toe. In connection with the size of the feminine foot, observation will show that domestic servants, and wives who do their own housework, have smaller feet than their sisters, who are not called upon to perform similar duties. Among the upper classes, and also more generally among the girls of the rising generation, the feet are larger.

The Provost of a small burgh near Glasgow was continually falling into very funny blunders. At a meeting he rose to say a few words, and said them to some purpose when he asked a vote of thanks to be given to the chairman for his "officiousness in the chair." But, poor man, he made his best speech when he told the minister and people at a soiree in honor of the new kirk built on the road into Glasgow that it was a "grand reproach to the town."

It is not possible to say how many people are employed in making pins, but they must be a very considerable body, for about a quarter of a million gross of common pins are used up every few days in Great Britain alone. But for the invention of a man named Slocum, who conceived a machine for making solid-headed pins at great rapidity and founded an enormous industry, the thousands of people now employed in this manner would probably be without occupation.

Mrs. Youngwife—How do you manage to have such delicious beef? Mrs Oldwife—I select a good honest butcher, and then stand by him. Mrs. Youngwife—You mean that you give him all your trade? Mrs. Oldwife—No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.

ODD CURES FOR WRECKS.

PLANS ADOPTED TO KEEP SHIPS OFF THE ROCKS.

A Blaze of Turf on Dark Nights—Sable Island will be Planted With Grass.

Seven fishing boats were ground to pieces in a single night in the winter of 1897 on the granite reefs of Killara Harbour, on the west coast of Ireland. Every soul on board was lost, and all this waste of life and property was due to the fact that there was no lighthouse to mark the entrance to the narrow inlet.

A small appropriation has since been made, but not enough to build a regular light house, and keep a paid staff. The fishermen have ingeniously overcome the difficulty. An old martello tower stands on the headland, and on top of this a great brazier has been constructed. This is piled high with well-dried turf, and a man is detailed to keep up a good blaze on dark nights.

People who live inland hardly realize how much time and money are spent in making the world's coasts safe for the ever-increasing sea traffic. One of the worst danger spots for vessels is that long, crescent-shaped island in the Atlantic, known as Sable Island, and often called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It lies right in the way of traffic between New York and England, and an average of 70 ships a year, come to grief on its sand-bars. There is a lighthouse, but that is not sufficient to guard nearly forty miles of sand. There were three originally, but the sea has undermined two. The worst of it is that the dull-brown sand of the island lies so low, and is so inconspicuous, as to be quite invisible until it is

TOO LATE TO CLEAR OFF.

The commissioners have now determined on the bold experiment of planting the whole island with grass, the green color of which will show out boldly, and prove a danger signal.

Yachtsmen who cruise among the ten-knot tides of the West Coast of Scotland would never find their way into Dunollan harbour but for the White Crosses of Dunollan. The actual entrance to the snug little cove is not fifty yards across, and so hidden by projections of the tall black cliffs that it is quite invisible above a quarter of a mile. Venturing as close as that where currents run so swiftly would be madness in anything but a steam-vessel, so the people of Dunollan have marked each side of the passage with enormous crosses, painted in white on the dark rock.

There are not many private lighthouses in the British Isles, but Mr. Claude Sackett, an enthusiastic yachtsman, is the proud possessor of an ingenious device for warning his own boat, and those of his friends, off the rocks near his house in County Wicklow. It is a buoy, of the kind known as a gas-buoy. On the top of it is a reservoir, holding sufficient gas for a month's consumption. On the summit is a clockwork apparatus controlling the lamp, which it lights automatically at a set hour in the evening, and puts out next morning. But the weirdest feature of this floating light-house is the lamp. Its rays gleam through the eyeholes of a

HUGE AND REALISTIC SKULL.

Its warning is well needed, for a reef of dangerous rocks runs almost half a mile out from Kelp Point.

The time may come when phonograph buoys will yell full directions to passing mariners. The nearest approach to such a thing which has appeared upon the English coast was the "moaning buoy," moored off the Goodwins a year or two ago.

This invention was responsible for scaring the crew of a Dutch fishing-vessel which was poaching in British waters nearly out of their lives. The buoy contains a tube, through which the waves rise and fall, compressing the air, and so working a deep-toned whistle.

The Dutch boat, caught in a fog, was forced to anchor in a calm. A little ground swell came on, and the buoy began its mournful sound. The superstitious foreigners who heard it immediately concluded that it was produced by the ghost of some unfortunate who had lost his life on these deadly sands, and that it was a warning to themselves that their turn was coming soon. In their frantic hurry to depart, they actually got into their dinghy, and towed their vessel until the mournful sound died away in the distance.

DECREASE IN BIRTH RATE.

A French statistician says that, in spite of the increase of population in various countries, the rate of increase is steadily diminishing. Austria is really little better than France in this respect, while Germany, which shows the largest increase of European nations, has a declining birth-rate. The United States, with its increase of 14,000,000 in the last decade, has the largest growth of birth-rate, but would surely show signs of retrogression but for the steady volume of immigration.

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects. Another modern writer on this subject reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing, and which have existed.

Not many years have elapsed since Henry Grant hit upon the idea of producing what is now known as galvanized iron; but something between two and three hundred thousand workmen are now employed in making the production for all parts of the world, and the trade is valued at $25,000,000 a year to Great Britain alone.

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER VI.

Midnight had struck when a young man crossed the hall of Araglin, and looked somewhat vaguely round him. It was late to arrive anywhere, and of course there was no one to welcome him, or put him au fait with his surroundings. He wandered rather aimlessly through the salon on his left, and, avoiding the ball-room which was unmistakable because of the fiddling, went for a quiet little nook of a place that appeared to him to be empty of everything human, and a prey only to flowers and a dripping fountain. It was badly lit, and he was quite into it before he discovered that humanity after all had a place there—a humanity remote from himself.

A slender form clothed in lace was bending over a cactus. The amorous plant had seized her dainty robe and was holding it fast in spite of all the owner's efforts to release it. O'Grady went forward, and addressed himself to her.

"Perhaps I can set you free," he said. "Let me at least try. A cactus is such a hurtful thing, and you are wounding your fingers!"

"If you think you can," she said; she lifted her head and looked at him. "I have been very awkward, but——"

She paused, and O'Grady, stooping over her strove with the prickly plant for mastery. Eventually he gained. She stood released, and gave him as his reward a lovely smile. It parted her lips and shone in her lustrous eyes.

"I am indeed indebted to you," she said courteously. She regarded him very thoughtfully for a few moments. "I do not think I saw you before this evening," she remarked at last in a gentle, gracious tone.

O'Grady smiled. It was surely a singular speech for a girl to make to an utter stranger, but as said by her it pleased him, and besides she struck him as being altogether unlike the ordinary run of people.

"That is true," he told her. I arrived quite late. I meant to be here yesterday if possible—that, is at my cousin Featherston's place—but I found it impossible to get here until to-night; an hour ago, in fact. The last train brought me so you can imagine what little time I had to hurry into my clothes and get here. To tell you the truth," here he laughed involuntarily, and lowered his voice to a confidential tone, "knowing nothing of my hostess, I had no great desire to get here at all, but Featherston was imperative; and now that I am here," with a lingering glance at her, "I am more

His companion blushed vividly, and an expression he failed to understand widened her eyes. Was it surprise, perplexity? And if so, why?

"Your cousin lives at the Grange, I think," she said at last.

"Yes. You know him perhaps? I have been in Egypt for the past year or more, and on my return to England was quite glad to receive an invitation from him to my native shore. It seemed to me— sick of arid plains—an excellent thing to come down here and thoroughly vegetate for a bit. I am Irish of course, my name is guarantee for that, but I had not seen the distressful country for many a year. It has left itself open to comment, beyond doubt—to abuse, perhaps; but," with an irrepressible glance at her, "it certainly has its compensations."

Again that curious look flitted across her face.

"Truly it is an unhappy land," she said. Her tone was colder this time, and she regarded him with what might be almost termed distrust. This distressed him, though he hardly then understood why, or what it was that had befallen him; he only felt that he could not remove his eyes from the face before him. Its calmness, its purity, the extreme beauty of its gentleness, touched his very soul. And there was a sadness than glad I came."

about it too, that enhanced rather than detracted from its charm. He was astonished at his admiration, but not displeased; yet it did occur to him as strange that he should have travelled over half the known globe, only to return to his starting point to find the one woman at whose feet he would choose to lay his heart.

All this was vague to him as yet; but still he knew—vaguely, too, indeed—that his fate was sitting there near him, grave, and a little cold, perhaps, but only as he would have her. Who was she—this calm, still girl?

"You are not dancing," she said presently; "you say you came late, and perhaps——"

"So absurdly late, that it is of no use, I imagine, to think of partners. Unless, indeed—of course, I know no one. I did not even present myself to Lady Varley—a rudeness, certainly, but one I dare say she will condone, when she knows at what an unearthly hour I put in an appearance—that is, indeed, if she hears of me at all."

At this she started, and looked towards him as if to speak, when some one passing by her, laid a hand lightly on her shoulder. It was a large, distinguished-looking woman, at the generous side of forty.

"You here, Yolande?" exclaimed she, smiling. "You are a wraith—a veritable spirit. I was positive I saw you in the supper room a moment since, and yet now——"

"Perhaps you did; to-night I am ubiquitous." The new-comer laughed and went on, but O'Grady hardly noticed her departure.

Yolande! How the name suited her! Surely it was made for the pale, statuesque creature beside him; could any other so well befit the clear, soft eyes, the open brow, the pure, sweet lips? Yolande! No high-born chatelaine of olden days could have showed a haughtier profile, a serener smile, a glance more kind, or more replete with gentle dignity.

"You were saying——" she began, and then hesitated as if in doubt as how to proceed.

"I was saying how I had omitted to present myself to my hostess," replied he, gayly: "An omission I have no doubt she will appreciate. Poor woman, I expect it was a kindness to relieve her of so much of her duty."

"You think," said she, looking downwards at the fan she was idly swaying to and fro, "that Lady Varley is one who would willingly evade a duty?"

"I am not thinking of her at all," declared he, laughing. "Why should I? Strangers we are, strangers we shall probably remain. She knows as little of me as I do of her."

"As little, indeed," said she slowly. "But let me tell you——"

"Ah! if you are a friend of hers," exclaimed he, rising too, and speaking with a sudden accession of earnestness, "tell her from me, that though I have not had the pleasure of being made known to her, that when I had only been half an hour in her house, I knew a greater happiness than I had ever before experienced."

"Sir," said she very gently, "I am Lady Varley!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was about this time that the greatest difficulty of his life was experienced by Mr. Stronge. This was to keep away from the Cottage, as Miss McGillicuddy's very unpretentious residence was called. There was something in it—literally in it—that attracted him to an extraordinary degree.

His own place, Inchirone, was situated about five miles from it; yet there was scarcely a morning that Mr. Stronge did not discover some special business that led him past the modest gate behind which dwelt Constantia.

To-day—having absented himself, with a courage that was Spartan, from The Cottage for nine days—he felt he might call there without being regarded with coldness, or snubbed as a too persistent visitor. It was a fine May afternoon, and as he walked up the steps and knocked at the hall-door, the extreme beauty of the hour, the season entered into him. The door was opened presently by the demure Minnie, who wore, besides a jubilant air—that sat very much at home upon her pretty face—a new and remarkably smart cap. It was trimmed with cherry colored ribbons, and was of a most abnormally small size.

"Miss McGillicuddy is not in sir," she said in answer to his question. "She is off to Dubling, but Miss Connie and Miss Norah's at home. Come in, sir; they an' the young gintlemen is in the garden up to some game or another. They'll be raal plazed to see ye, for there hasn't been a sowl near the place all the mornin' "

Stronge went into the shabby little drawing-room to wait for Constantia, feeling almost as glad as Minnie herself that Miss McGillicuddy was in Dublin. That meant absence from The Cottage for a day or two at all events, perhaps for a week. Would it be possible for him to call at her house during her absence, with, say, an ostensible message for the boys? To be able to call upon her (she had been "her" for a long time now), even for a moment or two, every day for a week; to be able to see her once in every twenty-four hours. It seemed too good to be true. He was so wrapped up in his blissful dreaming, that it was with a quick start he turned from the open window near which he was standing, and which was only a foot from the ground outside, as the door of the drawing-room was flung violently open. He glanced towards it expectantly, and then something—some one—dashed past him, cleared the window sill, and was gone like a flash of lightning round the corner.

It was a little flying figure with silken hair streaming wildly in the wind. It was Norah; her eyes blazing with excitement, and evidently in mad fear to judge by the rapidity with which she ran. She had literally flown past him! "Oh! Mr. Stronge," she had gasped, and that was all. In another instant she was out of sight.

Again the door was thrown wide, and in rushed the rest of the McGillicuddys en masse. First the collegian, then Constantia, then the two younger boys. They all made for the window; they all went through it; all save Constantia.

She paused with one foot on the sill to cry aloud to him in a breathless way.

"Come on. Come on. She'll be round the corner, and if she once gets to the wood we'll never catch her. There never was a hare like Norah."

Dawn broke upon Stronge. A hare? Hare and hounds, of course! All this extraordinary excitement then, was about nothing greater than a game—a simple game—an old game. He remembered it well. The very sound of it brought back his youthful hours. It was absurd; but as this picture grew before his mental eye, his heart began to beat vigorously. Could he fall in and hunt the flying Norah? Should he—he, with his years, his size? It would be undignified, of course, and yet——

In another instant he had sprung after her through the low window, and was running as if for his very life.

"Follow me; I know a short cut. We'll catch them up this way," panted Constantia.

He followed wildly in Constantia's footsteps and found himself presently in the orchard, toiling at breakneck speed up a stiff little hill, which, though short was steep. Mr. Stronge went bravely up it, though panting and puffing in a rather alarming degree; but Constantia took it like a young deer. At the top of it they overtook the others, still in full cry, and rushed with them through a wooden gateway into a small wood beyond, made sweet with shadows and cool winds, and in all ways desirable as a retreat from the burning rays of the young spring sun.

But if Mr. Stronge imagined he was to be allowed to breathe here he was much mistaken. At this instant a wild shout arose from the leading McGillicuddy boy. He pointed frantically with his hand, and there, far away, at the very end of the long field that stretches to their left, a fragile little creature in a short white frock and with golden floating tresses can be seen, still in good wind apparently, and making for a gap that will give her a chance of doubling on her pursuers.

A stiff embankment bounded this field, with a heavy fall on the other side of it—a treacherous fall, as it was impossible to judge it from the wooded side. To the McGillicuddys it was evidently an old friend, as they all made for it in a body, clearing it like so many birds, and were scouring away down the field before you could say "Jack Robinson." Not so Mr. Stronge! Essaying to emulate them he found his wings were clipped by time, and, missing his mark, caught his foot in a malicious bit of bindweed, and rolled comfortably on his face and hands.

Not hurt, however! He was up again in an instant, satisfied himself that Constantia had not been a witness of his downfall, and was presently tearing along again at a ripping pace. He scouted the notion that he was considerably out of breath, and, indeed, put on such a fresh and gallant spurt that in a minute he had caught up Jimmy and actually passed him—passed a lad of twelve! "To triumphe! Viva! Hurrah! Tallyho!" he shouted to himself in his glee, and was so far carried on by his delicious enthusiasm that presently he passed the other boy, and came up with George and Constantia, who had circumvented the wretched little hare, and now were pursuing with hands outstretched to grasp, so near was their prey.

They were on the outskirts of a rabbit warren by this time and it was easy to see that Norah's race was run. George made a plunge forward and caught her by the arm, in doing so he got his foot into a burrow, and over he and she went. Constantia tripped, too, and so did Stronge, in his eagerness to seize the luckless quarry. The two small boys in the rear followed suit, catching their feet in a hole likewise; and indeed over they all went.

They were on their feet again in an instant, the captured Norah in their midst.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Stronge still full of the glad excitement that had held him all through this memorable pursuit.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Constantia in concert, George joining in. The two younger boys fairly chuckled in their joy; and even the poor hare, dead beat as she was, gave way to wild merriment in gasps and sighs.

"It was mean!" panted she at last pointing the finger of scorn at Mr. Stronge. The child was so thin that her finger was like a claw, but there was a world of meaning in it; and when one is physically exhausted, action costs less than speech. "Horribly mean! To press a stranger into the hunt! Oh!"

Words failed her.

"A stranger, Miss Norah! Am I always to be that?" demanded Stronge reproachfully.

Norah grinned, and slipped her arm within his.

Constantia, who had been laughing all the time, now drew her breath sharply, and laid her hand upon her heart.

"This running is a terrible thing," said she, "when one is growing old. Such a pain as I have here! It is a lesson to me; I shall run no more." They all gave way to mirth again at this, being still unsatisfied with laughter; and Constantia still with her hand upon her heart, looked at Stronge. "Did you ever have a pain here?" said she.

His face changed a little as a touch of his every-day experience came back to him through the glamour of this one sweet hour of holiday making. In his heart—a pain?

"An eternal one," he said quickly, giving himself no time for thought. Indeed, he spoke in a moment of impulse—an impulse that fired his eyes and made him younger, so long as it lasted, than even the chance race had made him.

Constantia must have seen something in his glance, though it was very gentle, if extremely earnest, to disconcert her, because she colored deeply and let her eyes fall upon the sward at her feet.

"I say!" said Norah presently in a healthy tone, "let us all come home. I'm starving."

"Yes," seconded Jimmy, "let's try to squeeze a cup of tea and some hot cake out of Mulcahy."

They were terrible children!

Norah grew a little red, and Mr. Stronge saw it and hesitated about accompanying them. Jimmy, who had long yellow hair and blue eyes, and who was, by a freak of Nature, a regular Norseman, though nothing but Irish blood ran in his veins, noticed the pause he made and instantly grew clamourous for his society.

"Oh, yes, please do come," said Constantia then, with a little smile that covered the secret fear in her heart that Mulcahy might not have the kettle boiling, and that Minnie in all probability was off to the next bawn where her sweetheart lived. She was lost in a labyrinth of miserable doubts, when a word or two falling from the lips of Norah brought her back with a jerk to the present.

"Aunt Bridget is gone to Dublin. Didn't you hear. Didn't Minnie tell you? When the cat's away you know, the mice may play. We are going to play—we are going to give a party." She broke into gay laughter at the very extravagance of the thought.

George laughed too.

"Norah's molehills," he said. "Donna Dundas is coming to afternoon tea on Thursday, and that's her party."

"Yes, it is Donna," said Norah, hooking herself on to Mr. Stronge's arm and smiling up at him. "We're a little troubled, of course, because we don't quite know what to give her, or what she would like, she has lived so long abroad."

"Garlic," said George.

"Nonsense!" interrupted Constantia, who was now very red. She did not mean to invite Mr. Stronge to meet Donna, and it seemed so dreadfully inhospitable to be discussing the little insignificant affair with him, when he was not to be one of the party. Altogether, this afternoon in perspective has proved a source of much annoyance. Donna for one thing had invited herself, partly with a mischievous longing to do what Miss McGillicuddy would certainly never have permitted had she been at home, partly for other reasons. To entertain her properly was causing Constantia many troubled moments; the resources of The Cottage being limited.

It seemed quite a tremendous undertaking for Constantia, this simple cup of tea, so unaccustomed was she to receive any guest within the walls of The Cottage. She would have liked to ask a good many people, of course: Mr. Stronge, for example, and—and Standish Featherston, but her courage failed her. And besides, if her aunt should hear of it?

Here George broke into the conversation with a genial air.

"You'll come, won't you?" he said.

Constantia grew pale. But she smiled bravely.

"Yes, I hope you will come, Mr. Stronge," she said. "Four o'clock; and——" She stopped because she didn't know what else it was she could say.

Stronge looked at her, and read her correctly. He saw all the nervous shyness that was consuming her; he saw, too, the little thoroughbred air with which she had bidden him to her house—surely against her will! He was on the point of declining her invitation, when a revulsion of feeling set in. What! was he always to be regarded by her as a stranger—as one apart? No, he would break down the barrier.

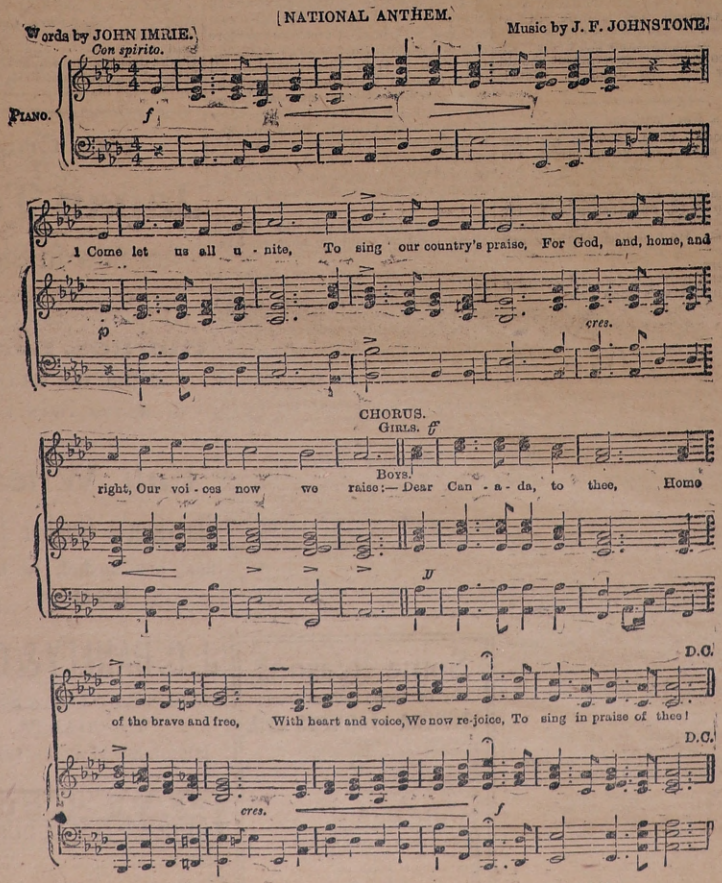
"Thank you; I shall be very glad indeed," he said.

To be Continued.

DEAR CANADA, TO THEE.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Words by JOHN IMRIE. Music by J. F. JOHNSTONE.



REFORMATORY LIGHTNING.

A group of men sitting on the dry-goods boxes in front of a country store were discussing a tremendous storm that had swept over the neighborhood the day before.

There's no use in talking, remarked one of them. We are all badly scared in a thunderstorm.

I remember one time when I was, sure enough, said another. It was about a year after I was married, and I was on my way home from town. It began to thunder and lighted when I was about half-way there, and the rain fell in sheets. I stopped under a big tree. I knew that wasn't safe, but I thought I'd risk it.

In a few minutes the lightning struck a tree about a hundred feet away and I fell down, either from the shock or from fright—I don't know which, to this day. But I got up again, and my hair rose on end when I remembered that I had a plug of tobacco in my pocket.

What had that to do with it?

Nothing but this. My wife didn't know I chewed tobacco. She hated the weed like poison. What if I had been killed and that plug of tobacco found in my pocket? I thought, I think I had the worst fright then that I ever had in my life.

Well?

Well, before the next flash came I took that plug out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could send it, and I have never chewed tobacco since.

Police Magistrate: Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar? Witness: Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it.

FROM FOREST TO PRESS.

WONDER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY DESCRIBED.

The Manufacture of Paper from Pulpwood by Many Interesting Processes.

To-day, in all the hardiness of growth, and to-morrow in the course of distribution among people in the form of newspapers, is the remarkably sudden fate that can be given a spruce tree. Indeed, it seems almost incredible to think that we can look on a spruce in its natural state, and in ten or twelve hours afterwards be reading the news of the world from off a portion of its product.

Such an achievement has been made possible by the hand of genius. Within the past few years processes have been discovered and machinery invented for the rapid transformation of spruce, or in fact, almost any kind of wood into paper. But spruce lends itself more favorably than any other sort, on account of its fibrous nature. And this is an especially fortunate thing for Canada in view of the great abundance of spruce in nearly every district, which until only a short time ago was regarded as of no value, excepting for fuel and little at that.

FROM THE WOODS TO PRINT.

While means have been devised for the speedy conversion of the tree into paper, providing it is within close proximity to the machinery, yet, under ordinary circumstances it generally takes some weeks, and even months after the sawyer cuts the tree that the manufacture is complete. The tree is cut into four-foot lengths, running from eight to twelve inches in diameter. These are then drawn out of the woods over an improvised roadway, to the nearest lake or stream, and thrown upon the ice where they remain until the "break-up" in the spring, and then are driven in the water to the mill. This is the way the great bulk of the spruce is taken out, although in some instances, where it is cut in close proximity to a railway, it is shipped in flat cars. It is taken up a gangway from the water to a sulphite mill, the same as large logs to a sawmill, is run against a saw and cut into two-foot lengths, then to a machine where it is stripped of bark, and thence into a chopper, that slices it up into chips. From the chopper the chips fall into large digesters and these go through the secret sulphite process, which is commonly known as "cooking." Underneath the digesters are great fires of coals, augmented by the bark taken from the wood. Tons and tons of water are afterwards thrown on the cooked material in order to bleach it and take out the dirt. It then looks exactly like a drift of snow, pure snow. The time taken for the cooking process varies, as there are the slow and the quick methods, one taking about fifteen hours and the other about half that time.

AN ESSENTIAL PRODUCT.

This white material is the essential product in the manufacture of paper. It is that which gives the paper its adhesive quality. It is mixed up afterwards with a simple wood pulp, or what is termed as "ground wood" and the mixture is then ready for the paper machine. It is swallowed up by this machine, which, if of modern make, will turn out paper in a few minutes afterwards at the rate of 500 feet a minute width of twelve inches. The paper is turned out in large rolls, and in such is ready for the printing press which makes it only a matter of a second or two before being a folded newspaper, ready for distribution.

Some of the paper manufacturers have no sulphite establishment in connection with their mills, and it is therefore necessary for them to purchase the prepared material to run through their mills. This is shipped to them in large rolls, weighing from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Youngwed—Do you mean to say you are 24 years old to-day? Why, you told me six months ago, just before the wedding, that you were only 21.

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes, I know; but, my dear, I've aged so rapidly since we were married.

THE LIGHT'S IN THE SKIES.

Over our sorrow
And over our sighs
Ever this message:
"The light's in the skies!"

Joy will be blooming
Where hope faints and dies;
Ever and ever—
"The light's in the skies!"

HONEST.

I found an honest man one time,
"You are a thief," I cried,
When I had caught him in the act.
"I am sir," he replied

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1901.

At the time of going to press last week it was thought that President McKinley was fast recovering from the wounds inflicted by the assassin's bullet, but on Friday a change took place for the worse, and at 2.15 a.m., on Saturday the end came. The autopsy held the next day revealed the fact that "there was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from gangrene which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet." The bullet had passed through both walls of the stomach and could not be found.

The body of the late President was removed to the city hall, Buffalo, where it remained until Monday morning, when it was taken to Washington and a funeral service held in the rotunda of the capitol on Tuesday morning. It lay in state there during Tuesday, and Tuesday evening was escorted to the railway station to be taken to Canton, Ohio, where it arrived on Wednesday, and at the request of Mrs. McKinley rested in her home there on Wednesday night, the funeral taking place to-day.

Vice-President Roosevelt arrived at Buffalo on Saturday afternoon, and was at once sworn into office. He announced that there would be no change in the policy of the Government, but that it would be carried on on the same lines laid down by the late President. All the members of the Cabinet were requested to retain their positions, and consented to do so.

The Royal Party.

The Royal yacht "Ophir," with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board, arrived in the St. Lawrence on Sunday and anchored about 22 miles below Quebec, remaining there until Monday morning, when they landed at the ancient city. They received a great welcome from the city. After spending a day or two in each of the cities of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, the royal party will proceed by C. P. R. to Winnipeg, and from there to Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. On their return they will arrive at Toronto on October 10, and spend two days there. They will then visit cities in Western Ontario, and Niagara, afterwards proceeding to St. John and Halifax on their way home.

The New President.

In an article on President Roosevelt the Witness says: Mr. Roosevelt has got where he has now at the age of forty-three, in the face of the most spiteful opposition of both machines, and if he has further ambitions he will probably count on again forcing the hand of the mere politicians. In public policy he need not depart from the lines of his predecessor, who no doubt did not act without a mature understanding with the leading members of the Senate. He has, however, little of the pliancy of Mr. McKinley. In matters of administration it is not forgotten that when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt placed himself squarely in opposition to the chief officials of that department, that he also fell foul of the War Department during the war with Spain, and that he has always been a strenuous advocate of civil service reform. These are facts scarcely conducive to satisfaction in official circles at Washington, where it is noted with symptoms of alarm that his most intimate friends are persons outside of, and believed to be inimical to, the ruling civil service clique. Individually, the new President has a strong hold on the imagination of his countrymen. Courageous in his contests with evil influences in civil affairs as he was heroic in leading his Rough Riders at Santiago, he emerges from the gloom of the terrible tragedy which has raised him, unsought and unexpected, to the first place in the nation, with a reputation that commands respect and confidence. That he may not fail, but continue to deserve that respect and confidence, is the sincere wish of all friends of peaceful progress.

Why do Boys Leave the Farm

Well, we suppose a good many reasons can be advanced. One of them, no doubt, is the glamour of city life. How many sons of farmers have entered the learned professions and are barely earning enough to keep body and soul together? Of course there are exceptions, and many farmers'sons in the professions have won for themselves not only distinction but an ample competence. The constant cry is that the professions are over-stocked, and unquestionably they are. Why, therefore, should farmers' sons prefer to enter professions that are admittedly over-crowded to following the honorable calling of a farmer? It seems to us that those who can best answer the question "Why do boys leave the farm?" are the boys themselves, and if they would write us giving their reasons we will be glad to publish them. Their letters might provide food for reflection.

It is stated that President McKinley's life was insured for between $100,000 and $200,000.

To Suppress Anarchy.

Senator Depew, discussing the problem of what is to be done to suppress the growth of anarchy, is quoted as saying:

'We must begin at the fountain head and stop the reservoirs of European anarchy pouring into our country. Such certification of immigrants must be had as will establish a proper environment and association abroad before they pass our immigrant inspectors. Supplementing this, there should be, under proper safeguard, the power lodged somewhere to expel known enemies of our laws and country. Legislation also should be adopted that will take unsuccessful attempts upon the life of the President out of the category of mere assaults and make such crimes adequately punishable.'

Just at this time the country needs a new religion that will make a man pay his debts, says the Methodist Advocate. Shouting don't settle old accounts with God or man. We bounce right into a fellow and put him out of the church if he goes to a ball or theatre, but never say a word to a pious scamp who never pays his debts. People who do not pay their debts are doing the church more harm than dancers or drunkards, for there are more of them in the church. Reader, are we getting close to you? Then lay down your paper and go and pay up and read on with ease. And don't stop paying because the "statute of limitation" excuses the open account which you made for meat and bread. You must pay it in fire and brimstone. God knows no such excuse for not paying as "homestead exemption." When you raise that excuse to keep from paying your debts you can stop singing "When I can Read my Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies." You've none up there.

Within the next four years, if the plans of the promoters materialize, New York City will possess the largest bridge in the world. The North River Bridge Company has secured the necessary charter to span the Hudson (North River) between Hoboken and New York City, and work will be begun on the enormous structure as soon as satisfactory negotiations are concluded with the railroad companies involved. Besides having sixteen tracks for railroad trains, the bridge will contain trolley tracks, driveways, bicycle paths and footpaths. The cost of the structure, including approaches and railroad terminal, it is estimated, will be $80,000,000. The great convenience this bridge will be to the public is easily appreciated when it is remembered that all railroad travel passing through New York from New England to the south is now broken by the ferry over the Hudson. Moreover, thousands of residents in suburbs of New York who are now compelled to take the ferry will by the new bridge be carried in one conveyance to their places of business. Passengers from New York going west will also be benefited, since they will be able to take the Pennsylvania and other lines in New York, instead of crossing the river to Jersey City, as is now necessary. Travel between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and New York will likewise be unbroken, and the running time between the two cities consequently reduced. All these conveniences will be an incalculable boon, not only to New Yorkers, but to the general travelling public, and it is certain that the whole country will watch the progress of the bridge with great interest.

What the Lips Tell.

Well defined and developed lips, the outlines of which are rounded out, denote a tender-hearted, amiable and sympathetic disposition.

Lips of coarse outlines indicate a want of refinement.

The lower lip, according to its fulness, freshness in appearance and width, indicates benevolence and liberality. A pale, shrivelled and narrow lower lip would show a decided want of these qualities.

Well closed lips indicate discretion. If the upper lip is long in addition to being pressed down firmly on the lower lip, it shows power of both mental and physical endurance. People with long, firm upper lips disregard the opinions of other people and are both dignified and proud.

When the upper lip is very short and when the middle teeth of the top row are constantly exposed, a fondness for adoration and praise is indicated.

When the corners of the mouth descend, a despondent disposition, prone to dwell on the serious side of life, is indicated. When the corners turn up, however, in the form of a Cupid's bow, the possessor is of a bright, cheerful nature, always finding a silver lining to every cloud, and seeing good in everything.—Exchange.

The Murray Township Fair will be held at Wooler on Friday, Oct. 11th.

The Weekly Sun, Toronto: A despatch from Halifax states that the directors present at a meeting of the board of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company "spoke hopefully of the future." With a bounty of $2 a ton on all the iron they smelt and $3 per ton on the steel they make from it, and a sure prospect, as they state, of receiving a total of over $8,000,000 in bounties during the next six years, their hopes would seem to be justified.

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ROYAL VISITS TO CANADA.

Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., Gives Historical Retrospect — Goes Back 115 Years.

A hundred and fifteen years have passed since the visit of Prince William, who, first of the royal family, saw the provinces in their formative stage. Then the future of the country was doubtful in the extreme. England's Empire in America had been broken by the defeat of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and not a few European statesmen believed that she was not able to maintain her dominion for many years in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The coming of the Loyalists, saved her in North America, while the energy and enterprise of her sons eventually surmounted what was only a temporary check, and restored her to imperial greatness.

Now, in the beginning of the twentieth century, another royal prince is about to come to British North America, which has developed in a hundred years into a federation with a territorial domain almost equal to that of the powerful republican nation which sprung into existence in 1783. During this period the population of Canada has increased from 200,000 souls to upward of 5,000,000, the trade from $10,000,000 to $380,000,000; the revenue, which was practically nothing, to over $50,000,000, apart from the revenues of the respective provinces, which must largely increase the aggregate of the public resources. Education of every grade is diffused far and wide; railways span the country in every direction; canals connect the great West with the Atlantic seaboard; an elegant order of architecture illustrates the growing taste and wealth of the people; culture is being more widely spread; and the public legislation shows the capacity of the public men for self-government. The people of every nationality within the Dominion of Canada stand on the same platform of equal rights. It is this happy condition which has made it possible for Sir Wilfrid Laurier — a brilliant man of the race which occupied a position of inferiority in the days of the Duke of Kent and evoked his deep interest and sympathy— to attain, with the approval of all classes, creeds and nationalities, the highest office in the gift of the people, and to give emphatic expression, in the case of the South African war, to the determination of Canadians to maintain the interests of the Empire at all hazards.

Such question of taxation and such ignorance of colonial conditions as precipitated an American revolution; such blunders as aggravated the political difficulties of Canada previously to the concession of responsible government — these can never again occur under the wise colonial system which was adopted during the Victorian era, and which gives full expansion to the political aspirations of a self-governing people. The relations between Great Britain and her dependencies are now governed by just such principles as were first suggested by the sagacious Loyalist, Governor Hutchinson, more than a century ago, but which it took English statesmen many years to understand and carry out. As a natural sequence of a correct understanding of the relations that should exist between an Imperial state and its dependencies, Canada is now ready, like the colonies of Australasia, in the hour of Imperial necessities, to contribute from taxes raised by her own Legislature adequate means for the defence of that connection which was rudely broken in the case of the old Thirteen Colonies through the failure of the statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic to understand the basis on which colonial self-government should securely rest.—Sir John G. Bourinot.

A Word With the Nickel.

A poor chap down in his luck braced a man on Yonge street the other day, and the man passed out a dime, for he had lots of it. He told the chap that he was big enough to work, and then moved on. The chap knew he was big enough to work. He had been working and had blown it all behind the swinging doors.

You can only get two drinks for a dime, and it was soon gone.

He held up another man in Queen street. The man fished down and brought up a nickel. Then he put his hand on the chap's shoulder, and, looking into his eyes, said: "Old fellow, you are not a bad lookin' chap—brace up; you'll make it go yet."

When he went on the chap tightened an old belt that he wore instead of braces, and walking along he thought of better days, of being better.—Charlie Churner, in Toronto Star.

He Saw It First.

Dr. Adami, professor of Pathology at McGill University and Dominion bacteriologist, who has just returned from attending the Tuberculosis Congress at London, states that two years ago in a paper read before the Canadian Medical Association at Toronto, he anticipated the theory of Prof. Koch of Berlin on the non-transmission of disease from cattle to human beings. The theory for which Dr. Koch claimed credit recently created a great stir.

And None Sorrowed

One took the paper, and his life
Was happier than a king's:
His children all could read and write
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper and,
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown
And killed him, as it should.

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like Neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Our Worst Enemy.

Of the 25,382 deaths registered in Ontario last year no fewer than 2,860 were caused by consumption.

New Goods Arriving

We are daily opening up large importations of New Goods for Autumn Wear. Our buyer has returned from Europe where he made a personal selection from the world's best markets Our stock this season will be unusually large and thoroughly assorted in all lines, and is bought for prompt cash and marked in plain figures at close cash prices. We invite you to come as frequently as you can and inspect the New Goods as they arrive.

New Dress Goods.

Our immense assortment of New Cheviots, Homespuns and Friezes for Suits and Gowns.

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A number of very handsome New Styles in Single Costume Lengths for House and Street Wear.

English Flannelettes.

Extra values in wide width at 10c., 12½c. and 15c. a yard. Colors guaranteed fast.

New Laces.

Some beautiful new things in Allovers and Galoons just received, in Black, Cream and Linen Color.

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BELLEVILLE.

Wit and Wisdom.

If there is anything which will make a young man query whether evolution is not a failure, it is to see a pretty girl kiss a pug dog.

The man who spends most of his days giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.

It is a sad fact that too many people keep upon one side of our churches—the outside. They seem to feel more "at home" there.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most, but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.

"Court the fresh air day and night." says a medical exchange. That's good advice for the girls, but if you are a young man you had better court the fresh heiress.

A BIG HANDICAP.

A man with a lame back does not feel much like working and you cannot blame him. Jeremiah Redden, carpenter, No. 7 Cowdy St., Kingston, Ont., suffered with rheumatism in his back (lumbago) for two years. Five bottles of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure completely cured him. This great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days treatment. Price 50 cents at all drug stores or Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston.

Colored Woman 125 Years Old.

The oldest human being in the United States lives in Washington, D.C. Her name is Marietta Davis, and she is in her one hundred and twenty-fifth year. She was born in 1777, and was therefore a grown woman when George Washington died, in 1799. She remembers all about General Washington, though she never saw him. For many years before the war, being at that time a slave in Prince George County, Maryland, she kept a record of the years with kernels of corn strung on a cord, but in the midst of the turmoil of the civil conflict this curious memorandum was lost.

The big steel strike in the United States is settled, and the men have returned to work.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation that the day of the late President McKinley's funeral (to-day) be observed throughout the United States as a day of national mourning.

Belleville Sun:—The name of ex-Ald. W. A. Hungerford is freely mentioned as candidate for the Legislature in North Hastings. He is being urged to stand by the mining men of the district, but nothing to indicate his intentions has developed.

Coughing All Night.

An old cough. You've tried many things and they all failed. You ought to be uneasy. Summer is here, so is the cough, and a summer cough is always dangerous. You can get instant relief and speedy cure by breathing Catarrhozone. This remarkable lung and throat remedy relieves congestion, promotes expectoration and cures the cough in a few hours. Thousands say Catarrhozone is an unfailing cure for coughs and colds. 25c. and $1.00, at druggists.

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Efficiency is increased.
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Stitches kept from breaking.

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It Is Well To Remember

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

One of the latest inventions is a motor plow, which it is claimed under the guidance of one man, will plow thirty acres in one day.

Mr. Dowie, of Chicago, who confesses that he is the prophet Elisha returned to earth, avowed his little worldly possessions to be $15,000, but the assessors after investigation have raised the sum to $500,000. Chicago is a profitable field for prophets, and the modern Elisha does not seem to be in danger of being dependent upon the ravens as providers in his old age.

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All calls promptly attended day and night.

ODE TO THE POTATO.

All hail, O Potato
Tuber ineffable,
Viant delectable,
Esculent fryable,
Boilable, bakable,
Stewable, chewable,
Always agreeable,
The mainstay of Ireland,
The fount of oratorical,
The father of tropes
And flights metaphorical,

All hail! I repeat it,
Lyonnaise, Saratoga,
Jacketed, jacketless,
Warmed over, savory,
Sliced cold in the salad,
With onions and vinegar;
Browned with the pan roast
Or soft in podrida!
Alas, for economy,
I must cut you out,
O delight of gastronomy!

All hail for the third time!
Good-bye! Au revoir!
When you come off the ladder
I'll eat you once more,
Farewell, Early Rose,
White Mountain, adieu!
Plymouth Rock and Buff Cochin,
My heart is with you!

My adjectives falter,
I mix you up with the he
But forgive the misnomer
Till I meet you again.
When I think of your peeling
I'm choked with real feeling,
With rubies and diamonds
I put you on a parity,
But a man can't eat jewels
On account of their rarity.
—H. F. Gadsby.

The Canada Lynx.

My experiences with the Canada lynx have been decidedly limited, writes Ravenspur in Toronto Star. I never shot one, and I never want to. More than that, I never want to meet the lynx on his native heath when I've left my gun at home, for, though he is a cowardly beast, there is no telling what he might be driven to do if he ever looked me square in the eye. Once only I have seen the Canada lynx at liberty. When I was a boy, never mind how long ago, I went to spend a few days on a farm near Wyoming, in Lambton County. In those days I carried one of those destructive and juvenile weapons, a catapult, and one morning I walked half a mile from the farm house to the railway track to get some stones. I filled my pockets, and the first thing I saw to shoot at was a peculiar-looking stump, with a long neck and short ears, in a slashing just off the track. I slung a stone at it and the stump vanished. Then I fled. A slingshot is not much good when your opponent is a Canada lynx. Fifteen years ago I met my second and last lynx after someone else had shot him. That also was in Lambton County. And his Lynxship ventured into the outskirts of the town of Sarnia only to fall a victim to the inevitable man with a gun, who pot-shotted him out of a shade tree. He was desperately thin and had doubtless ventured near civilization in search of a hen house where the open-door policy prevailed. I saw him riding in a wheel-barrow to the taxidermist's to be stuffed, and his glassy yellow eyes have since glared at me out of a barber shop window. Somewhat akin to the lynx is the wildcat, which I have never seen alive except in captivity.

VOICES.

When bloodroot blooms and trillium flowers
Unclasp their stars to sun and rain,
My heart strikes hands with winds and showers
And wanders in the woods again.

Oh, urging impulse, born of spring,
That makes glad April of my soul,
No bird, however wild of wing,
Is more impatient of control!

Impetuous of pulse it beats
Within my blood and bears me hence;
Above the house tops and the streets
I hear its happy eloquence.

It tells me all that I would know,
Of birds and buds, of blooms and bees;
I seem to hear the blossoms blow
And leaves unfolding on the trees.

I seem to hear the bluebells ring
Faint purple peals of fragrance and
The honey throated poppies fling
Their golden laughter o'er the land.

It calls to me; it sings to me;
I hear its far voice night and day;
I cannot choose but go when tree
And flower clamor, "Come away!"
—Madison Cawein in "Weeds by the Wall."

Hunted Down

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sum him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railroad station. The horse looked weary, the hour was 4 in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalla, 15 miles away. The man wore a hat which did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had on goggles, though it was a dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not remove them occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every 30 seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect the unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except in early summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Braceby, as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for seclusion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child.

WAS SMOKING ON THE VERANDA.

The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very true. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and locked his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Braceby slyly and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight haired American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever boodle he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That boodle was probably in drafts, as he made cautious inquiries about bankers. Mr. Braceby removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and spoke in natural tones after he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them.

I am no man hunter. I did not go to the police or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called in a doctor and went to bed—mental worry, you see. I had finished my supper and was smoking my pipe on the little veranda when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrin showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Braceby's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb. He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was mum. I was not interested in the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Braceby was missing. His bedroom window was over the veranda, and he had heard all.

When three days had passed and no trace of the missing man had been had, he was given away to the detective by one of the town officials. He had left the chalet lightly clad, without food or baggage and in a fever, and the idea was that he had lost himself on the mountains and would perish if not found. Parties were sent out in search, and it was not long before evidences were found. When the fugitive discovered that he had been hunted down and was about to be arrested for his crime, there was nothing left for him but to take to the mountains and find a temporary covert until he could plan a little. Being ill, without food and thinly clad, he could not keep his life over two or three days. In the gloom of that first night he had traveled nearly two miles, making up the mountains by a path. Then he had wandered from the path and fallen over a bank 30 feet high into a stream. The rushing waters had carried him down a mile or more, and they found his dead body wedged between two great rocks.

When the coroner overhauled the effects found on the body, there came to light $5,000 in English money and drafts for nearly $200,000 more. His name was not Braceby, of course, but as the city treasurer of a town in the west he had gobbled its last dollar and fled to enjoy his ill gotten gains on the other side of the ocean. He had not spent a thousand dollars as yet or taken a moment's comfort. He had too much conscience and not enough nerve. If he had got safely away, he would never have enjoyed himself. As I looked down on his dead body and thought of his shattered and disgraced life I felt something more than a passing sorrow. As I helped carry the bruised and battered corpse down to the townhouse for inquest and burial I found tears in my eyes and pity in my heart.

Manila In 1588.

Manila is well planted and inhabited with Spaniards to the number of 600 or 700 persons, which dwell in a town unwalled, which hath three or four small blockhouses, part made of wood and part of stone, being indeed of no great strength. They have one or two small galleys belonging to the town. It is a very rich place, of gold and other commodities, and they have yearly traffic from Acapulco in Nueva Espana and also 20 or 30 ships from China and from the Sanguelos (people from Sanga, in Japan), which bring them many sorts of merchandise. The merchants of China and the Sanguelos are part Moors and part heathen people. They bring great store of gold with them, which they traffic and exchange for silver and give weight for weight.

These Sanguelos are men of marvelous capacity in devising and making all manner of things, especially in all handicrafts and sciences, and every one is so expert, perfect and skillful in his faculty, as few or no Christians are able to go beyond them in that which they take in hand. For drawing and embroidering upon satin, silk or lawn, either beast, fowl, fish or worm, for liveliness and perfectness both in silk, silver, gold and pearl, they excel.—"Cavendish, First Voyage."

Hunger and Ideas.

If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind.

This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful or you will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged faster becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods—and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual—induces the same effects as drunkenness.

Cooking Vegetables.

A cooking teacher's directions for boiling vegetables, even onion, cabbage or cauliflower, without filling the house with an unpleasant smell, are to cover the vegetables with boiling salted water and stand the kettle aside, where they cannot boil rapidly again, until tender. It is the steam, according to this authority, that is driven off by rapid boiling that carries away not only the odor but the flavor of vegetables.

1901'S SALMON FISHING.

A Feature of This Summer's Sport Has Been the Unusual Number That Have Been Caught Foul.

A curious feature of this summer's fishing in the Lower Provinces has been the unusually large number of salmon that were hooked foul on the different rivers. When the fish are rising freely, it seldom happens that they are hooked otherwise than in the mouth. With trout it is of course different, for as the angler strikes as soon as he sees a rise, the rising trout which does not promptly seize the fly in its mouth runs an excellent chance of being jigged by the hook in some other part of its anatomy. As every tyro at salmon fishing knows, no strike should attend the rise of a salmon, so that the impaling of this fish on the fly hook, otherwise than by the mouth, usually results from its flopping against it when rising to the fly without actually taking it in its mouth, or from the practice of striking it with its tail, as if in anger or irritation.

Some remarkable experiences have followed the foul hooking of fish. There is a story of one which was so hooked by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, in the Restigouche, and which towed his canoe for more than two miles down the river toward the sea before it could be stopped. Another expert salmon fisherman, who hooked a freshly run salmon in the tail, took put five minutes to kill his fish. He was using a fairly heavy greenheart rod, and employed the utmost power of the weapon to lift the salmon to the surface of the water. As soon as he had succeeded in raising its tail out of the water, the fish was practically helpless.

On the other hand, a well-known angler last month on the bank of a Gaspe river waged a two-hour battle with a foul-hooked fish. Though exceedingly vigorous, the salmon was not a freshly run fish, and it was hooked rather farther from the tail than the one last mentioned, being caught at the root of the adipose fin. The angler was handicapped in this instance by having a very light split cane rod, which, though decidedly superior to any other for ease and comfort in fly casting, could not be trusted to do the heavy lifting and quick killing that can be effected by the use of a more substantial tool.

From the time that the fish took his fly until he had brought it to gaff, Mr. Hart, the angler in question, never for a moment let the rod out of his hand for rest, though he was thoroughly exhausted with the fight, being a novice at the sport. Mr. Hart and the fish played each other by turns for two long hours, and, then, while the result of the struggle was still uncertain, one of the Indian guides waded some 50 feet out into the river, in the shallows below the pool where the fish was hooked and cleverly gaffed it in two feet of water as soon as Mr. Hart could lead it within his reach. It weighed 31 pounds.

Joseph X. Lavoie, fishing in the Grand River last month, killed a fish of exactly the same weight in about 15 minutes, though it was also hooked foul, but he had the advantage of handling the fish with a heavier rod. Still another story is told of a 25-lb. salmon, hooked near the anal fin, which required nearly an hour and a half to bring it to gaff. In this case, however, the angler had little or no control over his fish.

Few of these casually hooked salmon would be saved, except by very expert anglers, were it not for the agility and skill of the Mic-Mac Indians, who do the gaffing of the fish. Accustomed, as they have been for many generations back to spear salmon darting through the water at a depth of several feet, the wonderful aim and rapidity with which they handle the gaff are one of the exciting features of salmon fishing in the New Brunswick and Gaspe rivers. Crouching, gaff in hand, and waiting for an opportunity of reaching the fish, they are as motionless as a statue. When once it rushes or is led near enough to them to be reached, there is a dart at the salmon which seems to rival chain lightning in rapidity and the aim is never missed. At the end of its five or six foot handle the sharply pointed gaff has struck home through the shoulders or middle of the fish, and if it be a large one, or the reach after it has been long and deep, it is often a very heavy lift to bring it safely out of the water, wriggling and struggling to be free.

Worth Investigating.

The Modern Chronicle says: "The wheat plant in this country, and presumably in all other countries, ordinarily grows heads with four rows of grain, and other things being favorable the crop is then average. At intervals that appear to be irregular the heads develop six rows of grain, and then there is a great crop. Manitoba has had three or four of these phenomenal crops. This season the wheat heads in this Province have developed partly four and partly six rows, and it is not now believed that the crop will be an exceptionally heavy one, notwithstanding the ideal of the growing grain." The Chronicle says it is worth inquiring whether the six-rowed wheat heads are reproduced from a special kind of seed, or are the results of climatic conditions. If the former, it thinks a revolution in wheat growing might result from sowing the special seed.

Why We See People in Dreamland.

It is quite possible that impressions upon the mind and upon the nerves of sight might suffice to convey the fullest conviction of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream, for the last objects which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were his bedchamber and its contents. He dreams of these, and also of the figure of his friend, which seems to be in the midst of them, and he will in consequence assert most positively on the following morning "he was not asleep; he distinctly saw the figure standing before his bed; he could not be mistaken."

THE MAIDEN OF THE SMILE.

In that fair land where slope and plain
Shine back to sun and sky
And olives shield the sprouting grain
When wintry arrows fly,
Where snow fed streams seek sun warmed vale,
Through vineyard scarped defile,
The world we enter with a wail
She greeted with a smile.

Slumbering, she smiled and, smiling, woke,
And when she felt the smart
Of grave, sad life smiles still bespoke
Her tenderness of heart,
And nightly when she knelt and prayed
Beside her snow white bed
Her face was one pure smile that made
A heaven about her head.

When love first trembled in her ear
The heart throbs that beguile,
She listened with assenting tear,
Then chased it with a smile.
Sorrow and pain with smiles she bore
Unto her latest breath,
But the sweetest smile she ever wore
Was the smile she wore in death.
—Alfred Austin in Independent.

SELF FLAME OF JEWELS.

The Glow the Diamond Shows When Under Pressure.

A traveler for a diamond house was talking shop the other evening and, speaking of gems, said:

"The most overworked expression used by the unsophisticated and deeply impressed diamond purchaser is, 'It actually looks as if it glows of itself.' Now, it is not generally known that such is actually the case, although not, of course, in the way the public intends. The beauty of the gem in light is, of course, in its remarkable refractive power, but under certain conditions the diamond has more, for it may gleam even in the night with a pale but extremely beautiful light. In short, it becomes phosphorescent. Heated to a certain temperature the internal fire shows itself, and under pressure the same is true.

"Some years ago I went to Amsterdam to purchase some special stones for a California millionaire who had ordered them through our New York house, and while there I was shown the inside workings of the famous diamond cutting establishments of that city. Of all that I saw, however, the 'self flame' of the stones under pressure most surprised me. The manager placed a large rose cut gem between the jaws of a vise and carefully applied a certain amount of pressure. He then extinguished all the light in the shop, and as soon as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness I saw the diamond emitting a soft radiance of its own like a very pale glowworm. As I remember it, he said that the yellower diamonds were slightly more phosphorescent than the first water stones.

"By the way, you would be really astonished to know the number of jewels which also possess 'self flame' to a more or less extent, and I have often wondered if the alchemists who performed such apparently well authenticated wonders in the middle ages did not know something of phosphorescence and its oddities."

What the Eye Tells.

Eyes are very treacherous, and those who meddle in amorous matters should know all about them.

When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil, the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye the upper lid of which passes horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing color of eyes among the patients of lunatic asylums are brown and black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said to indicate great intelligence and a tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole iris is visible belong to erratic persons, even with a tendency toward insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance and pertinacity without firmness.

Strictly Appropriate

One of the pretty Sunday school teachers has a class of little girls, and it is her custom to tell them each Sunday of some little incident that has happened in the week and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. Last Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off.

"Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose and in a solemn voice said:

"Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Told Him.

An old Scottish farmer, being elected a member of the local school board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. The first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what naething is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gi'e me t'other day for haudin yer hourse!"

Above Suspicion.

On being informed that a member of his race had been sentenced to the penitentiary for forgery, Brother Dickey exclaimed: "Dat's what comes er dis yer eddication. Thank de good Lawd I never could read or write, en, what's mo,' I never will!"

In Abyssinia the coffee plant grows wild in great profusion and derives its name from Kaffa, a district of that country.

CAPTURING A PASSENGER.

The Hackman Tried Many Pleas, the Last a Funny One.

"I like perseverence in a man, even in a hackman," began Peterson, "and there is one particular jehu doing business in Washington who possesses that quality in the superlative degree.

"When I visited the Capital City, I had my mind fully made up to have nothing to do with the hackmen, so when I stepped off the train and a crowd of these gentry began shouting at me I simply shook my head and passed on. One of them, however, was not to be thus easily disposed of. Dancing around in front of me so as to block my progress, he vociferated:

"'Hack, mister? Take you to the Washington monument or the capitol? Only half a dollar!'

"Again I shook my head.

"'Smithsonian institution or treasury building? Take you to both of 'em for 75 cents!'

"Still I shook my head.

"'Arlington and Fort Myer? Drive you over and back for $2!'

"As before I responded with a shake of the head.

"'Navy yard or Soldiers' home? Either place for a dollar.'

"Another shake of the head.

"'Want to go to the White House and see the president? Drive you right there for 50 cents!'

"More head shaking.

"'Patent office or state department? Same price as the White House!'

"Another shake. Mind you, all this time I hadn't opened my mouth or uttered a word, and from the puzzled look on the hackman's face I thought I had him about discouraged. But as I shoved past him, thinking to make my escape, his countenance suddenly brightened up and I heard him mutter:

"'By George, I've hit it now! I'll try him just once more!' And then, running in front of me again, he spelled out on his fingers in the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which I chanced to be familiar, 'Deaf and Dumb asylum? Take you right to the door for a quarter!'"—Woman's Home Companion.

LAUNDRY LINES.

If coffee is spilled on linen, the stains can be removed by soaking the part for 12 hours in clear cold water to which a little borax has been added.

After you have washed and ironed your ribbons draw them swiftly under the flatiron, holding it on one edge. Do this two or three times and your ribbon will not be stiff, but soft and pliable.

To wash very yellow or grimy things make an emulsion of kerosene, clear limewater and turpentine in equal parts. Shake them together until creamy, then add a cupful to a bollerful of clothes and boil for half an hour.

Acetic acid (concentrated vinegar) will restore colors that have been injured by the alkali in soap or by soda, ammonia or substances of a similar nature. Conversely stains made with acids, which are hostile to some dark colors, may be removed with dissolved soda.

Bugs In Vegetables.

People who have an objection to bugs in their food need to take much pains with the cleansing of vegetables, especially succulent plants, such as asparagus, greens, lettuce, etc., before cooking or serving up raw. If left for awhile, tips downward, in well salted water, the plants will drop an interesting assortment of discouraged living creatures on the bottom of the vessel, and more may be gathered by carefully brushing and rinsing the crevices and hollows of the plants. When cooked, this animal food may be harmless to those who like it, but in uncooked salads it is possible to swallow dangerous germs unless they are knocked out by the help of antiseptic salt. The same precautions are commended to prudence and refinement with respect to fruits.

Depew and Platt.

Chauncey M. Depew used to have in his collection of curiosities a certain telegraphic dispatch which never failed to interest the politicians to whom he showed it. The telegram was sent to Mr. Depew, then president of the New York Central railroad, by Mr. Platt shortly before the latter's election to a second term in the senate. It is dated a few stations above Poughkeepsie and reads:

Please stop the noon express here to take on
Mrs. Platt and Mr Too.

"I stopped the train gladly," Mr. Depew would say when he exhibited it. "I am always willing to do a favor for a man who turns a joke on himself."

The Marriage Cure.

One remedy against indigestion is matrimony. At least The Lancet tells us that it is the celibate young barrister, the lonely curate in lodgings, the struggling bachelor journalist or business man or clerk who suffers most from premature dyspepsia because he eats alone. He generally reads during his meals, which is bad, or he reads directly he has bolted his food, which is likewise bad. Obviously, therefore, matrimony is a bar to indigestion.

Tastes Differ.

Dealer—Here, madam, is a horse I can recommend—sound, kind—

Old Lady—Oh, I don't want that sort of a horse. He holds his head high.

Dealer—Eh?

Old Lady—I like a horse that holds his nose close to the ground, so he can see where he's going.

Which Was It?

"Are we slaves or are we free men?" thundered the orator. "I pause for a reply."

"Some of us are married," came the answer from the last row of seats.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD.

PLUMS.

Plum Jelly—Secure sound plums, wash and wipe dry, then cut a slit in each, place in a jar and cover. Set the jar in a kettle of boiling water, and let the water boil three hours or until the juice is extracted. Strain and measure, allowing one pound of white sugar for every pint of juice. Cook until it drops from a skimmer in several places, when it is dipped in and out again. Be careful to stir constantly.

The pulp can be utilized for marmalade. Weigh and allow three-fourths pound of sugar to every pound of pulp and cook until thicker for marmalade.

Plum Marmalade No. 2—Scald and skin ripe plums, remove the pits and allow one pound of white sugar to every pound of pulp. Mix and let it stand one hour, then boil together for 20 minutes.

Plum Preserves—Remove the stems and wash the fruit, piercing each one with a fork. Weigh and allow one pound of granulated sugar for every pound of fruit. Dissolve the sugar in a little water and stir until it boils, pour in a few plums at a time and cook slowly, keeping them as whole as possible. Skim out on a platter and cook more. Continue this until all are cooked, drain off the syrup and boil until thick, heat the plums again and pour into two quart glass jars.

Plum Catsup—Allow one pound of sugar to five pounds of plums, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of pepper, a little salt. Place the plums over the stove in a porcelain kettle, mash and rub through a colander. Return to the fire, add the sugar and spices, and cook until thick, then bottle and seal tightly.

Plum Catsup No. 2—Wash four quarts of damson plums and place in a porcelain kettle with a quart of hot water, cook slowly until tender, then rub through a sieve, and return to the kettle after it has been washed; add one large cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice. Simmer slowly until thick, then pour into bottles and seal.

Plum Soy.—Four quarts of plums scalded and rubbed through a colander, add one pint of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of salt. Boil slowly one hour, then bottle and seal.

Plum Butter—Wash and cook damson plums in just enough water to keep from burning. Rub through a colander all but the skins and stones. Measure and allow one pound of sugar for every pound of pulp. Cook over half an hour or until thick. Watch carefully to prevent burning.

Pickled Plums—Seven pounds of plums, three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves. Fill a stone jar and earthen dish with alternate layers of fruit and sugar with spice and vinegar between each. Set this into a kettle of boiling water and cook until the plums are tender. Pour into cans and jars.

Baked plums are delicious but very rich. Fill a stone jar with alternate layers of fresh damson plums and sugar, cover, and let them bake slowly four or five hours in a moderate oven.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

In these days nearly everyone has a rocker chair or two. They may be almost indefinitely preserved if one will only take the trouble to give them a coat of linseed oil every spring and follow it with a coat of varnish. The oil keeps the rattan soft and the varnish keeps it from getting dry and brittle. Then, if the woodwork, should there be any, gets a coat of paint once a year or so, the chairs will not only last long but will look well for years. And the woman can do the work herself instead of incurring a bill of several dollars.

A rug is like a "railroad stocking" in the rapidity with which it goes to pieces when a thread or two gets broken. Most people think, "I'll fix it to-morrow," and eventually awaken to the fact that the rug is past redemption. There is no place where "a stitch in time saves ninety-nine" more than in the case of a rug that begins to ravel.

Why shouldn't a woman do her own work? asks a writer in one of our magazines, speaking of the wives of clerks, mechanics, tradesmen, people generally who must live on small incomes. Why shouldn't she do her own work and do it well, too? That's her end of the load, why not pull fair? Why should she feel abused because she has her daily tasks? Why resent them and shirk them and complain about them? Her husband has his work, work he can't shirk, and that he does cheerfully. On him reposes the heaviest part of the burden, the most responsibility—that of earning a maintenance for his family.

What a shame it is for a woman to waste the material her husband provides, by turning it over to an incompetent "girl" or by her own ignorance depriving it of its full value.

Women ought to think more of their duties to their husbands and less of their husbands' obligations towards them. There would be more happiness, less discord, more wealth, in many a home if they would.

TOO MANY BEANS.

A woman writing on "Cooking for Threshers," says: The general supposition is that threshers are fond of beans, but they must get heartily sick of them before the close of the season. Beans are very hearty, and for that reason well adapted to the needs of a working man, but a daily diet of them fails to be appreciated after a certain length of time. If we offer beans at all they are lima beans thoroughly cooked and the liquor well seasoned with butter, in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of corn starch. These have never failed to be eaten with avidity. Sometimes the white beans may be made into succotash with green or canned corn; this dish is a welcome change from baked beans.

Regarding meats, men do not like pork unless it is fresh. A boiled fresh ham that may be sliced cold for supper, served with a nice catsup or mustard dressing never fails to please. The best and cheapest meat we ever had for threshers was a stew of mutton of our own raising. Men who had expressed themselves as unable to eat mutton because of the "woolly" flavor, passed their plates for the third helping. Occasionally when threshers came upon short notice we have given them beef steak, but at the present price of beef that is rather expensive fare and is warmer and harder work to cook than a stew. In all instances, however, the cook has been the first one considered. It is downright foolish to make frosted cakes for threshers. Good plain cake and cookies are good enough for anyone. If some extra thing by way of a treat is desirable, make a freezerful of ice cream or a fruit ice; the trouble would be less and it would be appreciated more. We economize in the matter of dishes as much as possible. There is no use serving the pie on individual plates; if transferred from the tin to a white plate and the pieces are well cut apart so as not to bother the one who helps himself, that is sufficient. We do not believe in serving soups or puddings to threshers, who characterize them as "slops," and they do not nourish the consumer as there is need. Extremes are to be avoided. One may overdo as well as fall short in her cooking operations. Fancy cooking is as much out of place at such a time as an insufficient quantity.

BABY IN THE HOME.

A Joy and Treasure When Good Natured and Healthy.

All children in every home in the country need at some time or other a medicine such as Baby's Own Tablets, and this famous remedy has cured many a serious illness and saved many a little life. Mothers insist upon having it because it contains no opiate or harmful drugs. It is purely vegetable, sweet and pleasant to take and prompt in its effect.

For simple fevers, colic, constipation, disordered stomach, diarrhœa, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure. In fact in almost any disorder common to children these tablets should be given at once and relief may be promptly looked for.

Never give the babies so-called soothing medicines which simply put them into an unnatural sleep. These tablets are small, sweet, pleasant to take and prompt in acting. Dissolved in water, they will be taken readily by the smallest infant.

Mrs. John McEwan, Bathurst Village, N.B., writes: "My baby was almost constantly troubled with colic before I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, but since giving them to him he has not since suffered. Every mother should keep these tablets always at hand."

They cost 25 cents a box. You can find them at your druggist's or, if you do not, forward the money direct to us and we will send the tablets prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

A NEW QUALIFICATION.

An old lady applied at an employment office for a maid.

I want a little girl between ten years and fourteen years of age who is fond of mushrooms.

Fond of mushrooms? repeated the employment agent. That is something I never inquired about of applicants. I don't understand.

Well, I always require it, replied the old lady. I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I would have been killed. I have my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to the house before any are served to me. I have lost two excellent maids from toadstools during the past five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the chances of eating mushrooms unless I have a maid to test them.

EVERYONE WAS HAPPY.

A gentleman had five daughters, the first of whom married Mr. Poor, the second Mr. Little, the third Mr. Short, the fourth Mr. Brown, and the fifth Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters, with their husbands, were there, and the old gentleman said to the guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters that they might act well their part in life and do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, cares and expectations have come at last to nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

A DISTRESSING CASE.

Vat's de madder, Izzy.

I am in great troubles. Ve soldt a man a set of teeth mit a gold plate at four dollars down und two a week. Und he hasn't made the second payment.

Vy don't you take de teeth avay from him?

Ve can't. He's got lockjaw.

Grandma: Now, Willie, what are they going to do with you when you grow up? What is your ambition? Little Willie (putting down his 'Deadwood Dick') I'd like to have people tremble like aspen leaves at the very mention of my name.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c Large Liquid and Powder 25c All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for postage 3c.

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

HOW SOME MEN PROPOSE.

PECULIAR WAYS OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."

Ways of Proposing Will Differ as Widely as the Natures of Proposers.

There is no "royal road to proposals," and the man who carefully arranges the precise conditions and method of "popping the question," and rehearses the very words in which he will put his fate to the test, is very likely to find his painfully erected fabric topple to the ground, while he blurts out his question under conditions which in a sane moment would appear ridiculous.

There is more truth, for example, than fiction in the following account of a proposal taken from a well-known novel: "When Dick, leaning against the pig-sty, had suddenly felt himself compelled, he knew not why, to abruptly interrupt a discussion on the culture of tomatoes with the utterly inconsequent inquiry, 'Daisy, will you be my wife?' Daisy, keeping her eyes steadily fixed the while on an elderly porker, simply answered, 'Yes, Dick.'"

Could any environment be more unromantic or any moment seemingly less opportune? And yet Dick achieved his object as promptly and successfully as if he had proposed while floating on an Italian lake, under the "glorious eye of the moon," and to an accompaniment of music floating gently over the waters.

EVEN ROYAL PERSONAGES

find their courage oozing out of their boots when the critical moment comes. A story is told of Czar Nicholas of Russia (grandfather of the present Emperor), who despaired of ever being able to summon up the necessary courage to propose to the lady whom he wished to make Czarina.

At last one day, when they were dining at the same table, a happy solution of the difficulty occurred to him. Taking a favorite ring off his finger he concealed it in a piece of bread and surreptitiously conveyed the bread to her and awaited developments. A few moments later he was delighted to see the ring on one of the Princess's fingers, and knew that his strange offer had been accepted.

A lover whose story was unfortunately unfolded some time ago in a court of law chose a very novel and poetic method of popping the question. One day he invited the young lady of his choice to accompany him on a tour of his garden, that he might show her a "curious freak of Nature." Leading her to a bed of cress, her eyes fell on these words outlined in the green of the cress: "I Love You." The girl was naturally covered with blushes and confusion at this sudden and unexpected declaration, and the lover took such advantage of the psychical moment that, when the lovers returned to the house, their happiness showed conclusively that the horticulture had not been in vain.

A lover who thought to make music the medium of his proposal did not meet with equal success. Seizing an opportune moment when he was alone with his lady-love, he sat down to the piano and began to play Adams's

"WILT THOU BE MINE?"

looking at her in such a way as to leave no doubt that he intended the question to be personal.

At the conclusion of the song he invited the girl to sing to him, whereupon she sat down and sang, "No, sir," with such spirit that her answer must have been conclusive even to the densest or most sanguine lover.

An excellent example of the peremptory proposal is that of Sir Pitt Crawley to Rebecca Sharp. "I tell you I want you," said Sir Pitt. "Will you come, yes or no?" "I daren't," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation. "I say again I want you!" Sir Pitt said thumping the table. "I can't get on without you. All my accounts have got muddled without you. You must come back. Do come back." "Come as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out. "Come as Lady Crawley, if you like."

"They say there's going to be a wedding in t' parish next month," blurted out a rustic Yorkshireman to a maid, after they had been sitting in solemn silence side by side for what must have seemed an eternity. "Nay, thou doesn't say so?" she answered, pricking up her ears. "I've heard nowt on't. What's his name?" "They say it's Jack Clapham," the rustic lover hazarded, mentioning his own name. "And who's t' lass?" the girl snapped out in suspicion.

"Why, she's gotten t' same name as thee, Bess," he ventured. "Will ta come and see it?" "Yes, I'll come, Jack," she answered, with a quick flush and a sly look at her diplomatic lover. "It would be a pity to disappoint 'em, wouldn't it?" "They" were not disappointed.

Maid (breathlessly): Oh, miss, both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and somehow or other they've found it out, and oh, miss, I'm 'fraid there will be trouble!

Miss Flirtie: Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

Maid (after reflection): I'll fix it. I'll run an' tell 'em you're cryin' y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money.

WORKING APRON.

32 to 40 Inch Bust.

Every artist and every housekeeper has felt the need of a protecting apron. Gowns, to be kept in order, must be cared for. Such a convenience as the apron illustrated is sure to be appreciated at a glance. As illustrated it is made of Holland linen in the natural color, and will endure all things, but gingham, percale and all similar materials are suitable.

The apron is cut with a gored front and broad sides that are joined with a curving seam and meet at the back, where they are buttoned together. The shape of the seams means neatness and fit, and the broad sides completely cover the skirt. The bib portion extends over the shoulders to form straps that are buttoned together at the back of the neck. At the waist a belt is attached that is also closed at the back, and that holds the apron snugly in place. At the right seam is placed a generous patch pocket. The sleeves are separate and simply finished at the top with cased hems and at the wrists by bands into which the fullness is gathered. Elastics are inserted in the casings and drawn up to the desired size

To cut this apron for a woman of medium size 4 yards of material 32 inches wide will be required.

OTTAWA MAN WHO WRITES THIS TIME

GRANTS FULL PERMISSION TO USE HIS NAME IN BEHALF OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Was in the Clutch of Bright's Disease—Suffered all the Symptoms of this Fearful Malady—But He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills in Time.

Ottawa, Sept. 16, (Special).—A fortunate young man is Frank Chartrand of this city for by the merest chance he was saved from that modern curse so dreaded by doctors, Bright's Disease, the incurable malady of the Kidneys.

The story of Mr. Chartrand's escape from this dreadful disease is best told in his own words:

"I had been greatly troubled by my Kidneys for two years, since having a dose of the grip. I suffered with backache and I always felt drowsy and very heavy in the limbs, with frequent severe headaches and oftener still severe pains in the top of my head which prevented me from doing my work as I would like to do it. Often my fingers and legs would cramp and occasionally I felt pains in the loins and a very heavy dizzy feeling with shortness of breath, and pain in the left side. Sometimes I would eat very good meals and other times I would take a biscuit and a cup of tea and that would finish my meal. I had tender spots over the back of the spine and felt very tired in the region of the kidneys, with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins, in short there was no doubt I was suffering from Bright's Disease.

"I kept taking the medicines the doctors gave me all this time but they did me no good. A few weeks ago I chanced to tell a friend that I had given up hope.

"Why don't you try Dodd's Kidney Pills?" he told me.

"I went directly to the drug store and got three boxes which I have used and which have so much improved my health that without hesitation I say I am sure it is but a matter of a short time till I become completely and permanently cured."

48,000 Turks have been exiled in the last 11 years. This is double Russia's record.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

Harry, how do you like my new hat? I don't know, Harriet. Doesn't it need a little more fruit on top and a little more shrubbery on the left side?

"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, for Auld Lang Syne" sang Burns. Thousands of Scotia's bairns now fill that cup with Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

TO MERCHANTS: If you are not handling

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea you are leaving off your shelves a custom-drawing line which you cannot afford to be without. In Lead Packages to Retail at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Fralick's New Treatment Tried in New York.

Dr. Wilfred G. Fralick of New York gave a public demonstration the other afternoon with a fluid which he believes will prove successful in curing consumption, providing the patient still retains sufficient lung capacity to afford a basis to work upon. Two patients of the Metropolitan Hospital in the advanced stages of consumption submitted to the experiment, which was made in the presence of a score of physicians, including Dr. W. C. McKnight and Dr. A. H. V. Cornell of Boston, and Dr. George Taylor, superintendent of Bellevue Hospital. They said afterward that they were much impressed.

Dr. Fralich kas been working on his cure for tuberculosis for eight years and he says he has met with success in its use. He says:

"I have been experimenting with a fluid containing properties similar to those existing in the normal blood. This fluid contains compounds that destroy all known disease germs almost instantly, and while its action is antagonistic to objectionable organisms at the same time it will intensify and increase the desired properties of the blood.

"This is the first time in the history of medicine that a material has been infused into the blood which contains compounds that antagonize the germs of disease and their poison emanations. In fact every capillary is flushed and every cell fed with a most potent, and in every way desirable enemy to unnatural conditions."

Dr. Fralick says he is not prepared at present to divulge the components of the fluid. In the demonstration he first bared the arm of the patient and laid open a vein. The fluid was then infused through a canula. Sixteen ounces of the fluid at a temperature of 106 degrees were infused in the cases of both patients.

According to those who witnessed the experiment the effect of the fluid on both patients was the same. The face took on a flush as if there had been a rush of blood to the head, the pulse became stronger, the eyes brightened and the fingers and toes became warm. This indicated, the doctor said, that the fluid had been extended to the extreme parts of the body. The infusion made the patient perspire.

Dr. Fralick says that when the fluid flows through the veins a compound forms and nascent oxygen is liberated. The fluid may be given through the mouth, rectum or subcutaneously. Two cancer patients, Dr. Fralick says, have been treated successfully with the fluid. Dr. Fralick has made in all 106 experiments and has met with encouragement in all of them.

TRUTHFUL.

He—What in the world did you tell your father I had kissed you for?

She—He asked me how far along I had got.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The estates of the 34 largest landowners in Britain average 183,000 acres each.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Gold coin loses 1 per cent. of weight in 50 years, silver 1 per cent. in ten years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

DOOMED EITHER WAY.

Doctor—Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

Mr. Tiffington—Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Penelope: Heavens, Jack! Have you forgotten how to waltz? You have stepped on my toe. Jack Dashink: Pardon me, Penelope, your feet are so small I could not see them.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—IF YOU WANT A LINE OF fast-selling goods that give you over half profit, and sell in every house, write us. The F. E. Karn Co., 132 Victoria street Toronto.

CANADIAN NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC **SONGS**

PRICE 30 CENTS.

British War Songs Price 50c. May be had from all Music Dealers.

Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults. How did it work? We haven't spoken for nine years.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Helen: I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life. Florence: Why don't you marry him, pet?

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The record strawberry was grown in England. It weighed 7½oz. The record apple, grown in British Columbia last year, weighed 1lb. 7½oz.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.
Sherbrooke.

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 1094

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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Asbestos Goods, Pipe Covering, Lubricating Oils, Greases, etc.
WM. SUTTON COMPOUND CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co, 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

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or Dyed; also Ladies' Wear of all kinds, and House Hangings of every description. GOLD MEDALIST DYERS.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO'Y, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa & Quebec.

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ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works ROOFING SLATE, in Black Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS. We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto. Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING TILE (See New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 1363. D. DUTHIE & SONS, Adelaide & Widmer Sts., Toronto

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where the most cautious may leave their money with implicit confidence that it is not subject to risk of any kind is provided by the Savings department of

THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Toronto Street, Toronto.

Liberal rates of interest paid or compounded half-yearly. It is recognized as

CANADA'S PREMIER COMPANY

PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

He Passed Away At 2:15 O'Clock Saturday Morning.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—(Saturday)—President McKinley died at 2:15 o'clock this morning.

Before six o'clock it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of fare-well. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The President came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character down stairs. With tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near, and that the hour when they must see him for the last time.

This was about six o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. They then withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces.

ASKED FOR HIS WIFE.

After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and his last audible conscious words as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were:—"Good-bye, all good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done." Then his mind began to wander, and soon afterwards he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the President finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30 the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew faint, very faint. He was sinking gradually like a child. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremeties, and they grew cold.

WAITING FOR THE END.

Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. All the evening those who had hastened here fast as steel and steam could carry them, continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop, or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon getting here before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney-General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30 p.m. He was permitted to go up stairs to look for the last time upon the face of his friend. Those in the house at this time were Secretary Hitchcock, Wilson and Root, Senators Fairbanks, Hanna, and Burrows, Judge Day, Col. Herrick, Abner McKinley, the President's brother, and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Mary Barber, Miss Mary Williams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin; the physicians, including Dr. McBurney, who arrived after 8 o'clock, John G. Milburn, John N. Scatcherd, Harry Hamlin, all of this city; Secretary Cortelyou, and a number of others. Rev. C. D. Wilson, a Methodist Minister, of Tonawanda, N.Y., who was the President's pastor for three years at Canton, called at the residence to enquire whether his services were needed, but did not enter the house. Another Methodist minister, who had a church nearby, remained at the Milburn residence for two hours in the belief that his services might be desired.

At 9.37 Secretary Cortelyou, who had been much of the time with his dying chief, sent out information that the President was dying, but the President lingered on, his pulse growing fainter and fainter. At 11.58, when Dr. Janeway arrived, the President was just barely alive.

NO NEED FOR BULLETINS.

There was no need for official bulletins after this. Those who came from the house at intervals told the same story, that the President was dying, and the end might come at any time. His tremendous vitality was the only remaining factor in the result, and this gave hope only of brief postponement of the end. Dr. Mynter thought he might last until 2 a.m.

Dr. Mann said at 11 o'clock that the President was still alive, and would probably live an hour. Thus minutes lengthened to hours, and midnight came with the President still battling against death:

The entire lower part of the house was aglow with light, and the many attendants, friends and relatives could be seen within, moving about, and occasionally coming in groups to the front doorway for a breath of air. In the upper front chambers the lights were low, and around on the north side, where the chamber of death is located, there were fitful lights, sometimes becoming bright and then turned low.

Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson came from the house about midnight, and paced up and down the sidewalk. All that Secretary Root said was:—"The end has not come yet."

NO EFFORTS SPARED.

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway, of New York City, arrived at the Buffalo depot at 11.40 o'clock, and drove at a breakneck pace to the Milburn house. He was shown to the President's room at once, and began an examination of the almost inanimate form.

Secretary of the Navy Long arrived at the Milburn house at 12.06 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the President alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence.

Vice-President Roosevelt had been notified early in the day of the critical state of affairs, and word came from him that he was on his way in a special train.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROCEDURE.

There was no longer a doubt that in the approaching death of the President a complete change in the Executive Administration of the Government would ensue. When Mr. Roosevelt would take oath of office was wholly a matter of conjecture. President Arthur took the oath at 2 a.m. after the death of Garfield, and in that case Justice Brady, of New York, administered the oath. There is no requirement that the oath shall be administered by a justice of the United States States Supreme Court, although that procedure is adopted when circumstances permit.

There is little possibility to-night that Mr. Roosevelt will get here. Mr. Ansley Wilcox, who entertained the Vice-President when he was here last, urges that the best information he had was that Mr. Roosevelt would be here to-morrow morning, and that not until late in the morning would the Vice-President be able to reach a railroad station much before 4 o'clock to-morrow morning, and that would bring him here about 4 o'clock.

Mr. Wilcox said in explanation of Mr. Roosevelt's being so far out of touch. The Vice-President was at all times very optimistic, and when he went away was absolutely positive that the President would recover, and that the convalescence would be rapid. He certainly never expected to-day's occurrences.

PROBABLE AUTOPSY.

It is almost certain that an autopsy on the President's body will be held to determine the exact cause of death. This is the wish of all the surgeons and physicians who are in attendance. The peculiar action of the President's heart was more or less of a puzzle to them all, and Dr. McBurney expressed the opinion that in the interest of science, as well as in the interest of the Government and of the world, it would be desirable that the exact cause of death be determined. Though the President's heart gave trouble from the beginning, its erratic action was at first thought to be due to the shocv of the wound, but when the wound had begun to progress favorably, the heart gave more trouble and anxiety than ever. Its action became feeble, and finally gave out altogether. The theory of at least one of the physicians is that the original shock of the first bullet over the heart had much to do with the trouble.

LYING IN STATE.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Buffalo to-day became a city of mourners. The gay and flaming decorations of the Pan-American Exposition gave way to the symbol of sorrow. The black drapery of the city's streets muffled the tolling bells of the churches. Bits of crepe appeared on every sleeve. The sorrow was indescribable. In the morning a single service took place at the residence on Delaware avenue, where the martyred President died. A hymn was sung and prayer was offered over the dead body. That was all. Only the immediate family and friends and political associates of the late President were present. The scene was pathetic in the extreme. Then the body was borne out to the waiting cortege on the brawny shoulders of eight sailors and soldiers of the Republic. The cortege passed through solid walls of living humanity, bareheaded and grief-stricken, to the City Hall where the body lay in state this afternoon. There a remarkable demonstration occurred, which proved how close the President was to the hearts of the people. Arrangements had been made to allow the public to view the body from the time it arrived, at about 1:30 o'clock until about 5 o'clock, but when the body arrived the people were wedged into the streets for blocks as far as the eye could reach. Two lines were formed. They extended literally for miles. When 5 o'clock came 40,000 people had already passed, and the crowds waiting below in the streets seemed undiminished. It was decided to extend the time until midnight. Then for hours longer the streets were dense with people, and a constant stream flowed up the steps of the broad entrance into the hall and passed the bier. When the doors were closed at midnight it was estimated that 80,000 people had viewed the remains, but thousands of disappointed ones were still in the streets.

DETAILS OF THE FUNERAL.

The funeral procession was formed early on Monday morning and the body was taken to the New York Central Station, where a special train was in waiting to carry it to Washington over the Pennsylvania Railroad through Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

On the same train that bore the coffin were the members of the Cabinet and of the President's family, as well as the committees appointed for the journey. There was a committee of five citizens of Buffalo who went to Washington. Senator Frye, President of the Senate, and Speaker Henderson, of the House of Representatives, have been asked to appoint committees of the two houses of Congress.

The funeral train reached Washington on Monday evening, and the President's body was conveyed to the rotunda of the National Capitol, where it will lie in state for two days before being taken to Canton to be finally committed to the earth. Judge Day is in charge of the arrangements for the services in Canton, and he will leave for that city to-morrow night to perfect them.

It is expected that requests will be made from large cities, possibly New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, that the body may lie in state there, but it is not believed that the President's friends will accede to them.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S LIFE.

In steadily climbing upward, from country lawyer to President of the United States, William McKinley overcame poverty, acquired a knowledge of the sufferings of sorrowing humanity, and has left a clean record behind him. Before his first election to the Presidency, he had been twice Governor of Ohio, had served fifteen years in Congress, during which fame came to him as the author of the Tariff Act of 1889, known as the McKinley Bill, had been prosecuting attorney of an important county in Ohio, and had served in the War of the Rebellion as an officer after having marched in the ranks with the private soldiers, himself a private.

The McKinleys are of Scotch-Irish descent, and came to this country about one hundred and fifty years ago. William McKinley, father of the President, was an iron manufacturer. He lived to see his son Governor of Ohio. The late William McKinley was fifty-eight years old. He was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio. In 1860 he entered the Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, but his health was broken by overstudy, and he became a clerk in the postoffice at Poland, to which place the family had moved from Niles. When came the call to arms, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. Among the officers of this famous regiment were General W. S. Rosecrans and Rutherford B. Hayes, who afterward became President. For his services in the winter camp of Fayetteville, young McKinley, in 1862, was made commissary-sergeant. In recognition of his bravery at the Battle of Antietam, he was given a commission as second lieutenant. In 1863 he was made captain, and in 1865 breveted major by President Lincoln for gallantry.

After the war he studied law in Canton, Ohio, and at the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He settled in Canton, where he made his home. He soon attracted attention as a lawyer of exceptional ability, and in 1869 was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County, though that county was Democratic.

From this time forward politics engaged Mr. McKinley's special attention and interest. In 1876 he was elected to Congress, where he remained till 1890, having been re-elected seven times. It was as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee that he gave the nation the bill that bore his name.

In 1891, and again in 1893, Mr. McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio. He had become one of the recognized leaders of the Republican party. As political speaker and leader in Congress and in various political conventions, he made himself known and admired throughout the country. The confidence of the people in his principles and purposes was so firmly established that no great surprise was felt when he was nominated for the Presidency, on the first ballot, at St. Louis in 1896. The electoral vote that followed stood 271 for McKinley and 176 for Bryan.

In 1871 Major McKinley was married to Miss Ida Saxton, of Canton, Two daughters were born to them, but both died in early childhood. During his official career, the President had received the degree of doctor of laws from a number of universities.

SWIFT JUSTICE.

Grand Jury Finds True Bill of Murder Against Czolgosz.

A despatch from Buffalo says:—Hardly had the rumble of the funeral train as it left the city died away before the authorities of Erie County set in motion the machinery of the law by which Czolgosz, the assassin, shall be brought to the bar.

At the regular session of the grand jury Monday forenoon District Attorney Penney presented to that body the facts in the murder of the President, and asked for an indictment. Dr. Herman Mynter was the first witness sworn. He testified as to the preliminary examination, and finally as to the death of the President and the causes leading to it.

Drs. H. R. Gaylord and H. G. Metzinger, who performed the autopsy, gave evidence to show that the President's death was caused by a bullet wound, while Dr. Mann was a witness to prove the same facts.

Secret Service Detective Gallagher, who stood near the President when he was shot; James L. Quackenbush and L. L. Babcock, of the Pan-American Committee to receive the President, and other witnesses each gave testimony to connect Czolgosz with the crime.

INDICTED FOR MURDER.

Czolgosz was indicted Monday afternoon by the County Court grand jury for the crime of murder in the first degree. When arraigned before Judge Edward K Emery in the County Court at 5.36 o'clock, the prisoner stubbornly refused to answer questions repeatedly asked of him by District Attorney Penney, as to whether he had counsel or wanted counsel. The district attorney suggested that inasmuch as the defendant refused to answer, counsel should be assigned.

Judge Emery assigned Hon. Loran L. Lewis and Hon. Robert Titus, former Supreme Court Justices of this city

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—Wheat—The market is quiet. There is not very much offering. Old wheat is somewhat scarce, and that is the sort millers want just now. Old red and white are selling east at 68c, and new at 66c on low freights to mills, and old is worth the same middle freights. Goose is dull and exporters quote No. 2 nominal at 60c middle freights. Spring is quiet at 68c to 69c for No 1 east. Manitoba wheat is steady. Some 50,000 bushels of new No. 1 hard sold to-day at 77½c local delivery Toronto and west, September delivery. No. 1 hard is quoted at 81c and No. 2 hard 79c grinding in transit.

Flour—Is in demand and firm. Local exporters bid $2.62½ to-day for 90 per cent, patents in their bags middle freights. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $4 for Hungarian patents and $3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included Toronto.

Millfeed—Is firm at $14 to $15 for shorts and $12 to $13 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is steady at 48c for No. 2 46c for No. 3 extra, and 42c for feed middle freights.

Rye—Is steady at 50½c, and it was quoted at 50c middle freights.

Corn—There is not much Canada corn offering and the market is firm at 53c for Canada mixed, and 54c for yellow west. American No. 3 yellow is nominal at 62c. Toronto.

Oats—Are steady. No. 2 white are quoted at 34½c east. They are quoted 33½c to 34½c middle freights.

Oatmeal—Is steady at $3.85 for cars of barrels and $3.75 for bags Toronto, and 30c. more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are firm at 70c north and west and 71c middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

The market for all lines of hog product continues firm without any change in quotations. Stocks are light and demand steady.

Pork—Canada short cut, $22; heavy mess, $20.50 to $21.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clean bacon, tons and cases 11½c, and small lots at 12c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; hams, 14c to 14½c; rolls, 12c to 12½c; shoulders, 11½c; backs, 15½c to 16c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 11½c, tubs 11½c and pails 12c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The offerings continue liberal, the demand is light and the market is about steady at 16c to 16½c for the best dairy packed tubs and pails, with low grade and medium tubs at 12c to 14c. The demand for good dairy butter for shipment is light at 13c to 14c, with no offerings. Dairy pound rolls are steady at 17c to 18c, with a good demand for choice selected lots. Creamery is firm at 20c to 20½c for best late made tubs, 19c for early makes and 21c to 21½c for prints.

Eggs—Are ½c higher at 13c to 13½c for the best selected stock, and 12½c to 13c for ordinary stock. Seconds are selling at 7c to 9c.

Potatoes—Receipts are still light with fair demand, and the market 5c lower at 70c to 75c. No car lots are yet offering.

Poultry—shipments are still light, no large lots offering. The demand is fair and the market steady. A few live chickens are offering at 40c to 50c. Dressed turkeys are quoted at 12c for choice young birds and 10c to 11c for old gobblers.

Baled Hay—The offerings are light and the market steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at $9 to $9.50.

Baled Straw—The demand is moderate and the market steady. Cars on the track here are quoted at $5 to $5.25.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Receipts of grain on the street market here to-day were only moderate, owing to wet weather. Prices were generally unchanged.

Wheat—One hundred bush. of red fall wheat sold unchanged at 62c to 68c, 300 bush. of goose at 68c to 68½c.

Barley—Four hundred bush. sold unchanged at 47c to 53½c.

Oats—Seven hundred bush. of new sold ½c higher at 37½c to 39c.

Hay and Straw—Twenty loads of hay sold at $10 to $12, and one load of straw at $10.

Wheat, white... ... .$	63	$ 70
do red.....	62	68
do goose...	68	68½
do spring...	69	00
Rye...	52½	53½
Barley.....	47	53½
Oats, old...	41	41½
do new.....	37½	39
Peas.....	70	00
Hay..... ....10.00		12.00
Straw..... ....10.00		0.00
Butter, pound rolls	17	20
do crocks...	16	19
Eggs, new laid...	11	14
Chickens, live, per pair	35	60
do spring, per pair.....	40	65
Ducks, per pair...	60	75
Turkeys, per lb...	10	12
Apples, per basket...	25	40
Beets, per doz...	10	15
Cabbages, per doz...	30	40
Carrots, per bag...	50	60
Cauliflower, per doz.....	1.00	1.50
Celery, per doz...	40	50
Corn, green, per doz....	7	10
Cucumbers, long...	75	90
do small, per basket.	15	20
Egg plant, each...	5	10
Lettuce, per doz...	20	30
Onions, per bush...	65	75
Parsley, per doz...	15	20
Parsnips, per doz...	25	30
Potatoes, per bush... ...	65	75
do per peck...	20	00
Squash, each...	15	20
Tomatoes, per basket..	15	25
Turnips, per doz...	20	25
do per bag...	40	00
Vegetable marrow, per doz.....	50	75
Dressed hogs, per cwt..	9.25	9.50
Beef, hindquarters	7.00	9.00
do forequarters	4.50	6.00
do carcases, choice	6.50	7.25
do common...	4.50	5.00
Lambs, per lb...	7½	8½
Mutton, per cwt...	6.00	7.50
Veal calves, light, per lb.....	7	8
do choice, per lb...	8	9

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Spring wheat, little doing; No 1 northern old, 76c; do new, 74c. Winter wheat, No 2 red, 76c; No 1 white, 75½c. Corn weak and lower; No 2 yellow, 60½c; No 3 do., 60c to 60¼c; No 2 corn, 60c; No 3 do., 59½c. Oats easy; No 2 white, 38c to 38½c; No 3 white, 37½c to 38¾c; No 2 mixed, 36½c; No 3 do, 36c. Barley, little doing; No. 2, 55c on track. Canal freights steady.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

Liverpool, Sept. 17.—Close—Spot wheat steady; No. 1 standard California, 5s 11½d to 6s; Walla, 5s 10½d to 5s 11d; No 2 red winter, 5s 6d to 5s 6½d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 6½d to 5s 8½d; futures quiet; September 5s 6½d, December 5s 8½d. Spot corn firm; new, 4s 11½d to 5s; futures quiet; September 4s 11½d. October 4s 9d, November 4s 11½d. Flour, 17s 3d to 18s 6d.

Paris, Sept. 17.—Close—Wheat dull; September 21f 25c. January and April 22f 65c. Flour dull; September 27f 35c. January and April 28f 80c.

London, Sept. 17.—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat, foreign quiet with small business. English more offering and tending down; corn, American firm and rather dearer, Danubian firm; flour, American and English quiet. Wheat, on passage quiet and steady; cargoes No. 1 Cal., iron, passage, 28s 9d sellers; iron, August and September, 29s sellers. Corn, on passage rather firmer. Weather in England, rain; France, fine. English and French country markets quiet.

Montreal, Sept. 17.—There were about 500 head of butchers' cattle, 50 calves, and 600 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the east end abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in considerable numbers, but trade in cattle was rather slow, there being no really good cattle on the market to-day, and the highest price paid was 4c per lb, and only a few brought over 4c per lb.; common dry cows and thrifty young stock sold at from 2½ to 3½c per lb, and the canners paid from 1½ to 2½c per lb. for small bulls, and lean cows. Calves sold at from $3 to $10 each, or from 3½ to nearly 6c per lb. Shippers paid 3½c per lb for good large sheep, and the butchers' paid from 3 to 3½ per lb for the others. Good lambs sold in lots at from 4 to 4½c per lb; common lambs, at about 3½c per lb. Fat hogs sold today at from 6 to 7½c per lb weighed off the cars. Only very good ones brought over 7c per lb.

ROYAL PARTY AT QUEBEC.

The Ancient Capital Gave Them a Warm Welcome.

Quebec, Sept 16.—The Ophir, with the Duke and Duchess on board, cast anchor this morning, when guns of the fortress boomed out a welcome. At 9.30 o'clock His Excellency the Governor-General, attended by the Prime Minister of Canada, proceeded on board H.M.S. Ophir.

At noon the official landing took place at the King's Wharf, the guards of honor being furnished by the blucjackets and marines, and the royal procession proceeded to the Legislative Building by way of Champlain and St. Peter-streets, Mountain Hill, Du Fort, and St. Louis-streets and Grande Allee. The escort was drawn from the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars. At the Legislative Buildings the guard was furnished by the 8th Royal Rifles and the Royal Party was greeted by a chorus of 3000 children drawn from the different city schools. An address from the city was presented, and the royal party proceeded to the Citadel, where they lunched with the Governor-General.

At 4 o'clock a visit was paid to Laval University, where His Royal Highness was graciously pleased to accept a diploma. At 7.30 there was an official dinner in the Citadel, and the party listened from the King's bastion, overlooking the St. Lawrence, to a program of instrumental and vocal music performed on Dufferin Terrace by the massed bands and a large choir. The royal visitors had a magnificent view of the display of fireworks and illuminations that took place on the river, 350 feet below them.

QUEBEC IN GALA ATTIRE.

Not for many a long day has Quebec presented such an appearance of bustling activity. Troops are pouring in from Montreal and the townships, sight-seers throng the streets and the finishing touches are being made in the decorations and arches in every quarter. The town has been full of visitors all the summer, and now there is hardly a bed to be got for love or money. The oldest inhabitant sees the days of the Imperial garrison recalled, as he watches a regiment marching in, and the streets are gay with the uniforms of the men of duty.

A FITTING PORTAL.

The King's Wharf, where their Royal Highnesses landed, has been really beautifully decorated. Four large Venetian masts, painted white, have been erected at the landing stage, and on them are emblazoned the arms of the provinces, and maple leaves in their autumnal tints Flags hang all round them, a crown surmounts them, and the branch of Canada is pictured on their sides. All round the yard hang bannerets of every hue, on the steps of the Government office stand four large palms, and the ground has been gravelled and groomed to the perfection of neatness. Two arches span the gateway, built of wood and painted white with the arms of the cities of Canada gleaming from them. They form a fitting portal to the Dominion. All along the route of the procession, masts with trophies of flags and shields have been erected where possible, the street railway standards have been used for the purpose, and even the telephone poles have been made as beautiful as possible with brightly-colored cloth turned round them.

AN HISTORIC DAY.

Altogether the old city has put on a very beautiful appearance and the contrast between the new and the old, the past and the present is seen through it all. It is only one more historic day for this historic city, and the grim rock stands out through all the bunting and the decorations as though symbolizing the greatness of the events that have passed beneath its shadow.

ALBUM FOR THE DUCHESS.

The Victoria and Baden-Powell Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire League have prepared a beautifully bound album of views of Quebec for presentation to the Duchess of York. The views are photogravures of the scenes which will be familiarized to Her Royal Highness by her visit, including the Legislative Council and the Parliament Buildings. A view will also be shown of the departure of the Sardinian with troops for South Africa. The whole is bound in white kid, with a medallion of the arms of Quebec in the centre and a border of small maple leaves all round it. The album will be presented to Her Royal Higness privately by the Governor-General.

DENTIST AWAITS HER HIGHNESS.

Dr. Alexander Martin, the Ottawa dentist, summoned to meet H.M.S. Ophir at Rimouski, has been ordered to await her arrival at Quebec.

PRECAUTIONS OF THE POLICE

The utmost precautions are being taken to insure the safety of Their Royal Highnesses during their stay in Quebec. The most distinguished police officers of the Dominion are now gathered here and it would be a clever scoundrel who managed to escape their vigilance. Lieut.-Col Percy Sherwood, Dominion Commissioner of Police, Chief Carpenter of Montreal, Chief Stark of Toronto, Chief K. P. McCaskill of the Provincial Detective Force, Inspector Burns of the C.P.R. police and Detectives Sloane and O'Keefe are some of the principal members of the criminal investigation force that are here now The local police, under Capt. Pennec, are also on the qui vive, and with this outside aid there can be little fear of any untoward incident to mar to-morrow's festivities.

ON MR. TARTE'S STEAMER.

Several Injured by An Explosion of Fireworks.

A despatch from Quebec says:—An explosion of fireworks on the Government steamer Frontenac on Monday night resulted in injuries to Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Hon. James Sutherland, Hon. Dr. Borden, Mrs. J. N. Greenshields of Montreal, Mrs. Turcotte of Ottawa, and Miss Fielding.

Hon. Mr. Tarte had invited a party of friends to go out on the Frontenac and witness the illumination and display of fireworks, and a supply of fireworks was taken on board the Frontenac. In the party were:—Mr. Clergue of Sault Ste. Marie and two sisters; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenshields of Montreal, Senator Robert Mackay of Montreal, Hon. A. G. Blair and daughter, Hon. Clifford Sifton and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Borden, Mr. James Sutherland, Miss Fielding, Mrs. Turcotte of Ottawa, a secretary to Mr. Tarte. Mr. and Mrs. Jules Clement of Montreal, Mr. Clement being a private secretary, and a number of other guests. On the bridge of the steamer a dozen bombs had been placed, and one of these was set on fire by the fireworks that were being exploded. This exploded the other bombs, and the fire communicated itself to the steamer. A number of ladies were standing nearby and their

CLOTHING CAUGHT FIRE.

Mrs. J. N. Greenshields was quite severely burned about the legs. Mrs. Borden's clothing caught fire, but it was extinguished without injury. Two of the ladies tried to escape by taking refuge in the wheelhouse, but there were two bombs in there also and they exploded. In a moment the wheelhouse was on fire. Mrs. Turcotte was burned, though not seriously, in the arms. Hon. Mr. Tarte was burned on the right hand, and was also knocked over, cutting his face. Mr. James Sutherland received severe burns on the hands, and had also some injury to his face. His injuries were the result of his endeavors to extinguish the fire and save the ladies. The steamer Eureka came alongside to the assistance of the Frontenac, and in endeavoring to get from one boat to the other Dr. Borden sprained his ankle. He was assisted into the Chateau Frontenac by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. Miss Fielding, daughter of Hon. W. S. Fielding, had her hair singed. Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, when he saw the fire on the Frontenac, immediately sent a launch from the Crescent to her assistance, but the help was not needed, as the fire was extinguished with the steamer's own hose. Mr. Tarte the same night was around with bandages on, but said his injuries were not serious, and that he proposed to take another party out next night.

80 per cent. of all eggs sold are hen eggs.

School Opening

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd.

School Texts

—AND—

School Supplies

OF ALL KINDS.

The Swellest SCRIBBLERS and EXERCISE BOOKS in Town. All new stock.

The very latest and up-to-date Revised Editions of all the usual Text Books.

SPECIAL.

10 per cent. Discount, with free Scribblers and Lead Pencils, will be allowed on all complete sets of High and Public School Books. List of books needed and prices furnished on application.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

The F. T. Ward Co.

Having formed a connection with Mr. F. T. WARD in his Dry Goods and Groceries Store, I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of my old customers and the general public. Large additions are now being made to the stock in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods as well as in Groceries, all of which will be offered to the public at the lowest prices.

Thanking my old customers and friends for past favors, I have to ask for a renewal of our former very pleasant business relations.

Below are a few of the lines we are adding to our stock this week :—

White LACE CURTAINS, bound, 30c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25.
White and Grey COTTON BLANKETS, 80, $1.10, $1.25.
TABLE OILCLOTHS, in marble and colors, 25c., 35c. yd.
FLOOR OILCLOTHS, 40c., 60c. yd.
FLANNELETTES, 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c., 12½c. yd.
WRAPPERETTES, 10c., 12½c., 15c. yd. Fine variety of colors.
BLUE DENIMS, 15c., 18c., 22c. No. 1 value.
COTTON SHIRTINGS, 8c., 10c., 12½c., 15c. yd.
LOCHLOMOND SHIRTINGS, 10c., 12½c., 15c. yd.
COTTONADES and MOLESKINS, 15c., 20c. 25c, yd.
TICKINGS, fancy stripes, 15c., 18c., 22c., 25c. yd.
LADIES' SUITINGS and SKIRTINGS, in All Wool Friezes, Cheviots, Serges, Poplins, Baritz Cloths, etc., in Greys, Navys, Blacks, etc., at prices that will please you.

GROCERIES.—The best only kept. The lowest prices only charged.
Try our Japan Tea, 25c. lb. Your money back if it don't please you.
Also, Salada Ceylon, absolutely pure Black Tea, 25c., 30c., 40c. lb.
Granulated Sugar, 20 lbs. for $1.00. Light Yellow Sugar, 22 lbs. for $1.00.
Highest price paid for Fresh Eggs and No. 1 Butter.
Dried Apples Wanted. We start them at 5c. lb.

Will be glad to quote prices any time and show you our goods, whether you buy or not.

T. G. CLUTE.

Canada's Greatest Cook Stove,

The "Grand Jewel"

25,000

In Successful Operation.

We have a full line of these splendid COOK STOVES in stock for the Fall Trade.

Our sale of them is steadily increasing yearly.

☞ Remember we are the sole agents here.

H. & J. WARREN

Hardware & Tinware Merchants,

MILL ST.

News-Argus to Dec. 31, 25c.

OPPOSITION

—IS THE—

Life of Trade

—:o:—

COME AND SEE THE

NEW DRUG STORE

CRAIGE BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP

for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

UNEQUAL EYES.

Do you see equally well with both eyes? if not both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,

STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.
Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail & Ex.	6.27 a.m.	Accom.	10.35 a.m.
Accom.	6.43 p.m.	Mail & Ex.	3.43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Mr. Jesse Charles has a second crop of ripe strawberries, and black raspberries nearly ripe in his garden.

Brown & McCutcheon just received a large order for boots, their own make, from a firm doing business in the north country.

See Fred. Ward for your New Suit.

The open season for partridge commenced on Monday last. The close season for speckled trout commenced on the 15th inst.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and Family Herald and Weekly Star, together with premium pictures of the Duke and Duchess of York, for the balance of the year, to new subscribers for 35c.

School Boots cheap at Brown & McCutcheon's.

The Central Ontario Railway will run special excursions to Picton Fair on Sept. 26th. The fare from Springbrook, Rawdon, Anson and Glen Ross is $1.00. Tickets good to return until Sept. 30th.

Boys' Ready-to-Wear Suits at $2.00. See Fred. Ward's advertisement.

There will be a Fruit Social in the Baptist Church, next Wednesday eve., Sept. 25th. Doors open at 7.30. Admission 25c. It is expected that Mr. Calder will be present with his gramophone.

There are twenty-five students attending the Model School at Madoc. Among the number are Catharine Greene, Stirling; Clifford Caverley, Sine; and Maggie Dunning, West Huntingdon.

Ladies' Strong Boots, $1.00, at Brown & McCutcheon's.

The entertainment given in the Music Hall last evening by the Canadian Specialty Co. was very poorly attended, and the show was not by any means good. Stirling is noted for turning out strongly for good entertainments.

New Fall Hats and Caps at Ward's.

Harvest Festival services will be held at St. John's Church next Sunday at 3.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. The Rev. C. J. H. Hutton of Belleville, will be the special preacher on this occasion. Offertory for the furnace fund. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Plenty of Good Rubbers at Brown & McCutcheon's.

The Ontario Department of Fisheries has entered into communication with the Dominion authorities with a view to instituting more stringent regulations regarding the catching of black bass. Assistant Commissioner Bastedo contends that the catch should be reduced from 12 to 6, in order to protect the fish.

You had better look up your Overcoat. Your new one you'll likely find at Ward's.

Mr. A. Hubble, of Foxboro, has the honor of supplying the Royal party with eggs while in Montreal. Mr. Hubble has a large poultry yard, keeping over 200 thoroughbred fowls, and ships a large number of eggs to the Montreal market every week. He has now a number of thoroughbred cockerels for sale.

There is to be a Foresters' demonstration at Bancroft on Oct. 2nd. The C.O.R. will run an excursion to Bancroft on that day, when tickets from Frankford, Glen Ross and Anson will be sold at $1.25; and from Rawdon, Springbrook and C. P. R. Junction at $1.00. No doubt many will avail themselves of this opportunity. Tickets good to return until Oct. 7th. Stirling Brass Band will accompany the excursion train.

It is said that an effort will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for legislation compelling the closing of stores and other places of business at an hour not later than 9 o'clock on Saturday night. The proposal is a radical one, and yet would probably be favorably regarded. Most merchants would be glad to shut down at such an hour if they were running no risk of an unfair advantage being taken of them by their competitors, and the public would soon form the habit of doing their shopping at an earlier hour.

Moon-Green.

The home of Mrs. E. Green, Stirling, was the scene of a pretty wedding, on Wednesday afternoon last, when the marriage of Miss Dolly A., youngest daughter, and Mr. Lyman F. Moon, of Peterboro, was celebrated. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, in the presence of only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

The bride gowned in white organdie, and carrying a shower boquet of white roses, was given away by her brother. The bridesmaid was Miss Bessie Parker, wearing a gown similiar to that of the bride and carrying a shower boquet of pink roses.

The groom was ably supported by Mr. W. A. Parker, of Stirling.

After the ceremony, luncheon was served, in the very prettily decorated dining-room.

The wedding gifts were beautiful and costly, testifying to the popularity of both the young people.

Mr. and Mrs. Moon left on the evening train for the West, to visit before returning to their home in Peterboro, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Rochester.

Men's Long Boots, $1.75, $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 at Brown & McCutcheon's.

A Rawdon Wedding.

A happy event took place on Wednesday, 4th inst., in Rawdon. Peter McInroy, of Huntingdon, was united in marriage to Martha, daughter of Joseph Mumby, of Rawdon. The interesting ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. S. Houck, of Marmora, at the home of the bride's father, and was witnessed by over fifty invited guests. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon in Toronto.—Tweed News.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Francis Shea, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is home on a visit.

Miss Lydia Conley, of Madoc, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Mabel McIninch, of Belleville, is the guest of Miss Lena Lagrow.

Miss Edith McCann, of Hornellsville, N.Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCann.

Mr. Lorne Totten, of Wellman's Corners and Miss Mabel Free, of Campbellford, were the guests of Miss Alma Watts, this week.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, A.T.C.M., who has been under training with leading professors in England and Europe for some months, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John Shaw left for New York on Thursday last. She will also visit other points in New York State, including Buffalo and the Pan-American, and expects to be away about a month.

Fall Fairs.

West Hastings, Frankford, Sept. 19-20.
Prince Edward, Picton Sept. 25-26.
Peterboro Central, Sept. 24-26.
Seymour, Campbellford, Sept. 26-27.
Tyendinaga, Shannonville, Sept. 28.
Marmora, Oct. 1.
East Peterborough, Norwood, Oct. 8-9.
E. Northumberland, Warkworth, Oct. 3-4
Coe Hill, Oct. 3.

Messrs. Wm. Stewart & Son, of Menie, carried off two first prizes on their Ayrshire cattle at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

You Are Tired.

Your color is not good. Restless one moment, fretful and blue the next. The world's out of joint. You're out of joint with the world. Not temper, not feeling, but weakness. Neglect is unwise. You grow steadily worse. Get good rich blood, then feel new vigor, strength, buoyancy. You'll see a dozen things to do; you will do them too, if you use Ferrozone. It sharpens the appetite, and you enjoy your food; you get color, and old time strength comes back. That's because Ferrozone aids digestion, makes red blood. Ferrozone is strength for the nerves and vigor for the brain. Be sure of the name, Ferrozone. Sold by C. E. Parker.

Deaths.

FROST—In the Township of Murray, Sept. 12th, Amelia Frost, wife of John Frost, aged 41 years, 4 months and 27 days.

BOYLE—In Rawdon, on Sept. 14th, John L. Boyle, aged 35 years.

TUCKER—In Rawdon, on Sept. 16th, Sarah Amelia Tucker, wife of Luther Tucker, aged 85 years and 6 days.

WALLACE—In Campbellford, on Sept. 13th, Lena Wallace, widow of the late John Wallace.

KYLE—In Belleville, on Sept. 14th, James Kyle, formerly a resident of Rawdon.

WILSON—In Rawdon, on Sept. 17th, Adam Wilson, aged 82 years.

Good Prospects for Fall Trade.

COME AND SEE OUR

Immense Stock of Furs,

fit for any City Trade. They are here now. That's all.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

Hot Weather Bargains

In LADIES' VESTS, HOISERY, WAISTS and SUMMER CORSETS, in straight front.

Call and see our LACES, EMBROIDERIES, and ALL-OVER LACES.

In PRINTS, COTTONADES, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, STEAM LOOMS, PILLOW COTTONS, TOWELLINGS and COTTONS, a full stock and Cheapest in Town.

A Full Line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In GROCERIES we always keep a full stock and always fresh. Do not forget our 25c. Tea.

11c. paid for Eggs and 25c. for Butter.

☞ Laundry Tuesday instead of Wednesday.

E. F. PARKER.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times yearly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.
HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.

STIRLING, ONT.,

—DEALER IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every respect. Case hardened and adjustable. The Singer repairs always on hand. Easy terms of payment.

Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings.

CHAS. BUTLER Issuer Marriage Licenses

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the NEWS-ARGUS office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

HARDWARE!

—:o:—

I can please the most exacting sportsmen, because I carry the very best of everything in

AMMUNITION

to please them with :—

S. S. Smokeless Powder,
Dupont " "
Schultze " "
F F and F F F Black Powder,
Canadian Rifle " "
Ducking " "
Eley's Loaded Shells,
Winchester Loaded Shells,
Victor " "
Dominion Trap " "
Club " "
Smokeless " "
Buckshot " "

Common and Chilled Shot Primers, Gun Grease, Cartridge Bags, Reloading Tools, Wad Cutters, Brass and Paper Shells, Felt and Cardboard Shells.

Just put in stock 15 Breech-Loading Shotguns and Rifles. Choice Guns and excellent value. Call and see me when you require a gun of any kind, from $3.00 up.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual member of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free

KEEP AN EYE ON US.

WE ARE ALWAYS ALIVE.

Looking after business, more of your trade. If we do not happen to advertise just what you want in this ad., remember that we now have on hand a full assortment of

Fall and Winter Footwear.

We are also Clearing Out our Summer Footwear at greatly Reduced Prices.

Call and see

Our $3.50 Men's Long Boots, guaranteed water-proof.
Our $1.75 Long Boots for Men.
Our $1.25 Fine Boot for Men.
Our $1.00 Boot for Women.
Our $1.25 Fine Boot for Women.

HAND-MADE BOOTS.

Making Boots to fit Men's feet is a part of our business, and the way this part of our business has increased, bids us to believe that we are giving the Best Value and Most Satisfaction in Hand-Made Boots that can be obtained. Now is the time to leave your order for a pair of our Boots.

GEO. REYNOLDS,

SHOE KING.

We want your Butter and Eggs.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS AND DESIGNS.

Send your business direct to Washington, saves time, costs less, better service.

My office close to U. S. Patent Office. FREE preliminary examinations made. Atty's fee not due until patent is secured. PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN—19 YEARS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. Book "How to obtain Patents," etc., sent free. Patents procured through E. G. Siggers receive special notice, without charge, in the

INVENTIVE AGE

Illustrated monthly—Eleventh year—terms, $1. a year.

E. G. SIGGERS, Late of C. A. Snow & Co. 918 F St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. $1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

Vol. XXIII, No. 2.

We Lead.
Others Follow.

We are showing this season the Largest Stock of MEN'S SUITINGS, TROWSERINGS, OVERCOATINGS, etc., we have ever shown. We put in honest trimmings, honest stitches and guarantee first-class fit and the latest style, and not satisfied your money back. Our prices range from $10.00 to $24.00, made to your order.

We have also added an Extensive Stock of Men's and Boys' Ready-to-Wear Suits, Overcoats, Jackets, Overalls, Working Pants, etc., and invite comparison in quality and price. We show the best $1.00 Pants in town.

We want you to change your Underwear at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & FURNISHER.

NEW FALL GOODS
ARRIVING DAILY.

Call and look at our Millinery Display of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats.

READY-TO-WEAR JACKETS will be open for inspection.

LADIES' SUITINGS, all the newest in Cheviot Cloths, and Dress Goods ranging in price from 25c. to $1.25 per yd.

Ladies' ready-to-wear SKIRTS, all prices.

Opera Flannels in many different patterns.

Flannelettes, Wrapperettes, Cloakings, Flannels, Hoisery, Underwear, Tweeds, Gloves, Mitts, etc.

Our stock is larger than ever. Watch this space next week.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

C. F. STICKLE.

Do You Need

A CLOCK, WATCH, RING, WATCH CHAIN, CHARM, Set SILVER FORKS, KNIVES or SPOONS, or an ALARM CLOCK, or anything in the Jewelry line? Come to me and I will give you the Best of Goods and Prices.

☛ Repairing a specialty.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

PROTECTION

by way of Insurance is considered necessary for buildings, which may never burn. Life is sure to terminate; look after your temporal interest and responsibilities by making a contract with THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA. This is laying up money in a practical way.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

J. G. DAVISON, Special Agent.

TREES! TREES!
—AT THE—
Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name, and there has never been any San Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Farmers Attention.

GENTLEMEN—Having commenced to buy grain again this season, I would say to all my customers that I am prepared to pay the highest market prices for all kinds of grain; and as grain dealers are getting very particular in regards to quality, and especially in having it well cleaned, I would kindly ask all farmers bringing grain to this market to bring it clean, and they will get the very highest price. If not we will have to dock for whatever dirt there is in it, as we will have to clean it before shipping. Thanking the farmers for the very kind patronage given me in the past and trusting to still hold your confidence, I remain yours,

WM. RODGERS,
Grain Dealer.

Stirling, Sept. 10, 1901.

Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

FARM FOR SALE

South half of Lot 17, Con. 8, Sidney, 100 acres, known as the McCann Farm; well fenced, well watered; good buildings and orchard.

Also, 50 acres north half of south half of Lot 16, Con. 7, Sidney. Good buildings and orchard. Apply to

MICHAEL TAUGHER.

CARD OF THANKS.

Owing to advancing years I have given up my blacksmith business and am succeeded by my son, John, and I take this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to my old friends and the public for their liberal patronage in by-gone days, and trust they will extend the same to my successor.

J. V. HOUGH.

Stirling, Aug. 7, 1901.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Having returned from Rochester, intending to make Stirling my home, and assumed the business of my father, J. V. Hough, at the old stand, I would respectfully ask from my father's old customers a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to him, and from all others who may give me a call.

HORSE SHOEING a specialty. Repairs of all kinds done at short notice.

FOR SALE—Two new first class homemade Top Buggies, and two new Lumber Waggons, which will be sold very cheap. Give me a call.

J. W. HOUGH.

Important to Factorymen.

At the meeting of the Stirling Cheese Board held on Wednesday, the following communication was received:—

Stirling, Ont., Sept. 25, 1901

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE STIRLING CHEESE BOARD,

We, the undersigned buyers of the Stirling Cheese Board, find that many of the patrons of the cheese factories in this section are feeding turnips to their cows.

We, the undersigned buyers, agree that any cheese found with turnip flavor we will deduct not less than two cents per pound, without recourse.

The President of the Board will please have the above inserted in the local papers.

Signed, MORDEN BIRD, Chairman.
JAMES WHITTON.
J. T. SAUVE.
J. A. KERR.
R. ROLLINS.
W. S. COOK.
JAS. RUSSELL.
A. E. BAILEY.
T. C. NAYLOR.

Moved by Wm. Hilton, seconded by Ezekiel Boyd that the Stirling Cheese Board thoroughly endorse the action of tne cheese buyers embraced in the foregoing communication. Carried.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board, Wednesday, 1195 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:—

1 Bell	50
3 Central	100
4 Enterprise	50
5 Evergreen	100
6 Harold	50
7 Kingston	40
8 Marmora	100
9 Maple Leaf	150
11 River Side	50
12 Shamrock	120
13 Spry	35
14 Spring Brook	75
15 Stirling	60
16 West Huntingdon	100
17 Glen	40
18 Cook's	75

Sales as follows:—

Bird got 410 boxes at 9 11-16c.

Sauve got 100 boxes at 9 11-16c.

Whitton got 325 boxes at 9¾c.

Buyers present—Bird, Bailey, Kerr, Russell, Sauve and Whitton.

Board adjourned for two weeks, to meet at 2 p.m.

Cromar vs. Brophy.

Interesting Ruling in this Celebrated Insurance Case.

The Court of Appeal on Saturday gave judgment in the case of the North American Life Insurance Company vs. Father Brophy, in which insurance men all over Canada are deeply interested. Father Brophy, a Catholic priest, of the Belleville district, had some money to invest, and by arrangement with Alex. Cromar, an insurance agent of Parkdale used it in paying policies of $80,000 on Cromar's life in a number of the companies. Cromar was a young man, and died quite soon after the insurance was taken out. Father Brophy claimed the insurance, but Cromar's wife sought to prevent him from getting it, on the ground that he should only be paid what he put in with interest, she being the natural inheritor of her husband's insurance. The branch of the case was settled, and the companies holding about $70,000 paid up to Father Brophy. The North American Life, with $6,500 to pay, and the Royal Victoria, with a like sum, decided to fight it, and this morning the Court of Appeal ordered that the policies be cancelled on the companies returning to Brophy the premiums paid by him. This decision is in conformity with the law that forbids one man from insuring the life of another, and thus having an interest in his death.

New Judges Appointed.

Sir Louis Davies has been appointed by the Dominion Government a Judge of the Supreme Court in place of the late Mr. Justice King. This leaves the portfolio of Minister of Marine and Fisheries vacant in the Dominion Government.

Mr. B. M, Britton, K.C., M. P. for Kingston, has been appointed a Judge of the High Conrt of Justice for Ontario.

Mr. Thos. Fortin, M. P. for Laval, has been appointed a Judge of the Superior Court at Montreal.

Burned to Death in a Barn.

By the burning of a barn on the farm of Wm. Rutledge, two miles from Sydenham, on Saturday morning, Ezra Pixley lost his life.

About seven o'clock some men were engaged in filling a silo with corn when suddenly unaccountable flames burst from the barn. In the first excitement the other men forgot about their two comrades, A. Dunn and Ezra Pixley, who were in the silo. Left to their own rescources, Pixley gallantly assisted Dunn out of the silo, and lay down his own life. Dunn threw him a ladder, but he was unable to reach it in time. Finally a hole was cut in the silo, but Pixley was not there. It is supposed that he succeeded in getting out and escaped into the cow stable, where he was cut off by the flames and perished.

Mr. Pixley was about 45 years of age and leaves a wife and family. Mr. Rutledge, owner of the barn, is reported seriously injured as a result of his attempts to subdue the flames.

Mr. Patrick Delay died in London, Ont., aged 104 years and 5 months.

Mt. Pleasant Happenings.

From our Correspondent.

Mr. Walter Jeff, of Dresden, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Mr. W. Crouter, of Dakota, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Madoc Junction Items.

From Our Correspondent.

The farmers are engaged mostly in cutting corn, which is an immense crop this year.

Miss E. M. Hendry, our school teacher, spent part of last week at the Exposition at Buffalo.

Mr. E. Clarke, of Carmel, spent Sunday in this place

Mrs. W. S. Clarke, who has been on the sick list, is much better.

Rev. N. Harris, of West Huntingdon proposes delivering in this place in the near future a lecture on Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Quite a number intend taking in the Foresters excursion to Bancroft on Oct. 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Manford Tucker and son Claude, have returned from Alexander Man, where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. T. Brown.

People in this neighborhood are busy with their corn harvesting and fall seeding.

Mrs. Wm. Caverley, who has been visiting friends in this neighborhood, has returned to Havelock.

Mrs. David Tucker has returned from visiting her daughter at Rockwood and the Pan-American.

Anson News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss May Hubble, Campbellford, is spending a few weeks with relatives and friends here.

Miss Grace Weaver is visiting her friend, Miss Minnie Wilson, at Canifton.

Mr. Charles McGillvray spent a few days this week in Madoc and Eldorado.

Miss Ethel Curtis is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. I. McKim, Belleville.

Mr. B. O. Lott left on Monday for Ottawa.

The fruit festival held in the Baptist church on Thursday last was a decided success.

Miss Jennie McMullen returned home last Thursday after spending a few weeks at Halloway.

Miss Jane Robinson of Stirling was the guest of Mrs. R. Hoard on Sunday.

Miss Winnie Linn left last week for an extended visit to her sister in Michigan.

Ivanhoe.

From Our Correspondent.

Rev. W. D. Harrison has been confined to the house for some days with an attack of quinsy. He is now convalescent. —Mr. C. Connor of Madoc, again occupied the pulpit on Sunday and preached to a crowded house.

Miss Martha Tummon has returned from an extended visit with friends near Tweed. During her absence she, with others, visited the Thousand Islands, and reports a very enjoyable time.

Miss Edith Tummon has returned from a visit to Halloway.

Miss Minchin spent Saturday in Madoc.

Mr. Bay Timmerman is home for holidays, after an absence of a year in Montreal.

Mrs. John Morgan and Mrs. Henry Green of Springbrook, spent Monday at Mr. Thos. Tummon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips of West Huntingdon were guests at Mr. Ed. Bakers on Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Gunning visited friends in Queensboro on Sunday.

Quiltings are the order of the day. Three last week, and still there's more to follow.

Mr. McKinley's Insurance.

In view of the exaggerated reports of the amount of the insurance polocies on President McKinley's life an authoritative statement was made by one of the late President's closest friends in New York City. He said:—"The exact amount of President McKinley's policies is $67,000, and not a penny more. Up to 1897 his life insurance policies aggrgated about $12,000. Mrs. McKinley's income from the insurance policies, the pension of $5,000 a year which Congress will grant, and the money saved by the President will be about $13,000 a year."

The King Weighs 240 Pounds.

The New York Journal's London correspondent says: King Edward is the weightiest monarch in Europe. He turns the scale at 240 pounds, according to the official return given by the state thermal establishment at Homburg, at the close of his recent stay there.

Inasmuch as the King is distinctly short, being barely 5 feet 7, it will readily be seen that his weight of 240 pounds is altogether out of proportion to his stature, and that those portraits which represent him as spare and tall are flatteries.

It is precisely this superabundance of adipose tissue which is a source of so much anxiety to his physicians, since it tends to intensify his very serious heart trouble.

The Pain of Sore Feet.

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief bathe the feet in warm water and then rub them with Polson's Nerviline. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes out the soreness, reduces swellings, invigorates the tired muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nerviline is a protection and safe-guard against the pains and aches of the entire family and cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, &c. 25 cents

Brisk Business!

It's brisk business we've been having, and its brisk business we shall have this Fall, if largeness of stock and lowness of prices counts, and you shall not be disappointed in qualities either. "Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices" is our motto, and is your safe guard in dealing here.

LADIES' JACKETS.

In this line you will find all the New Colorings in Correct Style and better values than ever before, at $4.00 to $15.00.

HOSIERY.

Give this line a thought, something everyone must buy—Sox or Stockings—costs money too. You are sure to buy it right if you come here. Our special importation of Wool and Cashmere Hose for Men, Women and Children are the standard of GOOD VALUE.

Women's Heavy Wool Hose for 10c.
Men's " " " for 15c.

FLANNELETTES.

You need them every day; and here you find the largest assortment and prices on all lines hammered down fine.

8c. buys the regular 10c. values.
10c. " " 12½c. "

25c. DRESS TWEEDS—In nine different colorings. Too much praise cannot be given this line. 35c. to 40c. will not buy a better article, but while they last 25c. per yd. is the price.

5c. PRINTS, 27 inches wide, in dark colorings.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.—Scotch Knit, double back and front, at 60c. per garment, would be cheap at 75c. Men's Heavy Shirts and Drawers for 25c. each.

LIVE POULTRY.

Having made arrangements with the largest Canadian Exporters in this line to receive Chickens and Turkeys alive for shipment, I beg to advise those interested that I will be prepared to pay the highest market price for birds on the following dates:—Chickens, Oct. 17th and 31st; Turkeys, Nov. 19th. For full particulars see circular or call at store.

"Sterling Brand" 25c. TEA.—The new crop just to hand is better than ever. Purchase a pound, try it. It carries a guarantee of goodness.

W. R. MATHER.

RUSHED!

We are so rushed with orders this week, that we haven't time to tell much about Shoes.

Call in and see us and you will be convinced that we can suit you in QUALITY and PRICES.

We are Sole Agents for "The Empress Shoe" for Women.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

Rev. Principal Grant caught a severe chill on his return voyage from England and is now in the hospital at Kingston seriously ill.

Two beet sugar enterprises are desirous of locating in Galt, one being a New York concern, and the other being composed of Toronto capitalists.

Mr. George Munro, vice-president of the William Hamilton Manufacturing Company of Peterborough, died suddenly on Wednesday of heart disease.

The Farmers' Advocate takes the view of many other competent observers that the Toronto Industrial of 1901 "as an agricultural Exhibition and in many substantial features by far surpassed the Pan-American."

Carrie A. Nation, the Kansas City saloon-smasher, created a little excitement in Ottawa last week. She went on a smashing expedition and did a little damage in two saloons, interviewed the chief of police and the mayor, lectured in Oram's Hall, and caused quite a furore generally. "Don't you know you are a home-smasher?" asked Mrs. Nation of the first saloon-keeper visited. "I don't want to hurt you, but I am going to show you that I don't approve of your business. I'm going to smash that looking-glass," said Mrs. Nation, pointing at a large mirror behind the bar. "Don't you do it, said the barkeeper. "Yes, I will," said Mrs. Nation. "You'll go to jail if you do." "No, I won't, so there!" then she threw the hatchet, and the glass scattered in a hundred pieces. The crowd cheered, and when the noise subsided Mrs. Nation said, "Give me back my hachet." The barkeeper refused, but Mrs. Nation said she would make him, and to get rid of the lady the drink-mixer handed over the hatchet.

A VERY SEVERE TEST.

When the constitution is neglected, indigestion, sleeplessness and nervousness will surely follow. A tonic is then needed, and the proper medicine to take is "Climax" Iron Tonic Pills. They build up the system, improve the appetite and strengthen the nerves. Each box contains ten days' treatment. Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. Address: The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

MILLINERY OPENING
—ON—
Wednesday, October 2nd

AND FOLLOWING DAYS,

when there will be shown all the newest and latest styles in Millinery.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

No effort will be spared to give entire satisfaction to all patrons.

N. PHILLIPS.

FOR SALE.

House and Lot in the Village of Stirling, now occupied by Jas. Smith. For further particulars apply on the premises, or to

J. M. COLLINS,
Bancroft P.O.

VOTERS' LIST, 1901

Municipality of the Township of Rawdon, County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of *The Ontario Voters' List Act*, 1898, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to the Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Spring Brook, on the 6th day of September, 1901, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 6th day of September, 1901.

THOS. C. MCCONNELL,
Clerk of the Municipality of the Township of Rawdon.

We are spending thousands to make Potty's Pills known. Our money proves our faith. A trial will secure yours.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

Countless Thousands Greet Them On Their Tour Through Canada.

A despatch from Montreal says:—The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York accomplished the first stage of their journey through Canada on Wednesday, making a fast run of five hours from Quebec to Montreal. The morning was ideal for traveling, a sunny, cool September day, but when Montreal was reached the rain clouds which seem to be hovering ominously in the wake of the Duke burst once more, and for a while threatened the success of the Montreal visit as they had depressed that at Quebec. The misfortune was temporary, however, and there can be no question of the success of the Royal tournee, so far as Montreal is concerned.

ARRIVED IN MONTREAL.

Not less than twenty thousand people had gathered in Montreal for a sight of the Duke, and practically the whole population turned out for the occasion. As the train pulled in to the Place Viger Station thousands of faces could be seen, some thronging the bridge outside the station, others clustered on the housetops, and many thousands on Notre Dame street, which lies on an elevation of land and overlooks the scene. It was, moreover, a decorated city which they entered. Flags were flying everywhere. As in Quebec, the crowds, though unquestionably warm and enthusiastic, did not cheer or make as much noise as an English-speaking populace would have done. To the Englishmen who have been half around the world and back again with the Ophir, this was a matter of surprise. At Cape Town and at the Australian cities the cheering was stentorous, but the French-Canadian is not a lusty shouter on occasions of this kind.

A SEA OF SIGHTSEERS.

When the party emerged from the depot a wonderful sight met their eyes. The gardens of the Place Viger with their beautiful trees lay before them covered with thousands of citizens. A line of soldiers fringed the crowd and left the avenues of approach clear. "Notre Futur Roi" was emblazoned above the entrance of the station. A decorated stand was erected in the centre of the place and when it was reached the Duke found that every approach so far as the eye could reach, every roof and window commanding a view, however distant, every tree that afforded a point of vantage was thronged with human beings. Some distance away a human flag made up of hundreds of little girls in red, white and blue dress, arranged in the lines of the Union Jack sang patriotic songs. This feature was particularly attractive to the Duchess, who smiled on the children from the distance while the public address was being read, and remarked on it to her ladies-in-waiting. The civic address of Montreal was read by Mayor Prefontaine in French only.

EVENING CELEBRATIONS.

In the evening a state dinner was given, while the city of Montreal celebrated with magnificent illuminations and fireworks. The merchants came forward with intense local patriotism to make the reception a great success. Half the buildings in the business district were beautiful with incandescent lights. Fireworks of the most brilliant character were used with a free hand. The corporation had selected several points around the city as centres for the spectacle, and thus every citizen had a chance to see something in comfort. The sight of the magnificent shower of fireworks on Mount Royal, as seen from the Champ de Mars, proved unforgetable. The lookout far up on the brow of the rock was used as the firing point, and to the naked eye that section of Mount Royal appeared like a living volcano belching forth showers of fire. The rockets were sent up from all sections of the city in dazzling profusion. The people thronged the streets, and you would say that a great festival was in progress.

The cancellation of the civic reception was an immense disappointment to scores of ladies who had spent their pin money in an effort to look well when they were presented to the Duchess.

Thursday the Duke paid several visits to local institutions, and his most important excursion was his visit to the Anglican synod which was in session. Thursday afternoon he left for Ottawa, where the Royal train for the west was put together on a somewhat different basis than it had been.

DEPARTURE FROM MONTREAL.

Montreal, Sept. 20.—A sharp frost through the night left the streets wet and slippery this morning, but by nine o'clock things were in fair shape for the departure of the Duke and Duchess. Dorchester street residents, from the Strathcona mansion to Windsor street, were up early, putting the last touches to their house fronts and seeing after the decorations, which had become limp in the night. The royal train had been brought round from the Place Viger to the Windsor street station; special constables guarding it all morning, and nobody was allowed to approach it. The route of the procession was short, and the crowds consequently much more dense than on previous occasions.

THE WINDSOR STREET STATION

was decorated unsparingly with red, white and blue bunting, flags, banners and bannerettes of all kinds, sizes and shapes. The approach to the royal train was covered by a parti-colored canopy extending to the edge of the street, and the walk was laid with a bright red carpet.

Police soldiers and detectives kept a clear space from Windsor street to the entrance on Osborne street, and only a limited number of ticket holders were allowed inside.

Mayor Prefontaine was one of the first at the station and soon after came Lord and Lady Strathcona, whose appearance was the signal for much hand-clapping.

Mounted police came next and after them the Hussars closely followed by the royal carriage. A bugler blew and the Duke and Duchess were cheered long and heartily. Both bowed and smiled, the Duke repeatedly taking off his silk hat to his future subjects. The pair left the carriage rather hurriedly and entered the station, the Duchess leaning on the arm of Lord Strathcona. The embarkation and departure was without incident, the royal pair taking kindly leave of those who were to remain behind and the train steamed out at nine o'clock and was soon speeding towards the Canadian Capital.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 20.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York arrived in Ottawa a few minutes before noon to-day. The welcome extended the future King and Queen of the British Empire was of the most enthusiastic character. While the royal train steamed into the Elgin street depot of the Canadian Atlantic Railway, the band of the 43rd Regiment supplied the music and the guns of the Ottawa Field Battery belched forth a welcome in the form of

A ROYAL SALUTE.

The headquarters staff of the Canadian militia, a royal escort from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the Governor General's escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons, the 43rd Regiment and the Ottawa Field Battery were at the station.

The Royal party was received by Lord Minto, General O'Grady Haly, the headquarters staff of the Canadian militia, and a delegation from the Ottawa Civic Reception Committee. Their Royal Highnesses rode in their own carriages, which they brought along with them.

The Royal procession, starting from the station, proceeded along Elgin to McLeod thence to Metcalf, Sparks, Bank and Wellington to Parliament Hill.

ALL ALONG THE ROUTE.

thousands of people tried to get a glimpse of the Royal pair in their carriage as the procession passed at different points en route.

The decorations along the procession line from the station to the grounds were deserving of the words of approval that had been expressed concerning them, but, coming to the grounds, they were of the most elaborate character. If there was a fault at all, they were too elaborate.

Over three thousand school children sang "God Save the King" when the Duke and Duchess arrived on Parliament Square. The Mayor of Ottawa led the way to receive them, followed by Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and all the Cabinet Ministers except Dr. Borden and Mr. Tarte, who were prevented from being present on account of injuries from the accident on the steamer Frontenac at Quebec.

His Royal Highness, in replying to Ottawa addresses, referred to the expressions of loyalty which they contained. He touched on the visit which the King, his father, paid to Ottawa, when he laid the corner stone of the Parliament buildings in 1860, of the bringing about of Confederation, and the great progress made by Canada since that time. The mutual toleration shown by both races helped materially to bring about these good results. He spoke of the city of Hull having recovered from the great fire which overtook it and concluded by saying that at no time in the history of the British Empire were the ties of union more closely drawn together than at the present time.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other Cabinet Ministers accompanied the Royal party from the pavilion to their carriage, and they drove to Rideau Hall among the cheers of the assembled multitude. Ottawa has given the best reception to the royal party which they have yet received.

DUCHESS' KINDLY ACT.

The group of Cabinet Ministers, special guests, officers, and newspaper men on the knoll was so large as to shut off the general public gathered in myriads below from a view of the spectacle. The Duchess was, perhaps, the only one of the group to note this fact. She sent a equerry to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to ask that the group take different positions in order that every one should see. This was easily arranged, and though the spectators could not know by whose agency the thing was effected, they obtained a sight of the ceremonies from a distance at least.

MR. M'KINLEY'S INSURANCE.

His Wife's Income Will Be About $13,000 a Year.

A despatch from New York says:—In view of the exaggerated reports of the amount of the insurance policies on President McKinley's life an authoritative statement was made on Saturday by one of the late President's closest friends in New York City. He said:—"The exact amount of President McKinley's policies is $67,000, and not a penny more. Up to 1897 his life insurance policies aggregated about $12,000. Mrs. McKinley's income from the insurance policies, the pension of $5,000 a year which Congress will grant, and the money saved by the President will be about $13,000 a year."

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 24.—Wheat—There is fair demand for home milling and the market is steady to firm. New red and white sold east to-day at 66½c to 67c for 59 to 60 lb wheat and old at 68c, and old red and white sold at 68c and new was quoted at 66c middle freights. No. 1 spring wheat is quoted at 68c east. Manitoba wheat is steady at 81¢ for No. 1 hard and 79c for No. 2 Northern grinding in transit, and 79c for No. 1 hard and 77c for No. 2 northern local delivery Toronto and west.

Flour—The market is rather easier. Local exporters are quoting $2.60 for cars of 90 per cent. patents in their bags middle freights and holders ask 2½c to 5c more. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $4 for Hungarian patents and $3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed—Is firmer at $14.50 to $15.50 for shorts and $12.50 to $13 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is firm at 48c for No. 2, 47c for No. 3 extra and 43c for feed middle freights.

Corn—The market is steady at 54c for Canada mixed and 54½c for yellow west. American No. 3 yellow is nominal at 63c Toronto.

Rye—Is steady at 50c east and 49c middle freights.

Oats—Are in fair demand and steady. Purchases were made to-day of 20,000 bushels of No. 2 white at 34½c to 35c on a low freight to New York. They are quoted at 34½c east.

Oatmeal—Is steady at $3.85 for cars of barrels and $3.75 for bags Toronto, and 30c more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are steady at 70c north and west and 70½c to 71c middle freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The offerings are plentiful and demand is fair. Prices are steady at 16c to 16½c for best dairy packed tubs and pails, with 12c to 14c for low grade and medium tubs. Dairy pound rolls are in good demand, the best ones bringing 17c to 18c. Creamery is steady at 21c to 21½c for prints. Inferior tubs are selling down to 18½c to 20c.

Eggs—The market is steady for the best at 13c to 13½c, and ordinary stock brings 12c to 12½c.

Potatoes—The demand is moderate and the market is steady at 75c to 80c.

Poultry—The market is quiet. Prices are steady at 40c to 50c for live and dressed chickens, 12c for choice young turkeys and 9c to 10c for old gobblers.

Beans.—Foreign varieties are showing extreme weakness. Pea beans are dull and lower. Choice in barrels are quoted at $2.50 per bushel.

Baled Hay—Is steady. Cars on the track here selling at $8.50 to $9.

Baled Straw—Is steady. Prices are unchanged at $5 to $5.25 for cars on the track here.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Receipts of grain on the street market to-day were fair. Prices generally were easier.

Wheat—Was easier, 400 bushels of white and 300 bushels of red selling at 61c to 73½c per bu. The cheaper lots were very poor stuff; 400 bushels of goose sold ½c to 1c off at 66c to 67½c.

Barley—Was steady, 2000 bushels selling at 48c to 55c per bushel.

Oats—Were ½c easier, 700 bushels selling at 38c to 39c per bu.

Rye—Was unchanged, 100 bushels selling at 54c per bu.

Butter was unchanged and steady with large offerings. Choice pound rolls are selling at 18c to 20c.

Poultry—Was steady; live chickens are selling at 40c to 65c a pair, and 45c to 70c for spring.

Hay—Receipts were only fair and prices unchanged, 20 loads selling at $10.50 to $12.

Straw—One load sold at $10.50.

Wheat, white...	$0.61	$0.73½
do red.....	.61	.73½
do goose.....	.66	.67½
do spring	.69	.70
Rye.....	.54	.00
Barley.....	.48	.55
Oats, old...	.40	.41
do new.....	.38	.39
Peas.....	.70	.00
Hay..... ....10.50		12.00
Straw..... ....10.50		0.00
Butter lb rolls...	.18	.20
do crocks...	.16	.19
Eggs, new laid...	.15	.16
Chickens, live, pair.....	.40	.65
do spring, pair...	.45	.70
Ducks, per pair...	.60	.75
Turkeys, per lb...	.14	.15
Apples, basket...	.25	.40
Beets, per doz...	.10	.15
Cabbages, per doz... ..	.30	.40
Carrots, per bag...	.50	.60
Corn, green, doz...	.07	.10
Cucumbers, long...	.75	.90
do small, per basket.	.15	.20
Egg plant, each...	.05	.10
Lettuce, per doz...	.20	.30
Onions, per bush...	.65	.75
Parsley, per doz...	.10	.15
Parsnips, per doz...	.25	.30
Potatoes, per bush... ...	.60	.70
do per peck	.20	.25
Squash, each....	.15	.20
Tomatoes, per basket..	.15	.20
Turnips, per doz..... ...	.20	.25
do per bag...	.40	.00
Vegetable marrow, doz	.50	.75
Dressed hogs, per cwt..	9.00	9.60
Beef, hindquarters... ...	7.00	9.00
do forequarters	4.50	6.00
do carcases, choice...	6.50	7.25
do common	4.50	5.00
Lambs, per lb	.07½	.08½
Mutton, per cwt...	6.00	7.50
Veal calves, light, lb...	.07	.08
do choice, per lb... ...	.08	.09

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 24.—The total receipts to-day at the Western cattle market amounted to 76 carloads of live stock, including 1,300 cattle, 1,822 sheep and lambs, 800 hogs, and about 50 calves and milch cows. Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt... ...$4.25		$4.75
Butchers, choice...	4.00	4.50
Butchers, ordinary to good...	3.50	4.00
Butchers, inferior...	2.75	3.25
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, per cwt...	3.50	3.75
Butchers' sheep, each...	2.00	3.00
Lambs, each...	2.50	3.50
Do., per cwt..:	3.75	4.25
Bucks, per cwt...	2.50	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each... .. ..30.00		45.00
Calves, each...	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt...	7.25	7.37½
Light hogs, per cwt....	0.00	7.00
Heavy hogs, per cwt...	3.50	4.00
Sows, per cwt...	3.50	4.00
Stags, per cwt...	0.00	2.00

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.

Buffalo, Sept. 24.—Flour firm, spring wheat, good demand; No. 1 northern old, 76¾c; new, 74¾c. Winter wheat, nothing doing; No. 2 red, 75½c; No. 1 white, 76½c. Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, 62½c; No. 3 do, 62c; No. 2 corn, 61¾c; No. 3 do, 61½c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 39½c; No. 3 do, 39½c; No. 2 mixed, 37½c; No. 3 mixed, 37c. Barley, western fancy, 64 to 65c. Rye, No. 2 55½c. Canal freights higher; wheat 3¾c, corn, 3½c; oats, 2½c, to New York.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, Sept. 24.—Opening—Wheat on passage steadier. Maize on passage rather firmer. Weather in England, fine; in France, cloudy. English country markets of yesterday, quiet; French quiet but steady.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat, foreign and English, firm and rather dearer; corn, American strong at an advance of 9d., Danubian firm; flour, American firm at an advance of 6d; English steady.

Liverpool, Sept. 24.—Close—Spot wheat quiet; No. 1 standard California, 5s 9½d to 5s 10d; No. 2 red winter, 5s 6½d to 5s 7½d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 7½d to 5s 6½d; futures dull; September 5s 6½d. December 5s 8d. Spot corn steady; new, 5s ¾d to 5s 1d; futures easy; October 4s, November 5s. Flour, 17s 3d to 18s 6d.

Paris, Sept. 24—Opening—Wheat steady; September 21f 45c, January and April 22f 70c. Flour steady; September 27f 55c, January and April 28f 85c.

Paris—Close—Wheat quiet; September, 21f 40c, January and April 22f 65c. Flour quiet; September 27f 45c, January and April 28f 75c.

Antwerp, Sept 24.—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red winter, 15¾f.

PROOFS OF SYMPATHY.

Optimists Rejoice at Britain's Homage to McKinley.

I. N. Ford, cabling to the New York Tribune from London, says:—"Political moralists, while exasperated by the series of humiliating defeats in South Africa, find grounds for optimism respecting England's relations with the world. There have been signal proofs this week of the cohesive clannishness of the Anglo-Saxon race. The spontaneous manifestations of homage for the martyred President throughout the English-speaking world have offered convincing evidence of the impact of race sympathy. 'Lest we forget,' was not the refrain from the recessional from Westminster Abbey, as the strains of Beethoven epical march for the death of a hero rang out in triumph. That service was the sign of the essential unity of the English-speaking world, and so long as the Anglo-Saxon race stands together the burdens and responsibilities of the future may be faced with courage and faith, whether in Washington or in London.

"Englishmen have received fresh proofs also of the loyalty of the Empire in the hearty reception of the Duke of Cornwall and York in Canada; and these have been timely, since the unexpected reverses in South Africa have created a feeling of discouragement, albeit not dismay."

PLAGUE AT MARSEILLES.

Steamer With Scientists Forced to Return to Port.

A despatch from Marseilles says:—The Steamer Senegal, which was conveying a party of scientists on a tour of the East, has been forced to return here, owing to an outbreak of bubonic plague aboard. The vessel was detained in quarantine at Freyoul. One person has died from the disease, and another is sick. The microbe of the plague was detected in a rat, that is supposed to have been picked up at Alexandria.

NO POISON ON BULLETS.

Chemical Tests Applied to Weapons of McKinley's Assassin.

A despatch from Buffalo, N.Y., says:—The most important development in the Czolgosz case on Saturday was the announcement that no poison had been found on the bullet or revolver with which the Anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Chemical and bacteriological examinations were made, and both revealed the fact that no poison was used by the murderer.

BOERS LEFT 18 DEAD.

Col. Munro's Engagement With Fouche's Commando.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Col. Munro's column engaged Gen. Fouche's commando, estimated at 400, at Penhock, twelve miles east of Sterkstroom, on Sept. 14. Previous to this Col. Munro had driven Gen. Fouche from the vicinity of Jamestown. The fight resulted in the Boers retreating in an easterly direction. They left eighteen dead on the field.

Gen. O'Grady-Haly is pleased at the turn-out made by the militia at Quebec and Montreal.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

McKinley's Remains Borne to Their Last Resting Place.

A despatch from Canton, Ohio, says:—The streets of the little city of Canton on Monday morning were filled with waving plumes, prancing horses and densely packed bodies of moving men assembled here for the procession which was to escort the remains of the late President from the church to West Lawn Cemetery in the afternoon. All night long civil, military, fraternal, social, and commercial organizations from the four quarters of the compass had been pouring in, and so fast did the trains arrive that there appeared to be one continuous string of cars unloading their human freight through the station into the congested streets beyond. Thirty special trains in addition to the regular trains had arrived before noon.

The people overflowed the sidewalks and literally packed the streets from side to side. The awe-stricken crowds upon their arrival all moved as by a common impulse toward the old familiar McKinley cottage, where the remains were lying. Military guards stationed at the four corners of the lawn paced their beats, but there was no other sign of life about the house of death. The window shades were down. A long border of black, which had been put in place after the body was removed to the house on Wednesday night, fringed the roof of the porch from which President McKinley had spoken to delegations from every state in the union, and where he had met and talked with all the chieftains of his party.

No badge of conventional mourning was on the door. Instead there was a simple wreath of palms bisected by a beautiful band of wide purple satin ribbon.

Sorrowfully the throngs turned away, the people to take up their positions at the church, the representatives to seek their places in the imposing procession which was to follow the remains to the cemetery. The two sections of the train bearing the Senate and the House of Representatives and other Government officials from Washington arrived during the morning.

SIMPLE SERVICES.

The services in the church were simple. They began with the rendition of an organ prelude, Beethoven's funeral march, played by Miss Florence Douds. As the last notes of the prelude were stilled the Euterpean ladies' quartet of Canton sang "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Canton, delivered the invocation.

The Nineteenth Psalm was read by Dr. John A. Hall of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Canton, and that portion of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians included between the 41st and 58th verses was read by Rev. E. P. Herbreuck of the Trinity Reformed Church of Canton. The favorite hymn of President McKinley, "Lead, Kindly Light," was then rendered by a mixed quartette.

When this hymn had been finished Dr. C. E. Manchester, pastor of the First Methodist church, delivered an address.

At the conclusion of Dr. Manchester's discourse Bishop I. W. Joyce of Minneapolis delivered a short prayer.

The hymn "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung by the entire congregation. The people remained standing after the close of the hymn, while the benediction was pronounced by Monsignor T. P. Thorpe of Cleveland.

The casket was then borne from the church to the funeral car, and the march of the procession to the cemetery began.

TWO MILLION BIRDS.

Order of One Dealer for the English Market.

A despatch from Toronto says:—High prices for fowl will probably rule in Canada this winter. This is because Canadian birds have become popular in Great Britain. Last week Mr. James Ruddin, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, was in Toronto, opening a depot for the purchase and shipment of fowl and game birds of all kinds, and appointed Mr. M. P. Mallon his Canadian manager. Mr. Ruddin's modest order is for two million birds. That means he wants all he can get. He is stated to have several million pounns of capital behind him. Another enterprise, it is said, has been launched, the purpose of which is to take advantage of the high prices for fowl on the English market in spring. A company has been formed which will purchase a large quantity of fowl and keep it here over winter in cold storage, shipping it in the suring.

WILL NOT GO TO COAST.

Lord Minto Will Join Duke for Duck-Shooting.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—It is definitely settled that His Excellency the Governor-General will not go west with their Royal Highnesses. It is Lord Minto's intention to join the Duke to take part in the duck shooting expedition in Manitoba, organized by Senator Kirchhoffer, and then return to Toronto with the Duke. His Excellency will also visit Halifax on the occasion of the good-bye to their Royal Highnesses.

IT STOPPED THE CLOCKS.

Earthquake Shock in Various Parts of Scotland.

A despatch from Glasgow says:—An earthquake shock which lasted for three seconds, was felt at Aberdeen, Inverness, and other districts in the northern part of Scotland at 1.30 Wednesday morning. Buildings were damaged and clocks stopped. The shock was preceded by a wind and rainstorm.

NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Very Latest Items From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Inland revenue returns for August show a total of $919,299.

The Duke will visit London for an hour, October 12.

Charles Maher had his thumb cut off by a machine in the car shops at London.

The London Medical School has reopened with the largest class in the history of the school.

The liabilities of the insolvent firm of Merritt Bros., St. John, N.B., will reach half a million.

The Dominion Iron & Steel Company has declared a divident of 3½ per cent. on its preferred stock.

The north shore fisheries of Labrador have been very good, instead of a total failure, as at first reported.

F. X. Vary, aged 50, fell while cleaning the high windows of a bank building at Montreal and was killed.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Company, of Montreal, has declared a dividend of 3½ per cent. on its preferred stock.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will arrive at Halifax on October 19th, at 10 o'clock, and will leave on October 21st, at 5 p. m.

Albert Geiser, contractor, has been fined $550, or three years imprisonment, at Rossland, for violation of the Alien Labor Act.

Forty mounted police will be sent from Calgary to do duty as an escort for the Duke and Governor-General in Victoria and Vancouver.

The cable between Chateau Bay, on the Labrador coast, and Belle Isle, has been successfully laid. The Marconi wireless telegraph system is also to be installed.

F. H. Clergue and eastern capitalists are forming a company for the manufacture of steel tubes. The factory will adjoin the Clergue steel plant at the Soo and will employ 500 men.

Le Roi, Centre Star and the Rossland Great Western Mining Companies have entered suits against the Rossland Miners' Union for $100,000 "for bringing about strikes" at Rossland and Northport.

The recent assessment of the city of Hamilton, it is expected, will increase the total of last year by a million and a half dollars. The annex has been rated the same as all other sections for the first time.

FOREIGN.

Russia will introduce balloon service into its armies.

It is said that the Sultan greatly fears a European combination against him.

The great statue of King Alfred was unveiled by Lord Rosebery at Winchester.

The President has made W. B. Ridgeley, of Illinois, controller of the currency.

The Bank of Hammond, Wisconsin, was recently robbed of all its cash and valuable papers.

France is trying to persuade the Powers to insist upon international control of the Turkish finances.

Premier Salisbury, looking very well, has gone to the south of France for a five weeks' vacation.

Count Carl Schonborn has just ascended Vesuvius in a motor car, being the first person to do so.

At Yokohama the murder of the ex-Minister, M. Hoshitoru, was sentenced to imprisonment for life with hard labor.

The body of George Clair, a prominent farmer living near Oswego, N.Y., was found in a potato field riddled with bullets.

Four children were bitten by a mad dog is Jersey City seven weeks ago, and one boy of eight years has just died of hydrophobia.

The Polish provinces of Russia are suffering from bad harvests, and, as a result, many peasants are selling their cattle and horses.

At an old graveyard in Quakertown, N.J., the groundhogs have dug down into the graves and dragged forth portions of coffins.

At Indianapolis the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Oddfellows decided that State jurisdiction may admit men of mixed Indian and white blood as full members of the order.

The directors of Ogden's limited, tobacco and cigarette manufacturers of Liverpool, England, have decided to sell out to the American Tobacco Company.

The American Ambassador in London has issued a public card, in which he thanks the people of Great Britain for their unusually cordial and generous sympathy.

Charles Warren Spalding must serve the maximum time of his sentence, ten years, for irregular banking as president of the Globe Savings Bank of Chicago.

Alfred Danschlall, a Dane, aged 52 years, was sent to jail yesterday at Plainfield, N.J., for 60 days, in default of a fine of $60 imposed upon him for abusive language directed against the late President McKinley.

It is announced that in consequence of the time made by the trains carrying the mail across the United States en route from Australia to London, this mail will in future go by the United States route instead of by the Suez Canal.

The Kaiser is reported as being disappointed by the German military manoeuvres. A London correspondent expresses the opinion that the German soldier proved himself much more ornamental on the parade ground than useful on the battlefield.

PUNISHING TREASON.

Dutch Clergyman Heavily Sentenced.

A despatch from Kimberley says: In the Treason Court Mr. Ackermann, a Dutch minister, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of £250, or in default another six months' imprisonment.

Mr. Perold, a Predikant of Warrenton, was sentenced to eighteen months and a fine of £500, or in default another year's imprisonment.

AN UP-TO-DATE BABY ROCKER.

This is the very latest baby soother, and is warranted to calm the most energetic infant vocalist. The invention which has just been patented, consists of an ordinary rocking chair, with a cradle attached; and the fond parent has only to insert the child in the latter and seat herself in the former, and rock gently backward and forward, and the baby goes to sleep without unnecessary loss of time.

When not in use the cradle slides underneath the chair, and when this is done a rather handsome piece of furniture is the result. The inventor has also made provision for two young children by designing a double cradle, which pulls out on either side of the chair, one telescoping into the other when not in use. With this apparatus two young specimens of infant humanity may be lulled to sleep at the same time, while the nurse or mother is comfortably seated in the chair, reading her favorite novel or magazine.

GROWING GIRLS.

OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE.

It Will Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure, Strengthen the Nerves and Prevent Decline

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a respected farmer in South Pelham township, Welland county, Ontario, says:—"It is with great pleasure that I give this tribute to the health restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter Lena, (now thirteen years of age), began the use of your medicine, a little over a year ago, she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The first symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. I gave her several advertised medicines, but they did not benefit her. Then she was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her any, and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for a few weeks longer seemed to completely restore her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, light-hearted girl, the very picture of health. I will always recommend Dr Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, feeling sure they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in my daughter's case."

Mothers with growing daughters will make no mistake if they insist upon the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they will help them to develop properly; will make their blood rich and pure, and thus ward off disease and decline. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. None other is genuine, no matter what some self-interested dealer may say. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A DISTRESSING CASE.

Vat's de madder, Izzy.

I am in great troubles. Ve soldt a man a set of teeth mit a gold plate at four dollars down und two a veek. Und he hasn't made the second payment.

Vy don't you take de teeth avay from him?

Ve can't. He's got lockjaw.

THE CROWDED FRONT ROW.

Scribbs—You used to have some literary ambition.

Stubbs—Yes, years ago; but fame is so common now that I wouldn't have it.

Seven in every 10,000 people who die in England are murdered.

CEYLON AND INDIA
NATURAL LEAF
GREEN TEA.

Resembles Japan in flavor, but is **never impure**—while infinitely superior in quality. It is making rapid strides in public favor because of the above facts. Drinkers of Japan teas should give it a trial.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

ON THE FARM.

ACCIDENTS BY MACHINERY.

There have been many accidents from the use of modern machinery on farms, yet they seem largely due to carelessness. We used to hear of frequent cases with mowing machines where the victim tried to pick out clogged grass from the knives, and a step forward of the horses tormented by flies took off a few fingers. We have not heard of such instances for several years, and think men have learned to avoid the risk. The buzz saw on the farm has done more damage in ten years past than all that are used in mills, though there are more in saw mills, and they run faster than those run by power on the farm. The danger comes usually from careless or too rapid feeding. Threshing machines do not catch the arms of the feeder as often as they used to, because men have more experience and are more careful. It is better to be careful than to show a disposition to be smart.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

The farmer lives in the future. The dairyman is farmer of the highest kind. He can only succeed by what is called intensive work, which is the very best work done in the very best manner in regard to the strictest economy and the greatest profit. If the feeding of animals is the most important part of agriculture, then the feeder and breeder of cows and the producer of feeding crops for them, and the most skilful improver of his live stock, must be a farmer of the highest character. He must not only produce the food of his cows in the cheapest and best manner, but he must make the feeding the most effective for profit by the highest skill. And feeding is really only one of the incidents of the dairyman's business. The food must be grown according to the most economical methods and the proper use of it for full profit must be studied and practiced, with the best possible care. But feeding is one of the most important parts of the dairymanls business.

THE FOOD OF THE COWS

is by far the greatest expense of the business. Of course the growing of it is equally important, but for the greatest part just now this part of the business has been done for the season, except so far that the pastures may be carefully eked out by good management so as to supply as much of the best food procurable as long as possible. The ordinary cow pasture is a sad sight to the thoughtful, progressive dairyman. It is an example of avoidable waste of good grass by the accumulation of the manure scattered over it, which not only kills the grass, but makes the spots offensive to the cows, and although the stimulus of the manure may have greatly increased the herbage near it, this coarse growth is refused by the cows and thus it is a second damage. The rule should be to scatter these droppings so that they will not be offensive, being soon deodorized by the rain and soil, and absorbed healthfully to the advantage of the grass. Indeed it is an excellent plan to run a harrow over the field at short intervals. This scatters these droppings and leaves them where they will do the most good in improving the grass generally; and at the same time it loosens the soil sufficiently to get a covering for a sufficient quantity of fresh seeds, which will reinforce the pasture considerably. In fact, in this way pastures may be improved

YEAR BY YEAR,

and kept in usable condition indefinitely. This is one of the finest things to think of in preparing for the winter, for it helps very much to keep up the condition of the cows and prepare them for the work of the winter. And to do it is a matter of foresight and preparation not to be neglected. The due preparations for feeding are next, not only to be thought of, but made without delay. Economy consists very much in timely preparations for business, whatever it may be. The stock of foods to be procured outside of the farm is to be secured while the summer low prices prevail. Dealers will always contract for these at present prices, for delivery later, and a big interest may thus be made on the money thus spent if it is now paid for the delivery of the feeding stuffs when required. It is an economy to pay down for everything and a greater one to pay it in advance. Ten per cent. on the money is easily made in this way; besides, the knowledge that one is safe whatever may happen is worth as much in addition. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" should be an ever present thought in the dairyman's mind. His income is made up of fragments hardly earned, and it should be a pain felt all over, as well as in the pocket, to have these fragments wasted. And this is the best time of the year to think of these fragments, so often

GOING TO WASTE.

So the due preparation of the stables is to be made a present work. Let no pleasure interfere with business duty in this respect. It has been said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This is a sad excuse for neglect of work. Rather let us think of the good advice, work while it is day, for the time cometh when we cannot work. So this fullest possible preparation for the winter, soon coming in sight, for the harvest is passing, and soon the indoor work will be pressing on us, is to be made now. We don't wish to be considered in the light of a slave-driver, as some may think these remarks go to indicate, but speak from years of experience of the comfort of laying out one's work and being forehanded with it, so that it does not drive one, and there is no harder task-master in the world than work that is behind and is done under the most depressing conditions. And besides the unfavorable condition under which work behind its time is done, there is the sure fact that it is not so profitable as it would have been if done in good season. Let then the stables be put in the best possible condition at once, and cleaned up, and if at all possible let them be whitewashed

WITH HOT LIME,

by which stagnant infection of all kinds, germs of possible disease, vermin, bad odors by which milk is infected—in two ways: one directly and the other through the cows. For the cows are prevented breathing the bad air which passes into the lungs and is absorbed by the blood. This impure blood necessarily causes impure milk, which may have all consequences, to the detriment of the dairy products. And so by timely foresight let everything be duly prepared for the winter in this respect.

There are always repairs and improvements to be made in a dairy. The man or woman who knows most of this is the one whose business is carried on solely in the winter. This is an extremely exacting business, but it is the most profitable in every respect, for it is a great truth to be recognized by dairymen that where the most work is required, most skill and most thought, the rewards for such work are bettered in proportion to the mind's work exacted by it. Thought always pays better than mere muscular work or labor; the mind is far more valuable than the body; for it makes mere hand work perfect; and so it is that in a winter dairy more

SCIENTIFIC WORK

is necessary, more accurate work and skill in the management of the whole business, than is needed in the summer business. So it needs that everything must be in perfect working order before the cows come in, and the winter's business begins. The most important thing about the winter work is to have the utmost possible cleanliness through all of it. So there must be no hidden filth or rottenness in the stalls, or the drains and the manure yard. This should be a covered yard, properly made and fitted to avoid leakage of the liquids of the manure, with a stock of proper absorbent, deodorizing and fertilizing matters now to be gathered, so that the sweet fragrance of the well made hay may pervade the cow stable. Of course, this means timely work, and as just now is a temporary season of leisure, let this be considered, begun, and in due time finished. Let the morrow take care of the things of itself is the supposed motto of the improvident man. It is strictly the reverse, if properly understood. Thus, let the morrow be so prepared for to-day, that the work of it may go on without hindrance, or waste, or loss or inconvenience.

HEALTHY BABIES.

Watchful Mothers Can Keep Their Babies Healthy, Rosy-cheeked and Happy.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty rosy-cheeked, happy baby.

Babies can be kept in perfect health only by having at hand and administering when needed some purely vegetable, harmless remedy, and of all this class of medicines Baby's Own Tablets are conceded to be the best.

For constipation, colic, diarrhoea, simple fevers, sour stomachs, teething babies, indigestion and sleeplessness, these tablets are a really wonderful cure. You can give them to the smallest baby without the slightest fear. Dissolved in water, they will be taken readily. They contain absolutely not a particle of opiate or other injurious drugs. They are small, sweet lozenges that any baby will take without objection, and their action is prompt and pleasant. They will tone up the whole system and make the little one as hearty and free from infantile disorders as any mother could wish.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says: "I have never used any medicine for baby that did him so much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these tablets.

They cost 25 cents a box. All druggists sell them or they may be secured by sending the price direct and the tablets will be forwarded prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.

25c.

TO MERCHANTS: If you are not handling

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea you are leaving off your shelves a custom-drawing line which you cannot afford to be without. in Lead Packages to Retail at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

WHAT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Lady Aberdeen gave a garden party recently to the Eighty Club at the Royal Botanical Gardens, London.

The Duke of Newcastle has the right to present the King with a right-hand glove for use on Coronation day.

King Edward has telegraphed to Lord Tennyson expressing his delight at the success of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall's visit to South Australia.

In addition to his other honors, Sir James Wilcocks has been awarded a special grant, the equivalent of £5,000, for his services in the Ashanti Exposition.

After an experience of two years and a loss of nearly £10,000 the Blackburn Corporation has abandoned penny fares on their electric tramways ann charge 1½d.

Brig.-Gen. Sir Alfred Gaselee, of the British army, has been made a major-general and a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire for his services in China.

A peculiar souvenir is kept at Hatfield. It is a stone, over a pound in weight, with which the window in Lord Salisbury's carriage was smashed at Dumfries on October 21st, 1884.

During the year 1900 no rewer than 272 rocks and shoals which were dangerous to navigation were reported by the Admiralty Survey Department Nine sunken rocks were discovered by vessels striking on them.

The King is credited with a desire to relieve the restrictions which govern the Royal palaces. The public shall have peeps at Buckingham Palace, as well as at Windsor Castle, and at great St. James' as well as at Kensington.

The British Government holds land in Chatham by paying the heirs of the man from whom it was bought for two peppercorns. The man's descendants now live in Holland, and the peppercorns are annually sent thither in a gold box.

Mr. Alfred Hewlett, managing director of the Wigan Coal & Iron Company, who had already subscribed £1,000 has intimated his intention of giving an additional £5,000 to the Wigan Mining and Technical Institution, which was started as the Wigan Diamond Jubilee Memorial.

Sir Francis Swittenham, Governor of Singapore, is one of the best known Englishmen in the Far East, where he has performed many conspicuous public services. He is also a literary worker of wide repute, having purchased that successful volume "Malay Tales" and other works of less note. He is now engaged in compiling a dictionary of the Malay language.

Lady Hermione Blackwood, who was one of the nurses decorated by the Queen at Marlborough House, is the second daughter of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Her eldest sister, whose name curiously enough is also Hermione, is the wife of Roland Munro Ferguson, while the youngest, Lady Victoria, is married to Lord Plunket. Her oldest brother, Lord Ava, was killed outside Ladysmith, at the beginning of the last year, and another brother, Lord Frederick Temple, was wounded a few months ago in South Africa.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

UNJUST OF HIM.

Husband—I'll bet while you were in that milliner's selecting a hat, I could have done twenty thousand dollars worth of business.

Wife—But do you think there is any comparison in the importance of the two transactions?

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Cleopatra's Needle is 68 feet high, and weighs 140 tons. The Luxor monument in Paris, also a single stone, is 76 feet high, and weighs 240 tons.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, has 600 beds and 5,500 patients annually; St. Thomas's 360 beds, and 3,200 patients. They were founded in 1547 and 1548 respectively.

A CLIPPING FROM PLATTSVLILE ECHO.

MRS. J. BARNETT FIGURES IN AN INTERESTING ARTICLE IN THE LOCAL PAPER.

Interviewed by a Representative of the Echo—Story of Her Trouble as Related by Herself—Her Opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Plattsville, Ont., Sept. 23 (Special).—The case of Mrs. J Barnett of this town was found of sufficient importance to be published at length in the Plattsville Echo. To the representative of that live local paper she made the following statement concerning her experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have been ailing for years, but in the spring of last year I grew very much worse. The symptoms of my disease were nervousness, rheumatism in the left arm, pains in the small of the back, up the spinal column and back of the head, through the eyes, left side of the body and occasionally the right side.

"I grew weak, for I had no appetite and night after night I could not sleep. I was a physical wreck. I was treated by doctors, but their medicines afforded me no relief. I chanced to read in Dodd's Almanac of the virtue in Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful cures effected by them.

"The symptoms as therein explained corresponded with my own, and I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills according to directions. Before I had finished one box there was a decided improvement in my condition. My appetite returned, the pain was lessened and I was able to sleep. I have taken in all twelve boxes and have completely recovered. No sign of my old trouble remains and I ascribe it only to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful discovery."

This clipping is reproduced as it is typical of the way so many women feel about Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills have been often truly called "Woman's best friend."

WHEN MOLLIE BATHES THE BABY.

When Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride;
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf,
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then: "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby
I always say to her:
"Look out, now, don't you drop
him,"
And she answers back: "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscles in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than it ever shows to me.
But I feel no jealous goading
As they laud him to the skies,
For everyone assures me
That he has his father's eyes.

Our six-year-old is such a comfort and such a help to me. Why, he can take care of his baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room now playing with little Dorothy. Wal-ter. Yeth, mamma! Are you taking care of little sister? Yeth mamma. What are you doing? Oh, I'se playing barber, and I'se shaving her wiv papa's razor.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

"O Woman; in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, & hard to please—
There is certainly one thing that will
please you if you get it, & that is
Monsoon Ceylon Tea
Lead packets — All grocers—

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—IF YOU WANT A LINE OF fast-selling goods that give you over half profit, and sell in every house, write us. The F. E. Karn Co., 132 Victoria street, Toronto.

CANADIAN NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC **SONGS**
PRICE 30 CENTS.
British War Songs Price 50c. May be had from all Music Dealers.

Of the 712,000 gypsies in Europe, 200,000 are in Turkey, and 197,000 in Austria. Great Britain has only 18,000, and Scandinavia 7,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

What is Jimmy howling about now? He thought his grandmother had sent him a box of chocolate for his birthday, but it turned out to be a box of soap.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Since 1848 specie has multiplied threefold, paper money more than fourfold. Paper money is now more than 40 per cent. of all currency.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Of foreign settlers in the United States, 29 per cent. are Irish, 12 per cent. English, 3 per cent. Scotch. Germans are 31 per cent., and Canadians no less than 11 per cent.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN,
Port Mulgrave.

The South Kensington Museum holds the record for popularity. In a recent year it had 1,017,000 visitors, against 790,000 to British Museum, and 958,000 to National Gallery.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 1095

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
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Asbestos Goods, Pipe Covering, Lubricating Oils, Greases, etc.
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Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 17 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

SHEET METAL CORNICES. DOUGLAS BROS., 124 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

Dyeing! Cleaning!
For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

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6 & 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1901.

North Hastings Exhibition.

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES.

CLASS A—HEAVY DRAUGHT HORSES.

Heavy Draught Stallion, 1 M Cummerford, 2 R McMullen.
Mare and Foal, 1 P G Sharp, 3 H K Denyes.
Span of Horses, 1 W Hawkins, 2 I Rose, 3 Alex Hume.
3 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 Jas Haggerty.
2 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 Chas Nelson, 2 Jas A Stewart, 3 John Kingston.
1 year old Colt, 1 Alex Hume, 2 Wm McCann, 3 H K Denyes.

CLASS B—GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES.

Mare and Foal, 1 P G Sharp, 2 A Thompson, 3 Robert Good.
3 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 Chas Nelson, 2 H K Denyes, 3 D D Ashley.
2 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 Chas Nelson, 2 S Shaw, 3 Aaron Ashley.
1 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 S Shaw, 2 Wm McCann, 3 C Bateman.
Span of Horses, 1 W H Hubbell, 2 R Reid, 3 Chas Nelson.

CLASS C—CARRIAGE HORSES.

Stallion, 3 years and upwards, 1 John Rodgers, 2 Chas Jose.
Mare and Foal, 1 John Kingston, 2 G A Boulton, 3 Jas A Stewart.
3 year old Colt, shown in harness, 1 J T Haggerty.
2 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 Chas Nelson, 2 P Fargey, 3 E Caverley.
1 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 & 2 John Kingston, 3 A Fargey.
Span of Horses, 15½ hands or over, 1 J L Ashley.
Single Horse in harness, 1 S W Dunning, 2 W H Sheffield, 3 I Rose.
Saddle Horse, 2 G A Boulton.

CLASS D—ROADSTERS.

Stallion, 3 years and upwasds, 1 Ashley Stock Farm, 2 Chas Jose.
Mare and Foal, 1 R Lanigan, 2 R Armstrong.
3 year old Colt, shown in harness, 1 C Bronson.
2 year old Mare or Gelding, 1 R Lanigan, 2 Clem Armstrong, 3 R Armstrong.
1 year old Colt, 1 R Lanigan.
Span of Horses, 1 H S Ketcheson, 2 Ben Morden.
Single Horse in Harness, 1 H S Ketcheson, 2 B R Wright, 3 Clem Armstrong.
Lady Driver, single horse in harness, 1 H S Ketcheson, 2 Ashley Stock Farm, 3 D D Ashley.

CATTLE.

CLASS E—DURHAM WITH PEDIGREE.

Bull, 3 years old, 1 M F Sullivan.
Bull, 1 year old, 1 Jas Rainie.
Bull Calf, 1, 2 & 3, Jas. Rainie.
Milch Cow, 1, 2 & 3, Jas. Rainie.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1 & 2 Jas. Rainie.
Heifer, 1 year old, 1 & 2 Jas Rainie.
Heifer Calf, 1 Jas Rainie.

CLASS F—JERSEYS WITH PEDIGREE.

Bull, 1 year old, 1 E W Brooks.
Milch Cow, 1 T H McKee, 2 & 3 E W Brooks.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1 E W Brooks.
Heifer, 1 year old, 1, 2 & 3, E W Brooks.
Heifer Calf, 1 & 2 E W Brooks.

CLASS G—AYRSHIRES WITH PEDIGREE.

Bull, 3 years old, 1 Alex Hume, 2 Urbane Heath.
Bull, 2 years old, 1 G A Ketcheson, 2 Alex Hume.
Bull, 1 year old, 2 Alex Hume.
Bull Calf, 1 H K Denyes, 2 A Hume, 3 Chas Rainie.
Milch Cow, 1, 2 and 3 Alex Hume.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1 Chas Rainie, 2 & 3 Alex Hume.
Heifer, 1 year old, 1 & 3 Alex Hume, 2 G A Ketcheson.
Heifer Calf, 1, 2 & 3 Alex Hume.

CLASS H—HOLSTEIN WITH PEDIGREE.

Bull, 3 years old, 1 A D Foster.
Bull, 1 year old, 1 A D Foster.
Bull Calf, 1 A D Foster.
Milch Cow, 1 & 2, A D Foster.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1 A D Foster.
Heifer, 1 year old, 1 & 2 A D Foster.
Heifer Calf, 1, 2 & 3 A D Foster.

CLASS H H—GRADE CATTLE.

Milch Cow, 1 G A Ketcheson, 2 Alex Hume, 3 A D Foster.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1 G A Ketcheson, 2 & 3 G A Boulton.
Heifer, 1 year old, 1 & 2 G A Ketcheson, 3 G A Boulton.
Heifer Calf, 1 E Caverley, 2 G A Ketcheson, 3 H K Denyes.

SHEEP.

CLASS I—COTSWOLDS.

Best Ram, 1 M F Sullivan, 2 Wm Stillman.
Ram Yearling, 1 Wm Stillman.
Ram Lamb, 1 Wm Stillman, 2 M F Sullivan.
Two Ewes, 1 Wm Stillman, 2 M F Sullivan.
Two Yearling Ewes, 1 Wm Stillman, 2 M F Sullivan.
Two Ewe Lambs, 1 Wm Stillman, 2 M F Sullivan.

CLASS I I—LEICESTERS.

Best Ram, 1 R McMurter.
Ram, yearling, 1 R McMurter.
Ram Lamb, 1 R McMurter.
Two Ewes, 1 & 2 R McMurter.
Two Yearling Ewes, 1 R McMurter.
Two Ewe Lambs, 1 R McMurter.

CLASS J—SHROPSHIRES.

Best Ram, 1 W H Phillips, 2 J H Reid.
Ram, yearling, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 W H Phillips.
Ram Lamb, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Bruce Curtis.
Two Ewes, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 W H Phillips, 3 J H Reid.
Two Yearling Ewes, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Bruce Curtis, 3 J H Reid.
Two Ewe Lambs, 1 W H Phillips.

CLASS J J—SOUTHDOWNS.

Best Ram, 1 E W Brooks.
Ram, yearling, 1 E W Brooks.
Ram Lamb, 1 E W Brooks.
Two Ewes, 1 Mrs. B L Brooks, 2 E W Brooks.
Two Yearling Ewes, 1 & 2 E W Brooks.
Two Ewe Lambs, 1 E W Brooks, 2 Mrs. B L Brooks.

SWINE.

CLASS K—BERKSHIRES.

Boar, 1 A Terrill, 2 E Caverley.
Breeding Sow, 1 & 2 A Terrill.
Boar, Spring Pig, 1901, 2 A Terrill, 3 E Caverley.
Sow, Spring Pig, 1901, 1 E Caverley, 2 A Terrill.
Two Spring Pigs, 1 E Caverley, 2 W H Phillips, 3 A Terrill.

CLASS K K—YORKSHIRES.

Boar, 1 W T Sine, 2 E Caverley.
Breeding Sow, 1 Alex Hume, 2 W T Sine.
Boar, Spring Pig, 1901, 1 Alex Hume, 3 W T Sine.
Sow, Spring Pig, 1901, 1 W T Sine, 2 R McMurter, 3 Alex Hume.
Two Spring Pigs, 1 Alex Hume, 3 W T Sine.

CLASS L—TAMWORTHS.

Breeding Sow, 1 Urbane Heath.
Boar, Spring Pig, 1901, 1 Urbane Heath.
Sow, Spring Pig, 1901, 1 U Heath.
Two Spring Pigs, 1 Urbane Heath.

CLASS L L—SUFFOLKS.

Boar, Spring Pig, 1901, E W Brooks.
Sow, Spring Pig, 1901, E W Brooks.

POULTRY.

CLASS N—POULTRY.

Brahmas, 1 & 2, Bruce Curtis.
Dorkings, 1 Bruce Curtis.
Polands, 1 & 2 Bruce Curtis.
Cochins, 1 & 2 Bruce Curtis.
Plymouth Rocks, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Wm McCann.
Leghorns, 1 & 2 Bruce Curtis, 3 W H Phillips.
Wyandottes, 2 Bruce Curtis, 3 W H Phillips.
Hamburgs, 1 & 2 Bruce Curtis.
Game Fowl, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 R McMurter.
Black Spanish, 1 & 2 Bruce Curtis.
Turkeys, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 W H Phillips.
Bremen Geese, 1 R McMurter.
China, Grey or White Geese, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Urbane Heath.
Ducks, 1 W H Phillips, 2 R McMurter, 3 Urbane Heath.
Best variety of Birds, live, 1 Bruce Curtis, 2 Wm Bush.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

CLASS O.

Disc Harrow, 1 John Rodgers.
Lumber Wagon, 1 Burley White.
Democrat Waggon, 1 Montgomery & Lanktree.
Covered Buggy, 1 Montgomery & Lanktree.
Mikado, 1 C F Stickle.
Set Lumber Harness, 1 T H McKee, 2 Rudd Harness Co.
Set Single Harness, 1 T H McKee, 2 Rudd Harness Co.
Set Double Light Harness, 1 T H McKee, 2 Rudd Harness Co.
Cutter, 1 Montgomery & Lanktree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLASS P.

Loaf of Bread, home made, 1 G A Boulton, 2 C M Anderson, 3 J T Haggerty.
Honey in Comb, 1 M F Sullivan, 2 R McMurter.
Family Sewing Machine, 1 G H Rupert, 2 John Conley.
Set Horse Shoes, home made, 1 J W Hough, 2 R B Jones.
Pair Men's Fine Lace Boots, home made, 1 Brown & McCutcheon.
Pair Ladies' Fine Lace Boots, home made, 1 Brown & McCutcheon.
Collection of Musical Instruments, 1 John Conley.

CLASS Q—DAIRY PRODUCE.

Five pounds Butter, roll, 1 Lillie Seeley, 2 W H Phillips, 3 R Lanigan.
Ten pounds Butter, keg or jar, 1 W H Phillips, 2 W H Potts.
Factory Cheese, white, 1 J T Thompson, 2 Wm Latta, 3 S H Brown.

CLASS R—ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Winter Apples, 1 W H Phillips, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 R Good.
Apples, King, 1 W H Potts, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 R Lanigan.
Apples, St. Lawrence, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 R Good, 3 R Lanigan.
Apples, Mann, 1 W H Phillips, 2 B R Wright.
Apples, Fall Pippins, 1 Milton M Bryant.
Apples, Snow, 1 R Lanigan, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 Aaron Ashley.
Apples, Northern Spy, 1 W H Phillips 2 Wm Bush, 3 R Lanigan.
Apples, Golden Russet, 1 W H Potts, 2 R Lithgow, 3 W A Ketcheson.
Apples, Tallman Sweet, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 Milton M Bryant.
Apples, Alexanders, 1 M Coulter, 2 R Good, 3 W H Phillips.
Apples, any variety, 2 B R Wright.
Pears, 1 R Lithgow, 2 W H Potts, 3 R Good.
Grapes, Concord, 1 R Lithgow, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 W H Potts.
Grapes, Niagara, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 R Lithgow, 3 W H Phillips.
Grapes, Warden, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 J R Artis.
Grapes, Rogers, No. 15, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 W H Phillips.
Grapes, Rogers No 4, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 W H Phillips.
Grapes, Delaware, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 R Lithgow, 3 J R. Artis.
Grapes, Brighton, 1 R Lithgow, 2 W A Ketcheson.
Cauliflower, 1 Lillie Seeley.
Tomatoes, 1 Robert Reid, 2 A Ashley, 3 R B Jones.
Cabbage, red, 1 R Lithgow, 2 Wm McCann, 3 W A Ketcheson.
Cabbage, white, 1 G A Boulton, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 R Lithgow.
Blood Beets, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 C W Thompson, 3 C M Anderson.
Red or Yellow Onions, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 Aaron Ashley, 3 Mrs. Charles. Parsnips, 1 W A Ketcheson.
Water Melons, 1 R Lithgow, 2 W A Ketcheson, 3 R McMurter.
Musk Melons, 1 R McMurter, 2 W A Ketcheson.
Citrons, 1 P G Sharp, 2 C M Anderson, 3 W A Ketcheson.
Celery, 1 W A Ketcheson, 2 Lillie Seeley.
Pumpkins, 1 J T Thompson, 2 A Fargey, 3 R McMurter.
Squash, 1 Wm McCann, 2 G A Boulton, 3 R McMurter.
Sugar Beets, 1 H K Denyes, 2 Wm McCann, 3 C M Anderson.
Best collection Canned Fruit, 1 R Lithgow, 2 G A Boulton, 3 W H Potts.

CLASS S—GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fife Wheat, 1 M Coulter, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 Aaron Ashley.
Fall Wheat, red, 1 W H Phillips, 2 R Reid, 3 J T Haggerty.
Fall Wheat, white, 1 W H Phillips, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 M Coulter.
White Russian Wheat, 1 R Good, 2 A Ashley, 3 C M Anderson.
Oats, White, 1 G A Boulton, 2 R Good, 3 R McMurter.
Rye, 1 R McMurter, 2 M Coulter, 3 C M Anderson.
Six-rowed Barley, 1 R Good, 2 C M Anderson, 3 W H Phillips.
Buckwheat, 1 M Coulter, 2 R McMurter.
Field Peas, small, 1 M Coulter, 2 R Good.
Field Peas, large, 1 R Good.
Flax Seed, 1 Mrs. B L Brooks.

CLASS T—ROOTS AND OTHER HOED CROPS.

Beans, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Wm Bush.
Corn in ear, white, 1 R Good, 2 R Lanigan.
Corn in ear, yellow, 1 W H Phillips, 2 A Ashley, 3 Wm Bush.
Seedling Potatoes, 1 J T Thompson, 2 J T Haggerty, 3 M Coulter.
Early Rose Potatoes, 1 Lillie Seeley, 2 Wm McCann.
Early Vermont Potatoes, 1 Wm McCann, 2 R McMurter, 3 T J Thompson.
Early Ohio Potatoes, 1 Wm McCann.
American Wonder Potatoes, 1 T J Thompson, 2 Aaron Ashley, 3 Wm Bush.
Potatoes, any other variety, 1 Wm Bush, 2 H K Denyes, 3 Wm McCann.
Swedish Turnips, 1 D D Ashley, 2 Peter Fargey, 3 T J Thompson.
Carrots, yellow, 3 H K Denyes.
Carrots, white, 1 A W Free, 2 H K Denyes, 3 Wm McCann.
Mangel Wurtzels, 1 R Lanigan, 2 R Reid, 3 P G Sharp.

CLASS U—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Ten yards Flannel, all wool, 1 R McMurter, 2 W H Phillips, 3 M F Sullivan.
Ten yards Flannel, cotton warp, 1 J H Reid, 2 C M Anderson, 3 W H Phillips.
Ten yards Rag Carpet, 1 T J Thompson, 2 R McMurter, 3 R B Jones.
Ten yards Home Made Carpeting, 1 R McMurter, 2 W H Phillips, 3 M Coulter.
Ten yards Kersey, home made, 1 J H Reid, 2 R McMurter, 3 Mrs. B L Brooks.
Quilt, Patch Work, in cloth, 1 R Lanigan, 2 M L Bryant, 3 W H Potts.
Tuft Quilt, 1 Aaron Ashley, 2 M Coulter, 3 C M Anderson.
Knit Quilt, 1 R McMurter, 2 R B Jones, 3 Philip Conley.
Coverlet, home made, 1 Robert Reid, 2 R B Jones, 3 W H Phillips.
Horse Blankets, home made, 1 R McMurter, 2 Wm McCann, 3 Aaron Ashley.
Pair Women's Woollen Stockings, 1 Mrs. B L Brooks, 2 Aaron Ashley, 3 R Lanigan.
Pair Socks, 1 C M Anderson, 2 R B Jones 3 Mrs B L Brooks.
Pair Mittens, plain knit, 1 M F Sullivan, 2 A Ashley, 3 R McMurter.
Pair Mittens, fancy knit, 1 R McMurter, 2 Wm Bush, 3 R B Jones.

CLASS V—FANCY WORK.

Painting on Silk, Satin, Velvet or Felt, 1 C M Anderson, 2 M Coulter, 3 M M Bryant.
Embroidery in Berlin Wool, 1 R Reid.
Embroidery on Cotton, 1 M M Bryant, 2 A W Free, 3 C M Anderson.
Crewel Work Embroidery, 1 W H Phillips, 2 R Reid, 3 Wm McCann.
Berlin Wool, raised, 1 Wm Bush, 2 R McMurter, 3 M Coulter.
Berlin Wool, flat, 1 W H Potts, 2 R Reid, 3 T J Thompson.
Crochet Work in Fancy Wool, 1 P Conley, 2 R Reid, 3 C M Anderson.
Crochet Work in Cotton, 1 C M Anderson, 2 A Ashley, 3 W H Phillips.
Collection of Photographs by Artists, 1 T A Eggleton, 2 Wm McCann.
Crayon Drawing, 1 M M Bryant, 2 Mary Leslie, 3 T J Thompson.
Oil Painting, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 T J Thompson, 3 C M Anderson.
Painting Water Color, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 T J Thompson, 3 C M Anderson.
Painting Water Color, 1 Mary Leslie, 2 T J Thompson, 3 M M Bryant.
Braiding, 1 W H Potts, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Mrs. B L Brooks.
Tatting, 1 R McMurter, 2 C M Anderson.
Netting, 1 A W Free, 2 C M Anderson, 3 M M Bryant.
Fancy Netting, 1 A W Free, 2 C M Anderson, 3 Dr. Bissonnette.
Point Lace, 1 Dr. Bissonnette, 2 A W Free, 3 Alex Hume.
Honiton Lace, 1 Mrs. W H Potts, 2 A W Free, 3 Alex Hume.
Battenburg Lace, 1 C M Anderson, 2 P Conley, 3 John Conley.
Wax Flowers, 1 R Reid, 2 R B Jones.
Feather Flowers, 1 W H Potts.
Farmer's Wreath, 1 W H Potts, 2 Wm Bush, 3 Mrs. B L Brooks.
Gent's Shirt, home made, 1 M Coulter, 2 W H Potts, 3 M M Bryant.
Child's Dress, 1 R Lanigan.
Lap Rug, 1 T H McKee.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY PRIZES.

Pot Plants, 1 R B Jones, 2 Mrs. T G Clute.
Hanging Plants, 1 R B Jones.
Cut Flowers, 1 R B Jones, 2 Geo Hatton.
Bouquets, 1 Geo Hatton, 2 Mrs. T G Clute, 3 R B Jones.

SPEEDING TESTS.

GREEN CLASS—1 Wm Rose, 2 Frank Rodgers, 3 Chas. Winters, 4 Chas. Bronson.

FARMER'S RACE—1 Peter Fletcher, 2 W Stillman, 3 C Armstrong, 4 Ashley Stock Farm.

2 40 CLASS—1 A C Dafoe (Mack Hamilton), 2 J Brintnell (Joe G.), 3 Ashley Stock Farm (Clara Smith.)

The Opening at Ritchies.

The Ritchie Company of Belleville, had their fall opening last Thursday, and their display of autumn and winter goods was without doubt the finest ever seen in Belleville. Their large store is literally packed from top to bottom with new goods of various kinds.

The department for jackets is just now at its best, as they are showing several hundred different styles for ladies, misses and children. Mr. Reid spent considerable time in Berlin, Germany, making a personal selection of the latest styles from the noted makers. The coats are longer than for several seasons past and are nearly all semi-fitting, neither tight or loose. We would think a lady hard to please who could not find something to suit her from such a stock. In this department is also kept a large stock of furs of all kinds, and there were some lovely Persian Lamb coats showing.

Miss Urquhart, the head milliner, has a very large staff of assistants and they have lots to occupy them in attending to their large trade. The hats are quite large this season and all quite flat. The Duchess of Devonshire is a popular shape. Black in combination with white is very popular, as well as all black. Greens, browns, castors and blues will be the colors most worn. Ostrich feathers are very fashionable, both in black and colors, and with these chenille, jet, fancy felts, and ornaments in steel, gold and jet are used for trimming. Some beautiful Paris and London pattern hats are shown and hundreds designed by their trimmers which are quite as pretty and much cheaper. There is an endless variety in outing hats and walking hats of American and English make, and these will have a great run this season.

There is an immense stock of carpets, curtains, dress goods, linenens and all seasonable goods.—Adv't.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mr. J. F. Wills have returned to Belleville from their visit to Dawson.

The election protests in the case of South Ontario and Cornwall and Stormont have been dismissed.

Show Rooms Open.

Our MILLINERY SHOW ROOMS are now open for the season. We are showing an immense assortment of New Styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. We ask you to compare our prices with those of others and see what a nice saving you can make. The reason for this is very plain, we buy in such large quantities for cash from the manufacturers themselves and sell at close cash prices. We extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see our new goods.

New Jackets.

There is quite a change in style this season and all will need New Coats. They are much longer and quite full. There are novelties in New Collars, Cuffs, etc.

Our Jackets are all imported and there is an immense variety to choose from. We can fit the littlest tot and the largest Lady.

Black will be fashionable but a great many dark Greys will be worn as well as some Fawns and Browns.

New Carpets.

Elegant designs in CROSSLEY'S New Wilton, Brussels, Velvet and Tapestry Carpets.

New Curtains.

Lace and Heavy Curtains in great variety, and a large stock of materials by the yard for Curtains.

Blankets.

White Wool, Grey Wool, Union, and Cotton Blankets from the best makers at very low prices.

Dress Goods.

An elegant display of Homespuns, Cheviots, Camel's Hair Mixtures, Broadcloths, Serges, and all the new weaves in black and colors.

Flannelettes.

Special values in wide English makes at 10c. and 12½c. Much better to wear and wash than the ordinary Canadian makes.

Kid Gloves.

Come or send to us for anything you want in Kid Gloves. We have an immense stock.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

More than 5,000,000 people have visited the Pan-American Exposition.

Mrs. Carrie Nation delivered a lecture in Massey Hall, Toronto, last evening. It was promised that she would not do any saloon smashing while in the city.

The steamer Hudson went down during the gales of last week. She had a crew of twenty-five persons, and all are supposed to have gone down with the vessel.

A by-law has been passed in Smith's Falls by a large majority to give the Frost and Wood Co. $20,000 and the right-of-way for a railway siding to their works.

In estimating the cost of the great steel strike the loss to the men is placed at $10,000,000; that to the corporation at $15,000,000. It is added that the latter will in large part be made up, but but the wages are lost forever.

A ONE-SIDED BATTLE.

If attacked by a wild beast a man would try and defend himself. If afflicted with rheumatism fight the disease. With Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure the battle is all one-sided. Thomas Todd, Lockmaster at Brewer's Mills, Ont., suffered for twelve years with rheumatism in his shoulder and at times could not work or dress himself. Eight bottles of Dr. Hall's with Climax Iron Tonic Pills, affected a permanent cure. This great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days treatment. Price 50 cents at all drug stores or The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

In one day last week ninety-nine loads of tomatoes and corn were delivered at the Brighton canning factory.

The annual Fall Fair of the Dungannon and Faraday Agricultural Society will be held at L'Amable on Tuesday, Oct. 1st.

On the 7th of October the ratepayers of the village of Brighton will vote on a by-law to raise the sum of $5,000 for the improvement of the streets and the building of cement sidewalks in the village.

John Grimason, of Sydenham, while out hunting recently, wounded a large crane so that he was able to capture it. It afterwards attacked him, attempting to pick his eyes out. One eye was badly injured and required a physician's care.

Edward J. Haight, who pleaded guilty to stealing gold from the Deloro mine, was on Tuesday sentenced by Judge Lazier to two years in the Kingston penitentiary. J. Liberty, against whom was a similar charge, was acquitted.

Japan has the worst record of all civilized nations for its amazing proportion of divorces; and the next worst is the Christian United States, with its annual record of 30,000 divorces in a population of 70,000,000. But Japan's 40,000,000 have 110,000 divorces.

A report submitted to the international ecumenical conference of the Methodist church shows that there are 24,809,421 adherents to the Methodist faith. In the western section there are 6,437,361 actual church members and in the eastern 1,221,824. The total value of the church property throughout the world is £60,000,000. There are 89,089 churches and 48,324 ministers. The estimated increase in adherents of the Methodist faith in the decade is 2,557,938.

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THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1902, for 20c.

The Montreal Street Railway in the two days of the Royal party's visit carried over 500,000 people.

Joseph Stoneburg, of Belleville, is in the hospital with a badly shattered hand, the result of a gun accident.

James Sager, 66 years old, formerly of Belleville, fell down an elevator shaft and received injuries likely to result in his death.

There was a killing frost in Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas Wednesday night, an earlier date for the first frost than for many years, and snow fell in Indiana.

The Chinese Emporer has issued an edict commanding all viceroys to select the best students in every Province and send them abroad to study foreign politics and science.

Belleville Sun:—Rev. J. J. Rice and Mrs. Rice have returned from a three months visit to Newfoundland, Mr. Rice's old home. They are both in good health and will probably remain in Belleville for several months before removing to Toronto.

Something Worth Knowing.

(FROM THE ARTHUR ENTERPRISE.)

Catarrh is more prevalent than it formerly was, and many people are afflicted with this dangerous disease long before they are aware of it. Then it has developed into the worst form, and the sufferer rushes for a doctor from whom he gets little or no relief. A special study of the disease was made by the Catarrhozone Company and their labors have been awarded by the discovery of a true specific "Catarrhozone" which they guarantee is a sure cure. The Enterprise can vouch for "Catarrhozone" as a member of the editor's family used it with most satisfactory results; it is pleasant to use and gives instant relief.

Flour.

—:o:—

The Lake of the Woods MILLING CO'S.

Five Roses

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represent the highest grades of Flour made from Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat. We want your Flour trade, and with these brands to offer, you are getting the best that money can buy.

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Prices in Dawson.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, writing from Dawson City on July 27 to The Belleville Intelligencer, gives an interesting account of his travels and experiences. He says: "The steamers on this line are remarkably comfortable, and the trip is exceedingly interesting. The route through the White Nest Pass is a marvelous work of skill and engineering ingenuity, well worth seeing. Dawson, about four years old, contains about 10,000 people, and presents an appearance surprising to an Eastern man. I have met a number of Bellevillians. There are some twenty-two of them here and in the immediate neighborhood, and, so far as I can learn, they are all doing well. I enclose you the subscription rates for The Klondike Nugget—25 cents a single copy; $40 a year. The Canadian Bank of Commerce, for a four-inch ad., double column, pays $240 a month. You can't put your foot down here but what it costs you fifty cents. Rents for a house or office range from $100 to $400 per month. The Messrs. Wills, whose guest I am, pay their Japanese servant $100 per month. A horse and buggy for a day costs $18.50. This will give you an idea of the cost of everything here. I have just looked at my watch. It is 12 o'clock at night, and no artificial light needed yet. The sun went down after 9, and it has been twilight since. I am off to the mines in the morning. So good-bye."

Will Sit in Father's Chair.

While the Duke of Cornwall and York is watching the lacrosse match to be given for his entertainment in Ottawa, he will sit in a chair occupied by his father, the King, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited the Parliament Buildings. The chair was constructed especially for the Prince's use, and was built of Canada maple and upholstered in crimson. The chair has been for over a score of years in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church. Latterly it has been in the possession of the Ottawa University.

After the Race.

"So your horse was distanced, was he?"

"Yes."

"Did you have anything on him?"

"I thought I had a jockey on him, but it seems I didn't."

Ah! This Is Forgotten.

Major Maude hasn't yet prescribed what kind of hose the ladies must wear at the ducal reception.

The world produces a million pounds of silk a week.

A WISH.

So let me hence as one
Whose part in the world has been dreamed out and done—
One that hath fairly earned and spent,
In pride of heart and jubilance of blood,
Such wages, be they counted bad or good,
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pay,
And having warred and suffered and passed on
Those gifts the arbiters preferred and gave,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the dim way,
Whereby races innumerable have gone
Into the silent universe of the grave.

Grateful for what hath been,
For what my hand hath done, mine eyes have seen,
My heart been privileged to know;
With all my lips in love have brought
To lips that yearned in love to them and wrought
In the way of wrath and pity and sport and song—
Content, this miracle of being alive
Dwindling, that I, thrice weary of worst and best,
May shed my duds and go
From right and wrong
And, ceasing to regret and long and strive,
Accept the past and be forever at rest.
—W. E. Henley in North American Review.

THE OLD BLUE JAR

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phœbe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phœbe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phœbe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clemintine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phœbe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mardarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifler with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforeseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt, refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtail of the old slant eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade and there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the sea monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the Mannigafual of Frisian legend, whose masts were so high that a boy sent aloft to "bear a hand" came down a gray headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders and whose length was so great that when swinging in the channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, while her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais.

But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold and which carried 4,000 rowers and 3,000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This problem of harbor accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters and is placing a limit on their growth. —Monthly Review.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In the "Tataka," one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, "May the blessed Lord allow you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live!' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneeze and a priest says, 'May you live!' he shall be guilty of a transgression."

If Men Only Would.

If the young men who are measuring tape and laces would surrender their work to the young girls who are seeking employment and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture, there would be less misery and more contentment in the land; there would be more independence and less servility; more men and fewer creatures; more happy wives with comfortable homes, healthful children and cheerful tempers.—Southern Farm Magazine.

Noun. Not Adverb.

When General Grant was in China, says a contributor to Short Stories, he journeyed by water from Tien-tsin to Peking. One morning there was no wind, and the coolies, walking along the river bank, pulled the houseboat. They made little progress, and finally the general called his Chinese servant and said:

"Boy, why for these coolies no can walkee more fast?"

"Must talkee lowder," the boy replied.

The general, thinking the boy's meaning was that he should speak in a tone the coolies could overhear, raised his voice and repeated:

"Why for these coolies no can walkee more fast?"

To which the boy imperturbably answered as before, "Must talkee lowder."

Several times this dialogue was repeated, and General Grant did talkee louder, until he fairly shouted.

At last the boy slightly varied his response: "No 'casion speak so high," he said. "More better talkee lowder."

Our hero was just beginning to feel like Alice in Wonderland when a ray of light seemed to flash across the mind of the boy, and he rushed to the end of the boat, seized the captain's arm and, dragging him to General Grant, exclaimed:

"This man belong [pidgin English for 'is'] lowder; just now can talkee he."

General Grant saw the joke. On Chinese boats the captain is called "lowder!"

Pulled Lincoln's Hair.

While Mr. Lincoln was living in Springfield a judge of the city, who was one of the leading and most influential citizens of the place, had occasion to call upon him. Mr. Lincoln was not overparticular in his matter of dress and was also careless in his manners. The judge was ushered into the parlor, where he found Mr. Lincoln sprawled out across a couple of chairs, reclining at his ease. The judge was asked to be seated and, without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lincoln entered into conversation with his visitor.

While the two men were talking Mrs. Lincoln entered the room. She was of course greatly embarrassed at Mr. Lincoln's offhand manner of entertaining his caller, and, stepping up behind her husband, she grasped him by the hair and twitched his head about, at the same time looking at him reprovingly.

Mr. Lincoln apparently did not notice the rebuke. He simply looked up at his wife, then across to the judge and, without rising, said:

"Little Mary, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Judge So-and-so."

It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln's maiden name was Mary Todd and that she was very short in stature.

Regulating a Clock.

It is not, of course, possible to seize hold of the hands of a clock and push them backward or forward a tenth or a twentieth part of a second, which is about the limit of error that is allowed at the Greenwich observatory, so another method is devised. Near the pendulum a magnet is fixed. If it is found that the pendulum is going either too fast or too slow, a current of electricity is switched on, and the little magnet begins to pull at the metal as it swings to and fro. It only retards or accelerates the motion by an infinitesimal fraction of a second each time, but it keeps the operation up and in a few thousand swings the tenth or the twentieth part of the almost invisible error is corrected, thus making the clocks "keep step" at the proper instant of time.

Thirteen Rules In Coins.

"I have never been able to comprehend," said a veteran numismatist, "why so many Americans should believe that a vast amount of ill luck centers around the number 13.

"The commonest of all our silver coins is the 25 cent piece. In the words 'quarter dollar' are 13 letters. Thirteen letters compose E Pluribus Unum. In the tail of the eagle are 13 feathers and in the shield are 13 lines. There are 13 stars and 13 arrowheads, while if you will examine the bird through a microscope you will find 13 feathers in his wing."

Refining Petroleum.

The refining of petroleum is a process of distillation in which it is separated into several marketable products. There are two methods of distillation, known technically as "in vacuo" and "cracking." In the first the petroleum is distilled in a partial vacuum and in the second with superheated steam. This process receives its name from the cracking sound of the steam as it enters the undistilled petroleum.

Hard Hit.

Lord Fitzfoodle, casting himself on his knees before Araminta, gave utterance to the following: "Oh, that I could snatch a pine from some primeval forest! I would sharpen the end with my penknife, dip it in the molten crater of Vesuvius and write upon the azure wall of heaven in letters of living fire, 'Araminta, I love thee!'"

Too Surgical.

A little Lewiston boy at Old Orchard who has long, curly hair was told by a lady that he ought to have it "shingled."

"Shingled! I guess not," was his reply. "I ain't going to have nails drove in my head!"

Her Doubt.

Mabel—What do you think of the Rev. Dr. Leach's idea that there will be few if any men in heaven?

Maud—Huh! Would you call that heaven?

The Act of Dying.

The popular idea that the act of dying is a painful process often causes a fear of death. But death from even the most painful mortal diseases is usually preceded by a period of cessation from suffering and partial or complete insensibility resembling falling asleep or the pleasant gradual unconsciousness caused by an anæsthetic.

The common phrase "death agony" is not warranted by what occurs in natural death, which is a complete relief from all pain. When death is owing to heart failure or syncope, it is sudden and painless—perhaps pleasant. Death by hanging, there is reason to believe, is attended by a voluptuous spasm. Death by decapitation or electricity is only a momentary shock, hardly felt.

Death by poisoning varies in painfulness according to the poison employed. Opium and other narcotics probably give a painless, perhaps a pleasant, dreamful death. Hemlock, as we know from the account of the death of Socrates, causes gradual insensibility from below upward. On the other hand, arsenic, strychnine, carbolic and mineral acids, corrosive sublimate, tartar emetic and other metallic poisons inflict slow and torturing death. Prussic acid and cyanide of potassium cause quick and painful death.

Willing to Oblige.

The young man was from town and was spending a Sunday in the suburbs. He knew far more about horses and carriages than the local livery salesman, and so his interview with the latter when he sought to hire a "rig" for the afternoon was tinged with a gentle air of patronage on his part. "Oh, have you a trap you can let me have?"

"Yes; certainly."

"One that will hold two?"

"Yes, or 20," from the obliging countryman.

"Oh, really! Have you a stylish road wagon?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you have a spider or a Brewster buggy, or on second thought I might prefer a rubber tired hansom. You can accommodate me?"

"Yes; all kinds cheerfully furnished."

"Can you give me a lash whip?"

"Yes; with a fancy tassel."

"Oh, well, what kind of a horse can you turn out—a short tailed one?"

"I think so," came gently from the wearied proprietor; then in stentorian tones to his man: "Jake, can you give this gentleman a short tailed horse? If not, cut one at once."

The Human Ear.

The human ear is an organ the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and they found it possible even to see the gray matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth.

They have no difficulty in seeing into the stomach by an electric apparatus; the intestines likewise are readily enough investigated, and the bladder also. But the ear as to its internal arrangements is unapproachable. It is impossible to dissect it satisfactorily after death, for the reason that the parts collapse at once when the vital spark leaves the body.

Wonderful Contrast.

Brevity may be the "soul of wit," but the laughable effect is sometimes the very thing the speaker doesn't mean. In the following case a word or two more would have made a clearer description, but it would not have been half so funny.

The head master of an English girl's high school is describing to the class the beauty of the Alps, which he has visited during his vacation, and ends his lecture in these words:

"And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers."

Laudanum Drinking.

It is surprising what one's constitution can be made to stand in the way of narcotics. From small beginnings it is possible to go on increasing the doses until a quantity can be taken which would kill two or three persons unaccustomed to anything of the sort. In the course of a coroner's investigation at Sheffield, England, it was shown that a man had been a constant laudanum drinker for ten years. Commencing with a pennyworth at a time, he had gone on until he had taken fully an ounce a day.

Pure Sugar.

A San Francisco chemist says there is only one refinery in the world that makes absolutely pure sugar. The manufactory is in Germany, and it supplies chemists and druggists with sugar for solutions which must be unclouded. This chemically pure article would not find much sale for table use, as it is a dirty grayish white in appearance. When dissolved, it gives a clear solution, there being no artificial coloring matter in suspension.

Accounting For It.

"It may be merely fancy," remarked Mrs. Seldom-Holme, "but since my husband began drinking the water from that iron spring he has seemed to be ten times as obstinate as he used to be."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Nexdore, "the water is tinctured with pig iron."

The Penalty.

Jinks—How much do you think a minister ought to get for marrying a couple?

Filkins—Well, if wholly unacquainted with them perhaps he might be let off with six months.

One Hundred a Good Many.

The manufacturer and the doctor were having a quiet little smoke. A middle aged man sauntered in, spoke genially to both gentlemen and passed on.

"Doc, who was that?"

"Why, that was James Brown of—"

"Do you know," the manufacturer said by way of reply, "I meet men, scores of them, just like that every day whose names I can't recall?"

With just a shade of superior ability the doctor replied, "Well now, among all the men and women I know I call most all by name as I greet them. I tell you it's a trick of the profession."

"That may be, doc—but I doubt if you can write down in fifteen minutes 100 names of people you know personally."

The doctor jumped to his feet and said, scornfully, "Jingoes! I can."

"All right. I'll bet a box of cigars on it."

The doctor, pencil in hand, was soon hard at work. "Time!" The manufacturer's watch snapped shut, and as he looked over the doctor's shoulder he counted 63.

They finished their cigars in silence—but the next morning the manufacturer's friends chuckled audibly over the doctor's professional knowledge of applied psychology.

The Sins of Nutrition.

To overload the stomach with food is not less unhealthy than to indulge it with beverages. The more nutritious the food the more hazardous are the consequences when excess is habitual. Of all the sins of nutrition, the immoderate use of meat is certainly the most grievous. It gives to the body in a form that is favorable for easy assimilation the albumen that is absolutely necessary to life, and hence the earliest effect of its excessive use must be to surcharge the body with nutrients.

The chief point here is the critical examination of what is called hunger. Many persons believe that any and every sensation of hunger must be satisfied immediately, but this is a great mistake. An equally great if not worse mistake is the opinion that one must eat until a sense of satiety arises. Excessive nutrition injures the mental capabilities also. Of the particular consequences of excessive nutrition, such as hypochondria (the very name of which refers the reader to the region of the abdomen) and the gout, it is hardly necessary to speak.

Our Daughters.

The household blessed with noble daughters ought to be a happy one. Ruskin says that most parents forget, however, to imbue them with a love of nature which is so invigorating and healthful.

"Give them," says he, "not only noble teachings, but noble teachers, and give them the help which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences—the help of wild and fair nature. You cannot baptize them rightly in inch deep church fonts unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Law Giver strikes forth from the rocks of your native land. You cannot lead them faithfully to those narrow, ax hewn church altars while the azure altars in heaven remain, for you, without inscription; altars built not to, but by, an unknown God."

The Japan Plum.

The loquat, or Japan plum, sometimes erroneously called "medlar," belongs to the family rosaceæ. Its botanical name is Eriobotrya japonica. The Cyclopedia of American Horticulture says of it: "The loquat is native to China and Japan, but is much planted in the gulf states and westward. It blooms from August until the approach of winter and ripens its clustered fruit in very early spring. It is a profuse bearer in congenial climates. It may be grown from seed. The fruit is often seen in northern markets."

The Bowery Beats the World.

In a small two story building with a basement on the Bowery are three aspiring occupants, although the space occupied by each is not much larger than health requires. Over the entrance to the store is this sign:

"Cheapest hardware store on earth." Over the entrance to the basement is this sign: "Cheapest barber shop in the world." Over the entrance leading to the second story is this: "Cheapest restaurant on the planet."

An Apple Pie Bed.

An "apple pie bed" is one in which the sheets are so folded that a person cannot get his legs down, the foot end of the sheet being brought up to the head end of the bed. This "head to foot" arrangement being implied, the expression may have sprung from a corruption of cap-a-pied, or cap-a-pie, as it is frequently written.

Court Logic.

Lawyer—My client, your honor, has confessed that he committed the burglary. You will admit this an eloquent proof of my client's love of truth and of his upright conscience, and, your honor, a man with such delicate conscience should not be accused of having broken into a house to steal. Never!

A Dampener.

"Tell me," he sighed—"tell me, beauteous maiden, what is in your heart."

Miss Henrietta Bean of Boston gave him a look of icy disdain and then vouchsafed the monosyllabic reply:

"Blood."

Not Entirely Mute.

He—What I feel for you, Muriel, I can never tell you in words. True love is silent.

Muriel—Oh, no, I assure you. It speaks to papa.

About the ....House

SUGGESTIONS FOR BREAD.

In mixing bread use a short-handled wooden spoon, as long as you can. Use enough flour always to keep your loaf from sticking to the board, or your hands, but take care not to get in too much flour. Expert handling can only come by experience, and you must not be discouraged if at first the dough sticks to everything it touches. Try and get your loaves into the pans for the last rising rather soft. If you can get pans with high sides, you will find them nicer, as it keeps the bread from spreading apart or running over the sides.

To insure good baking powder biscuit, care must be taken to keep the dough very soft, so soft in fact that you are only just able to get them up and into the pan; and they must be baked quickly in a very hot oven. Never roll out your dough thinner than an inch.

When bread or biscuit becomes stale, you can freshen it by pouring a little hot water over the loaf and draining it off quickly; then set it in the oven to heat through, and it will be good as new. When crackers become soft from long standing, put them in a pan, and bake them over. They will be as crisp as new ones.

Yeast without hops: Twelve large potatoes boiled, mashed and pressed through a sieve; add 3 qts lukewarm water, 1 cup yeast, 1 cup salt and 1 cup sugar. Mix thoroughly and set in a warm place four or five hours. When bubbles rise, it is ready for use. One teacup of this yeast will make three quart-loaves, and no sponge is necessary. Keep in ½-gal. jars, corked tight, and in a cool place. It will be good for weeks.

Bread: Pare and boil 6 good-sized potatoes, drain off the water, mash fine, pour over them about 3 pts lukewarm water, and run through a collander. Add flour until this is a thin batter, then put in 1 cup coffee yeast. Let stand until it rises, then stir in flour, as much as you can, with a spoon, and let rise again. Work in enough more flour to knead rather stiff and let rise the third time. When light, this time work out into loaves and let rise.

Baking Powder Biscuit: One qt flour, 1 lump butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt and 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder. Milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Crackers: One egg, white only, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teacup sweet milk, ½ teaspoon soda, and 1 teaspoon cream tartar. Mix very stiff, beat well, roll thin and bake.

Rusks: Take a piece of bread dough when ready to bake and add 1 egg, ½ cup butter or lard and ½ cup sugar. Mix them well, roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter. Let them rise before baking. If not quite stiff enough, add flour. Bake in a quick oven.

MEN IN THE KITCHEN.

There are multitudes of women who do their own housework and whose mothers and grandmothers did before them, who, though tired almost to the point of nervous collapse, or even when half sick, never think of asking their "men folks" to get a meal or do kitchen work. Many women of the old school seem to think it out of place for a man to wash dishes or make bread.

Of course the average man, uninstructed innocent as he is, does look awkward in his wife's kitchen. He is apt to disturb its apple pie order. Naturally he would prefer to be doing something else, and as a general thing he ought to be doing something else. But there are times when his place is in the kitchen. Men are not always busy at their respective occupations; there are slack times when they are laid off, or if they employ themselves, when their own work does not press so, but that they could just as well lend a hand in the kitchen as not.

A woman is making a needless sacrifice of herself who refrains from asking her husband or sons to do more in the kitchen than to bring in the wood and coal and fetch a pail of water

The relief that more assistance would give to the woman of the house is not the only consideration. Since no farmer feeds his horses or cows, his hens or hogs without endeavoring to utilize the teachings of the widest available experience and the closest study in regard to the best kinds of diet adapted to secure the best conditions of health and strength for his animals, so he will naturally ask why should not an equal care and intelligence determine the selection of fare for his own table.

He will find a new interest in legislation bearing on the protection of the people's food in purity and wholesomeness and he will be ready to co-operate intelligently with the public schools and the progressive press with regard to popularizing more rational ideas of diet as bearing on economy, health and morals.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Sweet Pickles—One rule will answer for pear, peach, plum and apple sweet pickle. To seven pounds of fruit allow five pounds of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, half an ounce of stick cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Some like more cinnamon and less cloves. Tie the spice in muslin and cook in the vinegar.

Cucumber Pickles—To each hundred of the smallest cucumbers you can procure, allow an ounce each of mustard seed and cloves, a large tablespoonful of salt, a cup of sugar and two small red peppers. Put the cucumbers in a kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Heat very slowly to the scalding point. Take out, put in cans and fill up with boiling vinegar.

Tomato Pickle—Chop a gallon of green tomatoes, sprinkle salt on them, hang them in a coarse cotton bag and let drain twelve hours. Chop a dozen onions, four green peppers and a pint of horseradish, add four ounces of mixed spices; mix well, pack in jars and cover with vinegar. Tie up closely.

CLEANING WALL PAPER.

A correspondent tells of an experiment she made in cleaning her wall paper. She says: "I used pulverized pumice stone and flour, four ounces of the pumice powder to one quart of flour, making a thick paste or dough. Roll out as wide as the wall paper in length and two inches thick, then inclose the dough in a piece of muslin and sew it on and boil them about three-quarters of an hour, when the rolls will be hard and firm and ready for use. You will have to use the wash boiler, as nothing else in the kettle line will be large enough to accommodate the broken lengths of the strips. These rolls are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper. Not only will they take out ordinary dirt spots, but grease as well. After the rubbing the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains go over the surface again. This removes the dirt much better than the bread process, which I have tried also. It cleans like a charm."

CLOTH MITTENS.

Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate, turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a buttonhole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten.

A GREAT FUTURE.

Northwest in a Splendid Financial Condition.

F. W. Thompson, general manager of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling Company, says the result of the crop, which will average about 23 bushels to the acre for Manitoba and the Northwest, will leave that country in a splendid condition financially, and he added that the eastern provinces will of course benefit accordingly. He estimates that the farmers this year will realize a total of from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 cash as a result of their labors this season.

Mr. Thompson looks for a large increase in the population for the next ten years, and in greater proportions than has occurred in the past. Winnipeg, he adds, was bound to prosper, and would become in the near future one of the most important cities of the Dominion.

He believed that the total wheat yield would be 50,000,000 bushels, while all the other grains were most satisfactory. There will be, the general manager declares, a steady increase in the business of cattle raising, and the shipments promise this fall to largely exceed those of last year. Speaking further, Mr. Thompson says: "When we realize that only ten per cent. of the fertile land in the small province of Manitoba is under cultivation we can easily gauge the future. The total area of land in the province of Manitoba is over 40,000,000 acres, so if we deduct one-half there are 20,000 acres left, and this is the finest land in existence on the globe to-day, and capable of producing as much wheat or in fact more than the entire spring wheat crop of the United States. To-day in Manitoba there are 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, and all grains, so you will easily see that we are still in need of farmers in the west. There are some 35,000 farmers in Manitoba, and there is plenty of room for 100,000 more, and if these were there that little province alone could raise sufficient wheat to supply the United Kingdom, making Great Britain completely independent of the foreign powers as regards her consumption of breadstuffs."

SHE SCORED.

They occupied two one dollar seats at the opera—those two women did. They wore high and costly hats on their heads and an aspect of grim determination on their faces.

For the young woman in a seat behind them had said:—

I beg your pardon, but will you please remove your hats?

And each had answered:

No, I will not.

When the first scene was over she asked them again, and again they answered "No."

Then she went to an official and made complaint.

Yes, he said, it is a hardship, madam, but I hesitate to ask them to take off their hats, for I know them and I know they would refuse, and if I should undertake to compel them there would be a scene. But I can do better for you than that. There is a vacant seat directly in front of them. Go and take that, and I will see that you are not disturbed.

She took it.

With her face wreathed in smiles she turned to them and said:

Keep your hats on ladies, if you choose. You will not incommode me in the least.

Then she put on her own hat, a close imitation of a Gainsborough in its design, make-up, and general scope, and sat serenely, with it on her head, through all the rest of the performance.

For she was only human, and the provocation was great.

The relative expenditure per inhabitant of the British Isles has risen 25 per cent since 1840, that of Australia 324 per cent.

Pair of Tight Boots.

I.

"How is it you have never married, Major Henderson?" asked my wife.

"Oh, I was born a bachelor," replied the major, "and——"

"Don't be so foolish! I want to know the real reason."

"The real reason," said Major Henderson slowly, "is that my feet are so small."

"What do you mean?"

The major leaned back in his chair, and smiled round the table. Jane—if that girl had been born a man, she would have been butler to an archbishop—filled his glass with port and after a sip at it he began his story:

It was a good many years ago that it all happened (he said slowly)—a good many more years, in fact, than I care to count. I was a young subaltern, and over head-and-ears in love with Kittie Marshmount. I was a timid youth in those days; and although I thought Kittie rather liked me than otherwise, I had never dared to tell her of my own feelings. I had often tried; but, whenever I began, something was sure to happen to make Kittie laugh, and then all my courage oozed out of my finger-tips.

One evening in June there was a dinner-party at the Marshmounts, and I was there. I was off to Gibraltar to join my battery next morning early, and I had made up my mind to speak to Kittie that same evening after dinner. You can imagine how I enjoyed the meal. I felt like a nervous man must feel who is going to be hanged as soon as day breaks; and, to add to my misery, I had on a pair of new patent-leather boots, which were too tight, and gave me awful beans!

As dinner went on, my feelings and my boots combined became too much for me, and I dropped my fork, on purpose, stooped down, unbuttoned the right boot, which hurt me most, and kicked it off. The relief was wonderful, and for a little while I actually contrived to talk to Kittie.

She was charming that evening. There was something about her that showed me she was sorry that I was leaving England, and she wore some tea-roses I had sent her in the bosom of her dress.

"Miss Marshmount," I said, while dessert was being handed round, "I want to talk to you very particularly after dinner."

"Come up and sing duets instead of smoking those horrid cigars you are so fond of, then!" was Kittie's reply. And I felt as though I had suddenly been translated into a seventh heaven.

A few minutes later I bent down under the table, and felt about for my boot. I couldn't find it. I dropped another fork, stooped down, and looked for my property under the table. It wasn't there—at least, I couldn't find it anywhere. I came up again, purple in the face; and when the ladies left the room I couldn't open the door for them.

Kittie was very naturally annoyed at this, and I was the youngest man at the table, too; but how could I hop round that room, in front of everybody, with one boot on?

"I shall expect you upstairs in five minutes," whispered Kittie. And I think, although, of course, I can't be certain, that she returned the squeeze of the hand which I gave her.

Directly the women were out of the room, I went down on all fours under the table, and searched everywhere for that confounded boot of mine. It had vanished as completely as last month's moon!

"What the dickens are you doing Henderson?" asked Tom Marshmount. It might have been better if I had told him at once; but he was one of those incorrigible jokers, who would have bothered me about my tight boots all the evening if he had known, so I told him it was nothing.

Then Kittie came back into the room, to speak to her brother for a few moments. She sat there, darting daggers' thrusts at me out of those gentian-blue eyes of hers. I forgot to say that I had lit a big cigar, to give myself countenance, and think up a plan for finding my boot again.

"Well," said Kittie presently, "I am going up to the drawing-room again; but I can't make my entry among all the dowagers without the support of a manly arm." And she looked straight at me.

I felt the perspiration pour down my cheeks and forehead, and I know that I blushed scarlet, but I didn't move. How could I? I couldn't lead Kittie Marshmount into her mother's drawing-room, with "one boot off, and the other boot on," like the boy in the nursery rhyme.

Then George Heseltine came up, smiling fatuously, as he always did, and offered his arm to Kittie.

She took it, of course; and afterwards, as you know, she took George Heseltine as well, the brute!

Directly she had gone, I crawled down under the table again, and, right over in the far corner, near the head of the table, I saw the point of the boot which had played me such a nasty trick. It's extraordinary, I thought, how these inanimate objects travel. I reached out for it; but it had stuck somehow. I gave it a good pull. There was a crash, a yell, and when I came out from underneath the table, I found old Marshmount on his back in the fireplace, with all the other men standing round him, trying not to laugh.

II.

Old Marshmount was a choleric old chap, and the language he used was frightful. He thought I had been playing off a practical joke on him, and he was furious. I tried to explain; but every word I said was drowned, either by old Marshmount's language, or by the laughter of the other fellows, and I couldn't get a word of explanation in.

Luckily, the old man wasn't really hurt, but only shaken, and presently he got up, and led the way to the drawing-room.

I followed last, hobbling along as best I could, and trying to hide my bootless foot behind the other one.

"Young chap must be going mad!" were the words I heard in old Marshmount's growl, as I made my way into the room. Just as my luck would have it, Kittie was sitting on the far side of the room, and I didn't dare cross over under the fire of the dowager's eyes, with only one boot on, and the other foot in a blue silk sock. It was horribly tantalising, for Kittie was on a little sofa near the piano, and there was lots of room for two.

I remained standing by the door, hidden—at least, my right foot hidden—behind a large standard lamp, and spent a miserable ten minutes watching Kittie, whom Heseltine had joined upon the sofa.

Presently tea came in, and behind the footman with the biscuits trotted Fido. Fido was Kittie's spaniel. A nasty King Charles I. beast, with more ears than sense. The little brute had my boot in his silly mouth, and was pretending that it was a rat, and worrying it. If it had been a rat, he would have squealed, and hidden away underneath a chair. I was furious. I made a bolt forward, to catch hold of Fido. My foot slipped, I caught at the nearest thing I could reach, and down came the footman, with tea, on top of me.

I have never seen anybody so absolutely furious as old Marshmount was.

"This sort of thing may be very funny in a sergeant's messroom," he thundered; "but I'm—I'm—I'm hanged"—it was a terrible exertion for the old man to change the word he meant to say—"I'm hanged if I'll have it in my drawing-room!"

"And he's taken one of his boots off, too," said Tom. "Whatever is the matter with you this evening, old man—a touch of sunstroke, or what?"

"Sunstroke! Sunstroke be—be stroked!" shouted his father. "It's port—that's what it is. He's drunk, sir! Yes, you're drunk, and if your father wasn't one of my oldest friends, I'd——"

I don't know what old Marshmount would have done if the governor had not been one of his oldest friends, for just at that minute Fido, with my boot in his mouth, came within kicking range, and I let fly with the foot that had a boot in.

Fido dropped the boot, and flew across the room like a punted football, dropping with a yap, just at Kittie's feet.

I snatched up my boot, but didn't stop to put it on, and left the house hurriedly, without saying good-bye to anybody.

I spent most of the night composing a note to Kittie, with a full explanation; but it read so absurdly that, after writing eighteen or twenty different versions, I gave it up, and sent my man round at seven next morning, with a few lines to her, begging her to see me for two minutes before I left at ten for Gibraltar, so that I might explain.

My own messenger brought the answer back to me.

"Dear Mr. Henderson," she wrote—we had been brought up together, and she had never in her life called me anything but Jack,—"A man who can so far forget himself as you did last night, and who can ill-treat a poor dumb beast who had done nothing to incur your anger, can have no explanation to make to which it would be worth my while to listen.

"I am leaving town early this morning myself, for a fortnight's stay with my friend Gladys Heseltine, so anyhow it would be difficult to find time to see you. Besides, father says he will never have you in the house again! You have offended him dreadfully."

So, you see (said the major), if I hadn't been so vain of my small feet, and had worn my boots just one size larger, I might have been a Benedict by this time.

And the major looked down at his well-varnished boots, smiled into his moustache, and didn't look altogether miserable, I thought.

WORLD'S BIGGEST FLOWER.

Now in Blossom in the Kew Gardens in London.

The biggest flower in the world has just opened in the Kew gardens, London. It is a species of lily found in Sumatra, and the flower is sometimes a yard in diameter. It has the rather cumbersome name of Amorphophalius. This giant of its race was discovered in 1878 by Dr. Beccari, who sent seeds to Florence, and one of the seedlings raised from them was sent, in 1879, to Kew.

The flower which opened this year on the plant remained open for 12 hours only, and then closed up again. The vase-like cup of the flower was supported by a stalk three inches thick. The cup was 18 inches deep and nearly three feet across. It was beautifully frilled and toothed on the margin. Outside it was smooth, of light green color, spotted with white, the upper part being deeply fluted with white ribs over half an inch thick and purple interspaces. Inside the cup of the lily was yellow at the bottom and purple at the top, with a velvety sheen over it. From the bottom of the cup arose a columnar "spadix" three and a half feet high and seven inches thick.

TWO VIEWS.

Castleton (to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Clubberly, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually asking me to lend him $25.

Clubberly (later, to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Castleton, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually refusing to lend me $25.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

METHODS ADOPTED BY SOME MEN TO GET AT THE FACTS.

Food of the British Jack Tar—Lord Kitchener's Experience in the East.

"Hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together." That is the opinion of Mr. Yerburgh, an English M.P., upon the food the Admiralty allows the men. No one who is not actually an able seaman is better qualified to give an opinion on the subject than this gentleman, and another member of Parliament—Mr. Arnold White. The two have lately been serving as bluejackets on board H.M.S. "Ramillies," of the Channel Fleet, and for a time living on the food served out by Government, without even the slender additions which Jack, as a rule, buys out of his own pocket. The worst point of this diet was that, after dinner had been served at 12:30, the only food for the next eighteen hours was

HOT TEA WITHOUT MILK,

and a piece of dry bread. This meal was at 4:30 in the afternoon, and after that nothing till breakfast, at 6:30 next morning.

This experiment, if trying, was short. General Broadwood is the hero of one which lasted longer and was far more severe. The general has always been one of the greatest authorities of horsemanship in the army. He gained his experience in a very novel fashion. When subaltern in the 12th Lancers, he felt that, as an amateur, it was impossible to acquire that inner knowledge of the Turf which professional riders have.

So he joined a racing stable, in the humble capacity of stable-boy. He got up at dawn, groomed and fed racers, exercised them, lived like all the rest of the helpers, and very rapidly acquired all the tricks of the trade. That they stood him in good stead is proved by the fact that he holds the Indian riding record of 108 miles in forty-eight and a half hours.

No one but himself knows how many characters Lord Kitchener has played during his long Eastern experience. But one or two

INCIDENTS HAVE COME

to light which give some idea of the methods by which he gained his amazing knowledge both of his own men and his enemies. For instance, on the head of our second general is a scar made by a stone thrown at what he imagined to be "that dirty nigger" by one of his own men.

Later on Lord Wolseley was spectator of an unexpected sequel to another of Kitchener's experiments. A big, handsome Arab was being examined by the Commander-in-Chief, and Kitchener, standing by the latter, now and then then spoke to him in a low voice. Suddenly the Arab recognized the tones. He sprang across the table, and, gripping Kitchener by the throat, endeavored to strangle him. He had only just realized that this English officer was the seeming Arab emir to whom he had unwittingly betrayed all the secrets of the great plot which once so nearly lost us Egypt.

Quite the pluckiest experiment of recent years had as hero Mr. Henry Fleuss, of cycle-tyre fame. When the Great Western Railway of England were constructing the biggest tunnel in the world under the Severn, the water broke in from

A GIGANTIC SPRING,

and so completely flooded the borings that it seemed they would have to be abandoned.

There was a chance of pumping them clear if only a water-tight door in the tunnel could be closed. But no diver was strong enough to pull a thousand feet of air line behind him through the borings. Then Mr. Fleuss came upon the scene, with a new invention of his own—a diving apparatus, with an air-bag, which needed no tube.

But the Great Western diver said he would not put it on for a thousand pounds, so the inventor, who had never had a diving-dress on in his life, was forced turn diver, and drop through eighty feet of shaft, and crawl through the black silence of this flooded tube, jammed with floating timber and debris. He tried it time after time, creeping on his knees along the tramway metals; but his air supply was insufficient to last and he failed to reach the door. He succeeded however, in persuading Lambert, the company's diver, to try the dress, and the latter eventually closed the door.

Considering that he employed five keepers, a well-known Yorkshire baronet was of opinion that his stock of pheasants was not what it should be. He had more than a suspicion that his coverts were not watched at night; and, by way of making certain resolved to turn poacher himself. Pretending to leave home, he kept quiet during the day, and at night sallied forth in velveteens, armed with a regular poacher's short-barrelled gun. For three nights in succession he worked havoc among his own birds, and at the end of that time his whole staff of keepers received

SHARP AND SUDDEN NOTICE

to leave.

Heads of big establishments have sometimes to make sure that they are getting their money's worth of work from their men. Mr. Flood, the millionaire timber and mining king, would often dress as a lumberman, and, axe in hand, tramp off into the mountains, where he spent days, unknown, among his men. He did it once too often, was recognized, and the camp determined to pay him out.

The logs were at that time sent down to the plains on a water chute, a wide trough of timber, which ran on trestles, like a mountain railway. Now and then a flat-bottomed boat was sent down this chute when repairs were needed. But the work was risky, as the speed was naturally terrific. The men decoyed Mr. Flood on to this boat, and let it loose. The millionaire spent the most terrific half hour of his existence; but, more by good luck than good management, arrived safely at the bottom, twelve miles away.

Another experiment, which its author is not likely to repeat, was that of an English novelist, well-known for his realistic descriptions. He was writing on the French Revolution, and

PAID A VISIT

to a London waxworks exhibition, to have a look at the guillotine. As he studied it, he began to fancy that the yoke made to fit down upon the shoulders of the criminal would not hold a person who struggled.

He waited till there was no one about, and then tried the experiment of putting his head in the machine, and lowering the yoke. To his dismay, he found himself quite unable to lift it again. Then the awful thought occurred that if he struggled the axe which was suspended overhead might fall. In that case his head would ornament the basket of sawdust below.

At last he heard a visitor approaching; but, to his disgust, the man, evidently of the opinion that the author was the person placed there to show how the thing acted, refused to listen to his appeals. It was a full twenty minutes before an attendant came and released him from his perilous position.

GREAT SPEAKERS.

Time of Life When Orators Are at Their Best.

Amongst orators there can be no doubt that it is between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five that their special endowments have secured for them their highest triumphs. Demosthenes, whose ambition was early kindled, did not deliver his greatest speech—De Corona—which has been described as the most magnificent vindication in the annals of oratory until he was fifty-two.

Burke, whose training was desultory, astonished the House of Commons by his speech on American affairs when he was thirty-six, but only achieved his masterpiece, his impeachment of Warren Hastings—an effort of eloquence unparalleled in its energy and effect, and which must have exhausted his speech centres, for it left him at one point deprived of the power of articulation for a little—when he was in his fifty-eighth year.

Curran, of whom Byron said, "He has spoken more poetry than I have ever written," made his most brilliant speeches in the State trials in which he appeared between his forty-fourth and forty-seventh years. And John Bright, whose fiery declamation on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League began in his twenty-eighth year, may be said to have exhibited his control over language in its finest perfection in speeches delivered subsequent to his election for Birmingham, when he was forty-six.

On this subject Mr. Barnett Smith says: "I have heard all the greatest speeches of the greatest orators of my time—Parliamentary, pulpit, and platform speakers—Butt, Lowe, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Derby, Punshon, Gough, and all had their most splendid period from forty-five to fifty-five years of age. In the case of Gladstone, some of his greatest orations were delivered when he was between fifty-five and sixty."

SHRINKAGE OF THE SUN.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, says that the sun is shrinking. It is a well known fact, he explains, that most things in cooling become smaller; a poker, for example, is shorter when it is cold than when it is hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find that it had decreased by nine inches—that is to say, it is shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every twenty years. In view of this shrinkage some people might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, is groundless. Sir Robert Ball assures us, for the sun is still 860,000 miles in diameter, and it will take 40,000 years for it to be reduced to 858,000.

HOUSE OF ECHOES.

Many valleys, described in guide books as "whispering valleys," are favorite resorts for tourists in all parts of the world. Few, however, exceed in wonder a valley at Stansfield, in Essex, England. The rector of this parish, in giving a careful account of his own experiences, states that his house stands on a hill 288 feet above sea level, rising in the rear to 300 feet, while in front the ground slopes away to a stream 100 feet below, and again rises 180 feet on the opposite side. From the rectory the bells of fourteen or fifteen villages may be distinguished, while across the valley footsteps and voices in conversational tone may be heard at half a mile.

VALUE OF THE KING'S CROWN.

The Crown worn by King Edward at his coronation will be enlarged but its weight will be kept down to the lowest possible degree. Now that it has become an object of great interest after a long seclusion many questions are rife concerning it. The man in the street, who is most impressed by the cash value of an object rather than by its historic or sentimental associations, is particularly anxious to know how much the crown is worth. The question is more easily asked than answered. Sixty years ago the crown was valued at something like $565,000, but it is considered that the gems have a higher value now apart from that which historic importance confers.

HEALTH.

We spoke, now, of the unhealthfulness of alcoholic beverages.

But if liquor is so extremely unhealthy, argued the Shallow Empiric why is it that prohibition always results in an increased number of drug-stores?

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not until quite an hour after O'Grady had parted from her that he entirely understood the greatness of the shock Lady Varley's announcement had given him. He had wondered at, whilst admiring the calm self-possession with which she—a young girl as he had deemed her, a neophyte in the battle of life—had accepted his assistance at first, and afterwards seated herself, and invited him to share her lounge with an open forgetfulness or disregard of that law of society that dwells on formal introductions between those hitherto unknown to each other. But Lady Varley!—he was her guest. That she thought of only, and that it was her duty to be gracious to him, and delicately friendly.

O'Grady was angry with himself because he could not treat his accidental meeting with Lady Varley as a jest, a thing to laugh over with his cousin. But he could not! And—was it a jest? There was no element of amusement in it after all, when one analyzed it. It was a mere nothing. He had met a woman whom he felt he could have loved, and had only discovered when too late that——

Pshaw! what he meant was that he had discovered that she was "wooed, an' married, an' a'." That was all. It was the merest trifle out of the tale of one's life, a matter of ten minutes or so.

It was rather a bore, however, the way in which the whole scene clung to him; he could not shake it off, though he would gladly have done so. It was only a question of time, of course; and in a day or two he promised himself he would have so far forgotten the episode that he would have to jog his memory before he could bring to mind whether Lady Varley's hair was black, or brown, or red; or if her eyes were——

They rose before him then. Great, strange, sad yearning eyes, that seemed to reproach him for his determination to obliterate them from his memory. All the next day he scarcely thought of her, but on the second he grew restless. On the fourth day he permitted an idea, that up to that he had kept scrupulously in check, to start into life and grow. It was to the effect that courtesy compelled him to go to Araglin and once again apologize to Lady Varley for the mistake he had made. If—his brow grew dark red as this fear suggested itself—if, by any possibility, she had grown to believe he knew who she was all the time! Yes he must go, he must see her at all risks. He determined on walking to Araglin, though it was six miles away; but a tramp through the awakening woods could not be otherwise than pleasant and would probably be a rich treat.

He reached Araglin at last, and entered it, not by the wide entrance gate open to all, but by a side-gate that led through a little bit of dense underwood, and so into a sidewalk. Before him lay the lawn, and on his right a graveled path, where, as he looked, he could see a figure moving slowly and with care.

It was Lady Varley. Something was in her arms. A little bunhie, all white cambric and lace, that showed clear against her black gown. A baby!

It was a very tiny bundle (though it had seen six months of our sad and troubled life), and she held it close-pressed against her heart, as though it was so much one with her that she could never let it go. She was looking at the little thing and her face was fair with the sweet flush of motherhood. There was something of the divine in her expression. Her whole soul seemed wrapt in the fragile creature that she held; an almost passionate love lit her dove-like eyes as she gazed on it; she appeared to have no thought beyond the little mite that lay so quiescent, so terribly quiescent, upon her breast.

O'Grady came forward into the fuller light. Lady Varley, seeing him, greeted him with a smile. It was the gentlest smile in the world, and full of graciousness. O'Grady, encouraged by it, came up to her, and pressed the hand she gave him. The baby was lying upon her left arm as calm as it, unfortunately, always was.

"I thought," said O'Grady, "that I would come up to-day and tell you (I had no time then, had I?) how I regretted the many absurd things I said to you, not knowing——"

"As for that," said she; she burst out laughing carefully, as should a married woman, yet merrily as a girl—"it was very strange, was it not?" she said. "But, of course, you could not know! When I told Lord Varley of it, he said it was a pity I had ever enlightened you. And, perhaps, yes; but when I heard you were to stay in our neighborhood I knew you would have found out, no matter whether I spoke or were silent."

"Yes; it didn't matter at all," said O'Grady. He was looking into her pure, beautiful eyes, and as he looked, he felt that nothing mattered, only that she was lost to him. He struggled with himself, and regained presently his composure. "Yet I am glad you spoke," he said.

"So am I," returned she graciously; "otherwise you would not have known who I was, and" with a gentle smile, "I should not be indebted to you for this visit."

"This is my little daughter," said she now, in a tone quite different from anything he had ever heard before; there was a subdued but terrible passion of tenderness in it. She threw back the silken covering round it to let him more closely view her treasure. "You think?" she questioned vaguely, yet with her eyes upon him as if waiting for something.

"She's charmingly pretty," said O'Grady, with much presence of mind, stooping as he spoke over the little frail blossom. It was, perhaps the happiest thing he could have said—save one.

"And—and healthy, too, eh?" said she, still with her eyes on his. They widened as she gazed, and a suspicion of nervous terror grew within them.

"And healthy too, of course," responded he, laughing, though in truth laughter was far from him. Then something, perhaps the innate truthfulness within him, compelled him to add with a depreciatory shake of the head: "Not that I am a judge."

"An excellent one," declared she quickly. "You agree with our doctor here. He says baby is strong, very strong; and—and that she will be stronger every day."

She smiled at O'Grady; she seemed suddenly to grow full of unspeakable gladness. Poor mother! With a wild longing she clung to each frail thread of hope held out to her. Her child, her all, must be strong and rich in life; must thrive, and flourish, and bloom by-and-by into gracious girlhood. All this she set her heart upon, whilst that tiny object of her soul's desire lay pale and languishing upon her heart.

May God have pity upon all such mothers.

"Just now," went on Lady Varley, taking courage to express a fear, because of the encouragement he had given her, "she is not looking her best. We think," smiling up at O'Grady, who was a tall man, with an expression full of the heavenliest confidence, "she is teething; that is what makes her so pale. You think her pale?" anxiously.

The child was ghastly.

"I dare say, as you have told me, it is only her teeth," said O'Grady, hurriedly. "This village doctor of whom you speak, he may not be very efficient. Is there no other?"

"Yes; there is Doctor Griffin." She mentioned a Dublin physician whose skill with children's diseases was not to be questioned. "He has been here before to see baby. Last week he was here. But it is only teething I assure you: only that," cried she, with a sharpness full of despair.

"Nevertheless, send for him again," said O'Grady.

At this moment Mrs. Dundas, escorted by Lord Varley, turned the corner and was almost within touch of them. Just so long as one might draw a heavy breath there was silence, then:

"Ah, so glad!" exclaimed Donna, rustling towards Lady Varley with extended hands and a beaming smile. The smile was excellently well got up, and yet there was something about it that struck O'Grady as being forced. Was she "so glad" to find Lady Varley in this secluded walk, where it might reasonably be supposed that no one would be found?

"I met Lord Varley on the avenue," she said, "and when I found you were not indoors, I determined on storming this part of your grounds. It occurred to me, happily that there might be a distant chance of finding you here. I wanted so badly to see you, and consult with you about our Young Men's Christian Association meetings."

"Am I one of your young men?" asked Varley, laughing, who had caught her last words, but not the beginning of her speech. He spoke in a general way, of course, as if including his wife in his quertion, but he cast a swift, amused glance at Donna, who, however (being wise in her way), declined to have anything to do with it.

Lady Varley smiled faintly.

"As for the meetings," she said, "I shall be very glad, of course, to help in any way. To help young men to a better, a higher idea of life, to a purer standard of thought and action what work can be nobler? Yes, I am glad you came to consult me." She strove to throw off the mantle of grief that was enveloping her. "It was fortunate you thought of seeking me here, or perhaps I should have missed seeing you."

She said this a propos of Mrs. Dundas's remark that she came purposely to this walk to find her.

Lord Varley, who had been listening, answered her.

"It was the merest chance," he said. "It was, as I thought, the last place in the world to dream of finding you. I thought you were in the village, and impressed that fact upon Mrs. Dundas."

Donna did not change color. She turned her expressive eyes upon a tall lily growing near, as if lost in admiration of it, until the first supreme moment or two was passed, and then she turned them upon Varley, and shot a glance at him that should have slain—a little lightning affair that Lord Varley did not see, but that O'Grady did.

Lady Varley was looking at her husband. After a pause, during which you might have counted twenty, she said very gently:

"You mistake, Frederic. Mrs. Dundas knew I should be here. She tells me that is why she came."

Her manner and expression were so calm that O'Grady was for a while deceived by it. Mrs. Dundas was not. She perfectly understood the meaning of Lady Varley's words, and did not forgive her for it. She Lady Varley—had, in a sense been ungenerous, but only because she would not submit to the thought that any woman (even the lovely, lawless thing before her) could be her rival in the esteem of her husband. "Well, she should see," thought Donna, with all the vicious anger of a bad woman towards a good one; and if she chose to ignore the truth, so much the easier and the quicker would the end come that should convince the haughty woman of her—Donna's—power.

O'Grady rushed into the breach with a pleasant common-place, and conversation was tossed lightly to and fro for ten or fifteen minutes.

Mrs Dundas was particularly brilliant. She was introduced to O'Grady, and quite dazzled him with her beauty. She, indeed, devoted herself to him for the short time they were together—only quarter of an hour altogether, yet long enough to betray to O'Grady (who had seen and studied many men in his time) that Lord Varley grew restless as her smiles waxed kinder.

Lady Varley, on the contrary, seemed preoccupied.

Presently, a break occurring in the conversation, Varley turned to Mrs. Dundas, and said something to her about the conservatories. She hesitated for a moment, and then declared her desire to see them.

"All the county talks of them," she said, smiling at Lady Varley; and then: "You will come?"

"If you could excuse me," replied Lady Varley with extreme quietude. "I am not very well to-day and it is quite a walk there and back. Lord Varley will show them to you, and—afterwards I hope you will let me give you a cup of tea?"

Donna murmured a word or two, to the effect that she feared if the walk was too long, there would be no time left for the cup of tea. They had gone about a yard or two, when Lady Varley roused herself with an effort, and called to her husband.

"Frederic," she said quickly, yet without any undue haste, "a word before you go—I am sure Mrs. Dundas will excuse me. Baby is not so well to-day," she paled as she said this. "You will be passing the house on your way to the conservatories, will you not go into the library for a moment and telegraph to Doctor Griffin to come down to-morrow? I would do it myself, but—it will not take you a moment," she said.

"What is the matter with her this time?" asked Varley. There was some amusement and some impatience in his tone. Lady Varley shrank beneath it.

"It is her teeth—only her teeth," she said softly, yet with a haste that was suggestive of an anguish—an ever present dread—that she was perpetually but ineffectually striving to force into the background. "Still I am uneasy."

Varley laughed good-humoredly; so did Donna. She was a childless woman.

"When are you not?" said Varley, still openly amused. "And telegraph for Griffin again? She is an expensive little animal, isn't she?"

He spoke carelessly. One could see at a glance that he cared little for the expense of bringing down from town, twice in the same week, a physician so skilled in infantile diseases that his fame was on the lips of all; but his tone was without feeling for the tiny, weakly creature for whom the great man was needed. It stung to the very soul the mother, whose every hope was in it. She flushed from cheek to brow—a flush that faded almost as it was born into a deadly pallor. Was she thinking then, as her passion died, if it were now indeed possible for money to buy that frail, sweet life in which all hers was centered? This was the cruel fear she kept in abeyance; but sometimes it conquered her—as now.

Of one thing O'Grady became assured as he watched her; that she loved the child better than the father! This explained the yearning in her eyes, the sorrowful curve of her lips. Fear for the child—for her only consolation!

When she spoke, however, it was calmly, and without a suspicion of reproach. She seemed to pass over everything. "You will telegraph?" she asked, looking at Varley.

"When I have shown Mrs. Dundas the houses," returned he lightly. Then with a laughing allusion to the child, "I dare say she will survive until then." His manner was not ill-natured; he could not see how his wife paled before that word "survive," because his eyes were on Donna.

"Oh no," cried the latter prettily, "you must telegraph at once—at once—do you hear? Why should I cause a delay? She turned swiftly to Lady Varley. "He shall do it now—this moment," she said, with a little air of authority, for which O'Grady could have willingly have slain her

Lady Varley threw up her head.

"It is of no consequence at all," she said, "I beg you will think no more of it. Go and enjoy—your flowers."

She moved to one side, thus giving a dismissal, and sank into a low garden-chair. The nurse had moved towards the house with the child. She sat quite motionless until her husband and Mrs. Dundas were out of sight; then she rose to her feet and confronted O'Grady with a rather wan smile.

It hurt him to think that she should thus pain herself in an attempt to throw off care, to show him civility. This was treating him like an ordinary acquaintance. He started as he came to this point in his meditations. Could it be possible that he was less than an ordinary acquaintance—that he was a bare stranger? Could it be true that he had seen her only once before? An absurd feeling that he had known her all the days of his life had taken possession of him.

"I forgot," she said slowly, "you too might have liked—to see the flowers. They are," striving to regain the ordinary every-day tone, "well worth a glance. We have a wonderful man from Aberdeen, who understands the culture of——"

"Pray do not," interrupted O'Grady earnestly. She stopped as if thankful. "You look very tired," he went on; "shall I take you back to the house?"

"Yes, that is it," she said feverishly. She looked passionately relieved. "I cannot bear to leave her for any long time," she went on as if explaining; "I always feel as if—as if I must keep her in sight." She sighed heavily, then looked at him suspiciously as though dreading the effect of her words. "I shall send that telegram, myself," she said, "though you will understand that it is a mere freak of mine; a rather unnecessary caution."

"I quite understand," returned O'Grady gravely. He turned with her, and went back to the house by a side path that did not converge towards the walk by which Mrs. Dundas and Varley had gone.

As these last had disappeared round the corner, and when she found they were quite beyond view, Mrs. Dundas had stopped short and looked at Varley, a fine contempt in her eye. Her mind was full of his fatal disclosure, anent the true meaning of her coming to the particular spot where Lady Varley was found.

"I do hate a fool!" she said disdainfully. Which piece of outspoken criticism so tickled Varley that he roared with laughter for a full minute without cessation. To him it was one of Mrs. Dundas's charms that she could always amuse him. Presently she was good-tempered, she laughed too, and after that she explained to him his fault, which only seemed to increase his amusement. "It's a judgment upon you. You see you oughtn't to lie, Don," said he. "Well, the whole affair was hardly worth that frown of yours. Yolande is incapable of bearing malice, even if she understood: which I am sure she didn't."

"Which I am sure she did. I watched her hands. A woman can command her eyes, but her fingers never. As you spoke she clutched tightly a little fold of her gown. And good heavens! what a gown, suggestive of sackcloth and ashes! She must be doing pennance for your sins, my good boy."

"You pay her a compliment. You exonerate her from sins of her own."

"As for that," said Donna, "it strikes me that she was rather glad to get us out of the way. She would not accompany me to the houses, she was too tired. That secluded walk was pleasant, let me tell you. And—that Mr. O'Grady—very good to look at."

"You are at fault there," he said coldly. "For the future let us leave Lady Varley's name out of the conversation."

To be Continued.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Before the Empress Frederick's coffin was finally closed all the love-letters she received from her late husband, the Emperor Frederick, together with his last written messages inscribed after he lost his power of speech, were placed in the coffin over her heart.

Count Carl Schonborn is the first to ascend Vesuvius in a motor-car. He is secretary of the Austrian Automobile Club, and made the ascent with his wife during the honeymoon. He reached the summit of the cone, 2,700ft. high, in 1½ hours, in spite of stones and lava streams.

Lord Brooke, who returned to South Africa as A.D.C. to Lord Milner, has begun his life-work early, for he is not yet nineteen. He is now in the Life Guards, but he went to the front shortly after the outbreak of the campaign, and was the youngest commissioned man then serving in South Africa.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes preached his first sermon in a tiny seaside cottage in Wales to a congregation of half-a-dozen humble hearers. The sermon, Mr. Hughes recalls with amusement, was punctuated by heart-rending groans from an old crippled sailor; while one of the ladies sustained her patience by taking frequent pinches of snuff.

A charming anecdote is told of Prince Edward of York which shows that his taste in some things is not so widely divergent from that of people of more lowly degree. He was asked on one occasion what he would like to do by way of a special birthday treat. In a moment he replied: "Go for a ride in an omnibus with all the other people."

Mr. William Mather, M.P. for the Rosendale Division of Lancashire, England, who opened the Labor Exhibition at the Crystal Palace recently, is the first employer who has ever performed that duty. Years ago he was one of the first to adopt the eight-hour day in his works, and he can say with truth that he has never regretted the step which he then took. Mr. Mather is also able to say what few employers can, that he has never had any trouble with a trades union.

The Kaiser's barber is an incorrigible late-comer. Some time ago he kept his royal master waiting several minutes. On his appearance the Kaiser, in a fit of generous irony, presented him with a costly gold chronometer, leaving it to the barber to guess the real reason for the gift. The servant's inability to arrive up to time continued, however, until at last the Kaiser demanded, impatiently: "Have you still got the watch I gave you?" "Yes, your Majesty," was the answer, "here it is." "Well," came the royal reply, "as it doesn't seem to go very well, here is another." And the next moment the stupefied hairdresser had a nickel-plated timekeeper valued at $1.25.

ODD NUMBER UNLUCKY.

During a course of lectures on "Scotland and the Scots" an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intrepidity and endurance of the sons of the north.

These hardy men, remarked the professor, think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times before breakfast.

The respectful silence which followed this announcement was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

Sir, said the professor, angrily, addressing the culprit, perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst?

I was just thinking, sir, replied the offender, that if your story is true, the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes.

HE COULDN'T STAND IT.

An old gentleman was present at the reading of the will of a distant relative. He had hardly expected to find himself remembered in it; but pretty soon a clause was read in which a certain field was bequeathed to him. That was good; but the document went on to bequeath the same old gray mare in said field to someone else—a man with whom the old gentleman was not on friendly terms. That was too much for his equanimity; and he interrupted the solemnity; and he interrupted the solemn proceedings and brought a smile to the faces of the company by exclaiming:

Then she's eating my grass.

HOUSEHOLD.

USEFUL HINTS.

An economical and yet satisfactory way of removing grease spots is to cover with a piece of brown paper and press with a hot iron.

If salad dressing curdles while being mixed, add a little cold water, stir quickly, and it will become quite smooth.

Sawdust laid evenly over the floor before putting down oilcloth will cause it to wear much better and deaden the sound of walking.

Iron mold may be removed from linen by wetting the article, then laying it on a metal surface, while a spoonful of salts of lemon is rubbed over the surface. Rinse well and the blemishes will at once disappear.

Hard water may be delightfully softened by throwing orange peel into it just before being used. The peel will not only prove agreeable to the skin, but give out a fragrance.

Paint left on window panes by careless painters can be removed by dipping a penny in water and applying it to the spots.

When washing knives never put the handles in water, as it tends to loosen them.

Marble is nicely cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in turpentine and then polish with a clean, perfectly dry cloth.

Even the most delicately tinted shirt waists may be washed without danger of fading if they are first soaked in a brine of salt and water for about an hour before washing.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spots as often as necessary and wash out in warm suds.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water in which they bath each day it would remove any disagreeable odor and keep the flesh sweet and clean.

Put a tablespoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake, and dry in the sun or by the fire.

For an excellent silver polish that may be kept on hand for every day use, mix a few drops of ammonia with the common whiting used for silver, and add enough water to make of the consistency of cream; bottle this and keep it tightly corked. Drop a little of this mixture on the polishing cloth, rub the silver lightly and rinse in warm water, and the silver will be instantly brightened and cleaned without the hard rubbing necessary when polishing with the dry whiting.

For removing paint and putty marks from window glass this same mixture of ammonia and whiting may be used for stubborn cases, or simply a little ammonia in warm soap suds. If whiting is used let it become dry on the glass before polishing.

SOME USES OF THE LEMON.

Women particularly would find a more general use of lemons as simple remedies where ordinary doctor's medicines are employed, efficacious and economical.

One of the most pleasing baths is made by slicing three or four lemons into the water, which should be drawn off half an hour before using so that the juice of the fruit may have a chance to permeate it. The sense of freshness it gives and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin are very luxurious. In the West Indies often the lemon is used instead of soap, and when the natives wash their hands they squeeze the juice over them and rub them briskly in water until they are clean.

The lemon is invaluable in its effect on the complexion. A few drops in the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and whiten the skin, besides giving a delightful smoothness, and if the treatment is persisted in, eventually it will carry off all unsightly blemishes that are not caused by internal trouble.

Lemons are very useful in the care of the teeth. A few drops squeezed into a glass of water for rinsing the mouth make a tonic for the gums and render them firm.

In washing the hair, if a lemon is used it will cleanse the scalp and give a soft fluffiness to the hair that women like.

A FEW SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Lemon Souffle: One-half pint boiling milk, 3 rounding tablespoons flour stirred smooth in ½ pt cold milk, stir into the boiling milk. Boil carefully without scorching until well cooked through, then break the yolks of three eggs lightly and stir into the boiled milk. Cook a minute and add the juice of ½ lemon. Whip the whites of the eggs until very stiff, fold lightly into the boil-milk mixture, put in the oven and bake quickly. Serve immediately in the dish in which it was baked.

Sauce for Lemon Souffle: One-half pint boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 1 rounding tablespoon flour stirred smooth in ½ pt cold water, stir into the boiling water, cook, and flavor.

Lemon Honey: Three eggs well beaten, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups water, the juice and grated rind of three lemons, and butter the size of a walnut. Mix all together and boil gently 20 minutes stirring carefully to prevent scorching. Serve cold. This is always pronounced delicious. By way of a hint, I will also say that I find this makes a very acceptable filling for cream puffs, which then become lemon puffs.

Chocolate Custard: Grate or shave fine 2 squares chocolate, and melt in a saucer over steam. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add 1 large pt rich milk, ½ cup white sugar (stirred in the melted chocolate). Stir together thoroughly, then whisk in lightly the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and bake. Serve warm or cold.

DARK FRUIT CAKE.

Receipt for a fruit cake: Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 5 eggs, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 cup molasses, ½ lb. citron, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, flour to make stiff, and all kinds of spice. If a cheaper one is wanted, try this: Two eggs, ½ cup each of brown sugar, butter, molasses and sweet milk, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 lb. raisins cut fine, ½ lb. citron and ½ nutmeg. This will keep a long time.

Take 1 lb each raisins, currants, citron, flour, butter, and sugar, and 1 doz eggs. Flavor with one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and mace, all ground together. Bake slowly in a moderate oven four hours. If liked, can use 1 teaspoon soda. Work all the fruit in the 1 lb flour, cream, butter and sugar. Beat the eggs separately, then together, add buttor and eggs, then the fruit worked into the 1 lb flour. Do not add any more flour than the 1 lb. This will make 2 moderate sized cakes.

HERE AND THERE.

Bits of General Information Which You Should Know.

The average life of an elephant is 105 years.

The pay of a Chinese soldier is about 1½d a day.

England uses six million square feet of plate glass a year.

In every locomotive there are about 5,400 different pieces.

Greek ladies are said to have 137 different styles of dressing the hair.

English convicts get 10lb of bread a week, while paupers receive only 7lb.

To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh 28lb for every foot of his height.

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established over 1,9000 years ago.

The golden eagle has great strength. It lifts and carries off with ease a weight of 80lb.

Africa has nearly 700 languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

One inch of rain falling upon one square mile is equivalent to about 17,500,000 gallons of water.

There are 28,894 juvenile temperance societies in the British Islands, with a membership of 2,536,000.

The Bank of England has usually about £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 of its notes in circulation.

The jawbone of the average whale is 25ft. in length. The tongue of such a monster will yield a ton of oil.

Coal is worked so easily in China that in Shansi it sells at less than one shilling per ton at the mines.

In every 1,000 bachelors there are thirty-eight criminals; in every 1,000 married men there are only eighteen criminals.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

The largest tobacco factory in the world is that belonging to the French Government at Lille. It turns out 50,000 tons a year.

Some of the scales for weighing diamonds are so accurately adjusted that a speck of dust or an eyelash will affect the balance.

The educational system of Denmark is so perfect and popular that throughout the entire country there is not an illiterate family.

A curious criminal law exists in Greece. A man who is there sentenced to death awaits two years before the execution of the sentence.

At Singapore the post of "Tiger-Slayer-in-Chief for the Straits Settlements" has just been given to a Frenchman, who has a record of 500 killed.

A plant that grows in India, called the philotacea electrica, emits electric sparks. The hand which touches it immediately experiences a shock.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to heat or cold.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks thirty-four have died violent deaths.

In some parts of Holland a birth is announced by fastening a silk pincushion on the door-knob. If the pincushion is red the baby is a boy and if white a girl.

In St. Petersburg late hours are the rule. The principal streets are generally crowded at one o'clock in the morning. Many of the theatres do not open before midnight.

In the French navy not more than 8 to 10 per cent. of the men chew tobacco. The smokers number 50 per cent., so not less than 40 per cent. must be total abstainers from the "weed."

A horse can live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water; seventeen days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when eating solid food without drinking.

The average distance travelled by British locomotive engine-drivers is from 30,000 to 50,000 miles every year. There are about 20,000 drivers in the United Kingdom.

People are most liable to fever between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Two hundred and nine out of every 1,000 cases are of that age. There are only ten under five and two over fifty-five.

Swiss steamboat companies, to avoid disputes as to the ages of children, have established measurement rules. Children under two feet in length ride free; children under 4ft. 4in. and dogs pay half fare.

The neatest town in the world is Brock, in Holland. So tidy are the inhabitants that they won't allow horses in the streets. It contains a population of 2,700, and the chief industry is the making of Edam cheese.

Fall Clearing Sale.

ONE MONTH OF BARGAINS.

We have started a SPECIAL CASH SALE, and during that time prices of all goods will be marked down.

SATURDAY we will make a specialty of

WALL PAPERS,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW SHADES.

All Wall Papers marked down 25 to 50 per cent.

NEW PAPERS,
AND LATEST COLORINGS AND DESIGNS.

It will pay you to Paper this Fall.

Very low quotations on all kinds of PAINTS, VARNISHES, Etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

The F. T. Ward Co.

New Goods News.

We are showing this week New TAFFETA RIBBONS that are so popular for Ladies' Neck Wear, in Pale Blue, Cream, Pink and Old Rose, 3 in. wide, at 25c. yd.

BLACK VELVET RIBBONS, in plain and Satin back, wove edge, 3c. to 30c. yd.

LADIES' FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, Lace and Embroidery, 10c. to 50c. each.

WOMEN'S CASHMERE HOSE, pure wool, 25c. pair.

WOMEN'S WOOL RIBBED HOSE, 15c. pair. We challenge comparison in price and quality with any.

CARPET WARPS, White and Colors, $1.00 and $1.25.

FACTORY YARNS, in natural Grey and Black, two and three ply, 45c., 55c. lb. These are the finest yarns we ever sold at the price.

We are offering some Great Bargains this week in MISSES' and WOMEN'S JACKETS. Here are two specials—Black Beaver, 32 to 36, well made, $2.00 and $3.50. They are good value at double the price.

GROCERIES.

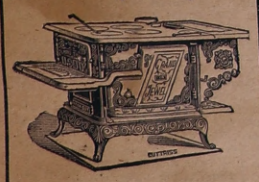
Special for Saturday Sale—Corn, Peas and Tomatoes, No. 1 quality, 7c. can, 3 for 20c.

We want all the Dried Apples and Fresh Eggs we can get. Top price paid.

T. G. CLUTE,
MANAGER.

The NEWS-ARGUS to Jan. 1, 1902, 20c.

Canada's Greatest Cook Stove,



The "Grand Jewel"

25,000
In Successful Operation.

We have a full line of these splendid COOK STOVES in stock for the Fall Trade.

Our sale of them is steadily increasing yearly.

☞ Remember we are the sole agents here.

H. & J. WARREN
Hardware & Tinware Merchants,
MILL ST.

News-Argus to Dec. 31, 20c.

OPPOSITION
—IS THE—
Life of Trade

COME AND SEE THE
NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGE BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

UNEQUAL EYES.

Do you see equally well with both eyes? if not both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

PARKER BROTHERS
BANKERS,
STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.
Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
Mail & Ex...	6.27 a. m.	Accom.....	10.35 a. m.
Accom.....	6.43 p. m.	Mail & Ex.	3.43 p. m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Advertisers will please hereafter hand in changes of advertisements not later than Wednesday morning, otherwise changes cannot be made.

The game law prohibits the sale of partridge this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Teal and Master Eddie, of Bridgeway, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Gould.

Mr. J. A. Faulkner, B.A., left this morning for Montreal, to resume his medical studies at McGill College

The Rev. C. J. H. Hutton, of Belleville, will be the preacher on Sunday morning next, at St. John's church.

It pays to read Ward's advertisement.

The Fruit Social in the Baptist Church last evening was well attended and was a most successful one in every respect.

During the past week Mr. Crowe, with his gang of men, have been busy making preparations to build cement walks on parts of Mill and Front Streets. In consequence the sidewalks are torn up and pedestrians have to take the middle of the road.

Ready to take you measure for that new suit at Fred Wards.

Major Halliwell has taken over the command of the 15th regiment. The regiment is one of those which will take part in the review at Toronto on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. We congratulate our townsman on his promotion to the chief command.

A few days since Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy received word that her son William had been killed last week while employed as foreman of a railway construction gang in Wisconsin. Up to the present further particulars have not been able to be ascertained, and his brother, Mr. Jacob Kennedy, will probably start to-day to investigate the matter.

A few more of those $1.00 shirts left at 25c. at Wards.

A sample of the improved Leaming corn, grown on the farm of James Whitton, of Wellman's Corners, was on exhibition in the village yesterday, and astonished the natives. This particular sample was 14 feet in length, and Mr. Whitton says that he had six stalks which weighed 37 pounds. This excellent variety is prolific and the grain is of a fine quality. 12 ears presented to Mr. M. Bird weighed 15 pounds.

An accident happened at the Foundry here on Saturday afternoon last, by which Stephen Gilbert (Bertie), second son of Mr. M. W. Wescott, had his right foot severely burned. He was assisting Mr. Graham in casting, and while standing close to one of the casting boxes the hot metal burst out from the box, striking his leg just above the boot top, and running down inside the boot, burning his foot very severely. He was at once taken to Dr. Sprague's where the wound was dressed. It is possible he may lose one or two toes.

Thanksgiving Day.

The Dominion Government has fixed on Thursday, Nov. 28th to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving throughout Canada.

Harvest Festival.

The annual Harvest Festival was held in St. John's church on Sunday last, and was largely attended. The Rev. C. J. H. Hutton of Belleville, conducted the service in the afternoon and assisted in the evening. The offertory, which was for the furnace fund, amounted to about $60.

Sunday School Rally.

The annual Rally of the Stirling Methodist Sunday School will be held next Sunday afternoon (Sept. 29) at 2.30. Short addresses, reading, and appropriate music will constitute an interesting programme, and a cordial invitation is extended to old, young, big and little, to come and spend a pleasant and profitable hour with the school. Will be held in audience room of the church. Collection for school funds.

A severe frost was experienced throughout Central and Northern New York on Thursday night of last week. Ice formed on shallow water, and a great damage was done to all garden products. In this section of Ontario there was only a very light frost and no damage reported.

If you must have a ready-to-wear suit, see Fred Ward's stock.

"World Wide."

'World Wide' is a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. This remarkable and most readable journal, published by Messrs. John Dougall & Son, of the 'Witness,' has pushed its way, in a few months, beyond all expectation, chiefly owing to the goodwill of its rapidly-growing constituency. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers, and thinkers generally, have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind, 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day. Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking. Fifteen cents will bring this most interesting and valuable paper to the end of the year. Address all communications direct to the publishers. John Dougall & Son, Witness Building, Montreal.

Paid in Full.

Every editor has received them, says a writer. The postmaster sends them to the editor, but the postmaster is not to blame. For instance, there was a man named Tim Short, who sent us three notices to stop his paper, he didn't want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigation of our subscription list, we found Tim was short $2.50. A few evenings ago we stepped into a church, and Tim's melodious tenor rang out clear in the soul-stirring song, "Jesus Paid it All." He might have been mistaken, but his earnestness impressed us. The next day we sent him a receipt in full, begging his pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.—Northwest Magazine.

What about that overcoat now? You can get one made to order or one ready-to-wear at Wards.

Harris-Ashley.

On Wednesday evening last, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Ashley, Huntingdon, a very pretty house wedding took place, when their daughter, Florence Beatrice, was united in marriage to Mr. George T. Harris, of Belleville. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. S. Burns, B. A., of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Stirling, and took place on the piazza, which had been artistically decorated with evergreens and flowers, in the presence of relatives and friends to the number of one hundred. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dress of white organdie, with the customary wedding veil and blossoms, and carried a shower boquet of white carnations. The bridesmaid, Miss Maud Ashley, was gowned similar to the bride and carried a boquet of pink carnations. Mr. Jas. Clement, of Belleville, was best man. After the ceremony a recherche supper was served in the prettily decorated dining-room. The groom's gift to the bride was a brooch set in diamonds and emeralds, and to the bridesmaid a pin of pearls and emeralds. The presents to the bride were a numerous and costly collection, evincing her popularity among a large circle of friends. The happy couple, amid a shower of rice and good wishes, left for Belleville, which will be their future home.

Rheumatism is a Constitutional Disease.

The pain and localized conditions are mere results of constitutional conditions. Poisoned blood sends its evil influence to various parts of the body, and to cure permanently you must treat it constitutionally. Nothing so completely dispels these poisons from the system as Ferrozone. It makes new blood. It imparts vitality and vigor, enabling the system to throw off the poisons that engender rheumatism. Ferrozone also fortifies the system against the weakening effects of rheumatism, and cures, not simply relieves as most medicines do. Sold by C. E. Parker.

Fall Fairs.

Marmora, Oct. 1.
E. Northumberland, Warkworth, Oct. 3-4
Coe Hill, Oct. 3.

PANDEMONIUM REIGNS ON OUR STREET
—BUT—
We are Still Doing Good Business in our Specials.

Amid the bewildering scenes of torn up sidewalks, immense ditches, etc., you can find our store, just by looking in the window and seeing the bargains awaiting you in

Men's Fine Dongola Bals, only	$1.25.
" " Box Calf Bals, only	$2.00.
" " Box Calf Bals, only	$2.75.
Ladies' Fine Dongola Bals, only	$1.00.
" " " Goodyear Welt, only	$1.60.
Misses' " " (button and lace) extra value	.80.
Childs' " " Boots, only	.65.

We have just received a fine assortment of Infants' Soft Sole Shoes. If you see them you will be sure to get a pair.

And Now for Hand Made Boots.

In this our SPECIAL LINE, excessive business prevented showing at the Fair, but call in any day, at any time, and we will be pleased to show you FIRST PRIZE BOOTS to satisfy the most fastidious.

GEO. REYNOLDS,
SHOE KING.
Highest price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Good Prospects for Fall Trade.

COME AND SEE OUR
Immense Stock of Furs,

fit for any City Trade. They are here now. That's all.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

E. F. PARKER

Will be sure to please you when you want anything in his line. His stock can be found at all times fresh and clean.

Call and see our Goods. We'll show them cheerfully, even though you are not ready to purchase.

DRY GOODS.

Dress Goods,	Blankets,
Wrapperettes,	Tweeds,
Flannelettes,	Tickings,
Flannels,	Shirtings.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

White and Colored Shirts, Ties, Collars and Cuffs, Boys' and Men's Sweaters, Top Shirts, Overalls and Smocks.

A full line of Underwear at lowest prices.

GROCERIES.—Call here for your Groceries, as you can always depend on them being fresh. We always keep the same 25c. Tea.

Highest prices paid for Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples, Beans.

E. F. PARKER.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times yearly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.
HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.
STIRLING, ONT.,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every respect. Case hardened and adjustable. The Singer repairs always on hand. Easy terms of payment.

Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings.

CHAS. BUTLER Issuer Marriage Licenses

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the NEWS-ARGUS office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

HARDWARE!
—:o:—
STOVES! STOVES!

DO YOU NEED A STOVE?

I have placed in my store a big line of Stoves, all kinds—Box Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Coal Stoves, Cook Stoves, in both square and extended.

Don't fail to see my line of 'Steel Lined Oven Cook Stoves. Every stove guaranteed. I also keep a line of Cook Stoves for coal and wood; also, Ranges in Steel Lined Oven.

These Stoves were all bought for Spot Cash and will be sold at bottom prices. Don't go to Belleville to buy a Stove. Come and see me and I will suit you in quality and price. Every stove guaranteed.

600,000 Shingles for sale in Pine and Cedar—100,000 good Cedar for house use, just put in stock. Prices low.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year

If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual member of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS AND DESIGNS.

Send your business direct to Washington, saves time, costs less, better service.

My office close to U. S. Patent Office. FREE preliminary examinations made. Atty's fee not due until patent is secured. PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN—19 YEARS ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. Book "How to obtain Patents," etc., sent free. Patents procured through E. G. Siggers receive special notice, without charge, in the

INVENTIVE AGE
Illustrated monthly—Eleventh year—terms, $1 a year.
E. G. SIGGERS, Late of C. A. Snow & Co. 918 F St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.